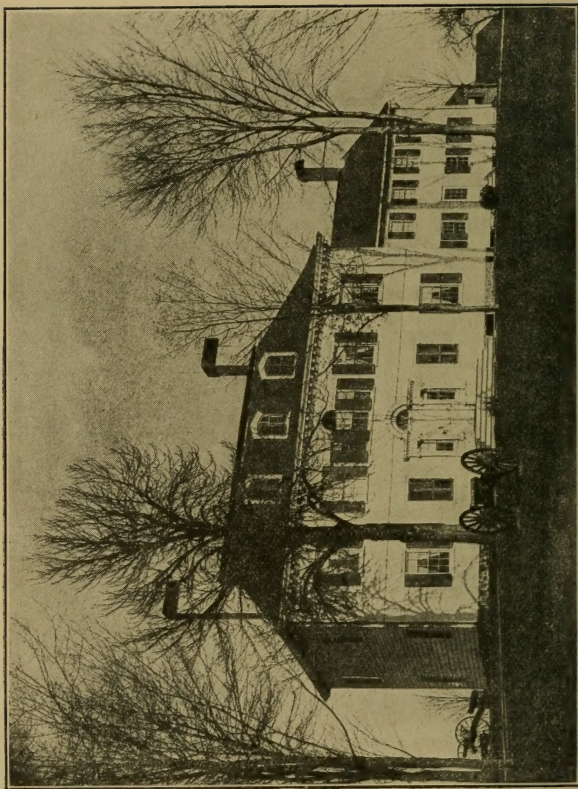




POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

EUGENE R. MUSGROVE





Courtesy of the Washington Headquarters

THE WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN

‘Here dwelt fair Freedom’s peerless son.’

—Henry N. Dodge

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

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AN ANTHOLOGY EDITED BY

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PREFACE

This collection of poems about the State of New Jersey is the outgrowth of two firm convictions—first, that the general reader has little knowledge of the literature of his own state or even of his own community, and second, that the pupils in our schools to-day and actually in power to-morrow should realize once for all that poetry, with its wholesome ideals of thought, feeling, and action, is not far away in time and place, but is here and now at their very door. The labor on the collection has been delightful. It has not been necessary to pin poems to places; on the other hand, the places themselves, and the people—nature, the Jersey coast, the Revolution, cities and towns, buildings and monuments, and enough heroes of war and peace to fill a Jersey hall of fame—all these have inspired poems in profusion; and though the Jersey purpose of the collection obviously excludes in many cases the best work of the poets represented, nevertheless of more than two hundred and fifty poems no fewer than ninety have already found their way into anthologies of national scope, and others, presented here for the first time, are unquestionably worthy of more than state recognition. Such is New Jersey's treasure-house; this volume is the sesame. It is therefore the confident hope of the editor and of all those who have encouraged and assisted him that the book will stimulate not only nobler personal motives but also historic and civic virtue and practical patriotism.

PREFACE

In connection with this enterprise a contest in original poetry has been conducted in the schools. The pupils of all schools in the state, both public and private, excepting only the editor's school, were urged last spring to stir up the gift within them, to see the truth and beauty all about them, and to express themselves in poetry. The result exceeded expectations, over two hundred poems being submitted. Of these the three best are included in this collection—the first prize poem, *April Magic*, by Frank R. Waxman, of the South Side High School, Newark; second prize poem, *The Call of Spring*, by Gwendolyn Smith, of the Westfield High School; and honorable mention, *Sunset on the Orange Mountains*, by Adrian Berkowitz, of the Orange High School. The judges were Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee, head of the department of American Literature at Pennsylvania State College and author and critic of national reputation; Hon. Harlan C. Pearson, editor of *The Granite Monthly*, Concord, New Hampshire, and Assistant Secretary of State; and the Rev. Dr. Donald H. Gerrish, pastor of Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Both judges and contestants have rendered a valuable service, which is keenly appreciated.

Among the many persons who have given enthusiastic coöperation from the very inception of the work are Miss Maude Johnson, assistant librarian of the New Jersey Historical Society, whose historical perspective and literary appreciation have been invaluable; Dr. John Cotton Dana, of the Newark Free Public Library, and his able corps of workers, especially Mrs. Mabel E. Colegrove; Miss Josephine A. Brown of the Keyport Library, Miss Sara B. Askew of the New Jersey State

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Library, and many other librarians throughout the state, especially Prof. John F. Gerould of Princeton University, Mr. William H. Ketler of Camden, Mr. Charles A. George of Elizabeth, Miss Jessie F. Adams of Atlantic City, Mr. Edmund W. Miller of Jersey City, and Mr. George F. Winchester of Paterson.

Special thanks are also due Mr. L. L. Jackson, state commissioner for high schools; Dr. David B. Corson, superintendent of schools in Newark; Mr. H. Wellington Wack, editor of the *Newark Anniversary Poems*; Mrs. Cecilia Gaines Holland of Upper Montclair, former president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs; Mr. Charles D. Platt of Dover; Rev. Joseph F. Folsom, secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society; Dr. Henry van Dyke and Prof. Alfred Noyes of Princeton University, Dr. Louis Bevier, Jr., of Rutgers College, Mrs. Anne M. Traubel of Camden, Prof. Clinton Scollard of Hamilton College, Mr. James E. Richardson of Philadelphia, and Mr. Max J. Herzberg, head of the English department of the Central High School, Newark, and several of my own colleagues in the East Side High School, Newark, especially Mr. Eli Pickwick, Jr., principal; Miss Louise Johnson, librarian; Mr. Earl Tharp, head of the stenography department, and Miss Edna L. Bacon, head of the history department.

Several anthologies bearing on the subject have proved helpful to the present work. Chief among them are Prof. William C. Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey*, Stevenson's *Poems of American History*, Stedman's *American Anthology*, and—the pioneer of them all—Longfellow's *Poems of Places*. A collection of clippings by Miss Kate L. Roberts, formerly on the staff of the Newark Free Public Library, also proved suggestive.

Finally, acknowledgment should be made of the

PREFACE

courtesy of many publishing houses for permission to use copyrighted material. The selections from the works of Florence Earle Coates, Richard Watson Gilder, Bret Harte, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Clinton Scollard, Frank Dempster Sherman, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Forceythe Willson are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers. Special thanks are also due Charles Scribner's Sons, the George F. Doran Company, Harper Brothers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, the Macmillan Company, Doubleday Page & Company, Mitchell Kennerley, and the Princeton University Press. Without the hearty coöperation of these publishing houses and many others, this anthology would be far less representative than it is.

EUGENE R. MUSGROVE.

June, 1923.

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NEW JERSEY

My native State, to thee I sing;
To thee, among whose echoing hills,
From luring lilt of laughing rills,
And many a song-bird on the wing,
My spirit caught the rapturous thrills
Of life's awakening.

Fresh from the haunts of halcyon days
And countless paths that wind between,
Where Memory dwells o'er every scene
That greets her long and wistful gaze,
I bring to thee a garland green
With gratitude and praise.

I love thy pathways that were trod
By valiant hosts whom patriots prize
For what was wrought beneath thy skies;
I love the fields whose trembling sod
Received their crimson sacrifice
To freedom and to God!

I love thy western mountain-wall;
The sapphire mist that lingers there;
The cliffs that tinge the noonday's glare;
The issuing flood, whose charms recall
Its dulcet name, the Delaware—
I love them one and all.

I love thy stretch of storm-swept shore;
Its chastened hues and beauteous lines;
Its bordering plains of singing pines;
Its battling waves that inland pour
On voices wet with ocean wines
Their diapason roar.

I love thy fields of rustling grain;
I love the hamlets on thy hills;
I love the music of thy mills;
I love thy cities of the plain;
I love thy folk, their friendship fills
My heart with endless gain!

—*Fred Clare Baldwin.*

I. POEMS OF NATURE

“Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.”

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

JERSEY SKIES

The skies that loom o'er Jersey
Are like skies everywhere,
Now dun with mist, now heavenly bright
With dawns and sunsets fair;
Along the hills a glory spills,
When stars throb through the air.

The changeful skies of Jersey!
Each fresh to-morrow brings
Sweet subtleties of hue and hue,
With gold and purple things
In moving shapes of beasts and capes
And birds with fiery wings.

But, O, the skies of Jersey
Mean more, far more to me!
They hover o'er a wilding wood
Where grows the red bark tree,
Where lovers walk for tender talk
In May's soft magicry.

And 'tis my faith, in Jersey
The skies that brighten so
Where lovers whisper sacred words
As down wood-aisles they go,
Show starrier eyes than other skies
That do not lovers know!

—*Richard E. Burton.*

A SUNSET IN SUSSEX

The winds blow soft across the hill.
Below outspreads a world of green,
A world of woods and fields, until
The purple mountains frame the scene.
The sunset red has tinged the west;
A shining brook reflects the glow.
A distant church bell clear and low
Is lulling all the land to rest.

In the far city's toil and strife
Men bear their weight of care alone.
Straining for freedom, light and life,
They feel the struggle all their own.
Here on the silent hill we know
This rolling earth is God's earth still,
And his serene and certain will
Broods o'er it like the sunset glow.

—*Leonard H. Robbins.*

IN MAPLE VALLEY

Well I remember still
The lichen-covered mill,
Close by the foaming dam in Maple Valley;
And grandpa, years ago,
With hair as white as snow,
And grandma, whom the children called Aunt Sally.

The south wind sighs and moans
Among the hemlock cones,
Which keep the mill within their cooling shadow;

And laden with their scent,
Goes on its way intent
To kiss the violets in the distant meadow.

The robin sings his hymns
Among the maple's limbs,
Down on the lawn near where the swift brook
rushes;
And up among the hills
The rippling music thrills
From out the throats of many warbling thrushes.

Black Nance, with sounding shell,
In lieu of dinner bell,
Breathes forth a blast plain heard by many a
neighbor;
And from the distant field,
Whose fertile furrows yield
The golden corn, come home the sons of labor.

I close my eyes and see
A grapevine-covered tree,
Where in the sunny autumn days I'd linger,
The juicy globes to drain,
Which left their purple stain
In telltale marks on lip and face and finger.

How sweet the apples were!
And when the chestnut burr
Broke open with the frosts, its store disclosing,
The squirrels, wild with joy,
Disputed with the boy
His right of thus his winter food disposing.

How long ago it seems!
Yet often in my dreams
Around those haunts how lovingly I hover,
And sigh, with suppressed pain,
When I awake again,
And know that youth and all its dreams are over.

Could I but be again
A boy, as I was then,
And all the past be blotted out forever—
But vain is all regret;
The future is mine yet,
And in it may I make one last endeavor.

—Walter Cooper.

GREENWOOD LAKE

Gaze forth where Herbert loved to gaze,
Far to the horizon's purple edge,
Here swimming in a gauzy haze,
There bright with splintered cliff and ledge.
It is a vision beautiful—
A dream of wonder and delight,
Where ridge on ridge of mountain peaks
Gleam out, then fade away from sight.
Beneath sleeps Greenwood's placid lake,
Woods, meadow, pasture, stream, and plain,
White villages like sea-bird wings,
Broad corn-fields and expanse of grain;
Fair scenes so dear to poet's heart,
Dear to the painter's glorious art.

Gaze and admire! Far off to right
Swell highland Hudson's azure hills.
Famed Anthony uplifts his bluff,
Channel'd and seamed with dashing rills.
Across yon rocky-cradled vale
Soars Shawangunk's mountainous ridge;
High, high in air those summits sail,
The Kaatskill's forest bridge!
"And ne'er in life," wrote Herbert's pen,
"Have I such lovely landscape viewed;"
The pure lake cradled in the glen,
Reflecting the o'erhanging wood.

—Isaac McLellan.

GREEN POND

Above the plain upon the mountain crest,
Far from the ways of men, thy waters rest;
Pure as the cloudless sky, we find no trace
In the calm beauty of thy placid face
Of those wild bursts whose giant rage was spent
On the storm-twisted oaks and rude rocks lightning
rent.

Enchanted lake! The nooks and tiny caves
That stud the blooming banks thy water laves
Are fairy haunts, and quickening eyes may see
These legions, joined in elfin revelry;
While o'er the scene the smiling spirits nod
As Mother Earth uplifts this chalice to her God.

Thou gem of wondrous beauty! What to thee
Are all the jewelled toys of majesty!

When thy clear sunlit depths and wavelets bright
Flash on our gaze their overwhelming light,
We deem thou art a mighty emerald set
By the great Artist's hand in Nature's coronet.

—*Smith Ely.*

THE FRESHET

A Legend of the Delaware

March hath unlocked stern winter's chain;
Nature is wrapped in misty shrouds,
And ceaselessly the drenching rain
Drips from the gray, sky-mantling clouds;
The deep snows melt, and swelling rills
Pour through each hollow of the hills;
The river from its rest hath risen,
And bounded from its shattered prison;
The huge ice-fragments onward dash,
With grinding roar and splintering crash;
Swift leap the floods upon their way,
Like war-steeds thundering on their path,
With hoofs of waves and manes of spray,
Restrainless in their mighty wrath.

Wild mountains stretch in towering pride
Along the river's either side;
Leaving between it and their walls
Narrow and level intervals.
When summer glows, how sweet and bright
The landscape smiles upon the sight!
Here, the bright golden wheat-fields vie

With the rich tawny of the rye;
The buckwheat's snowy mantles, there,
Shed honeyed fragrance on the air;
In long straight ranks the corn uprears
In silken plumes and pennoned spears;
The yellow melon underneath
Plump ripens, in its viny wreath;
Here, the piled rows of new-mown grass;
There, the potato-plant's green mass;
All framed by woods,—each limit shown
By zigzag rail, or wall of stone;
Contrasting, here, within the shade,
The axe a space hath open laid,
Cumbered with trees hurled blended down,
Their verdure changed to withered brown;
There, the soil, ashes-strewed and black,
Shows the red flame's devouring track;
Slim fire-weeds shooting thick where stood
The leafy monarchs of the wood:
A landscape frequent in the land,
Which Freedom, with her gifts to bless,
Grasping the axe when sheathing brand,
Hewed from the boundless wilderness.

The rains have ceased: the struggling glare
Of sunset lights the misty air;
The fierce winds sweep the myriad throng
Of broken ragged clouds along;
From the rough saw-mill, where hath rung,
Through all the hours, its grating tongue,
The raftman sallies, as the gray
Of evening tells the flight of day,
And slowly seeks, with loitering stride,
His cabin by the river side.

As twilight darkens into night,
Still dash the waters in their flight,
Still the ice-fragments, thick and fast,
Shoot like the clouds before the blast.

Beyond—the sinuous channel wends
Through a deep, narrow gorge, and bends
With curve so sharp, the drifting ice,
Hurled by the flood's tremendous might,
Piles the opposing precipice,
And every fragment swells the height;
Hour after hour uprears the wall,
Until a barrier huge and tall
Breasts the wild waves that vain upswell.
They bathe the alder on the verge,
To overwhelm the obstacle:
The leaning hemlock now they merge,
The stately elm is dwindling low
Within the deep engulfing flow,
Till, curbed thus in its headlong flight,
With its accumulated might,
The river, turning on its track,
Rolls its broad-spreading volumes back.

The raftman slumbers; through his dream
Distorted visions wildly stream;
Now in the wood his axe he swings,
And now his saw-mill's jarring rings;
Now his huge raft is shooting swift
Cochecton's wild, tumultuous rift,
Now floats it on the ebon lap
Of the grim shadowed Water Gap,
And now 'tis tossing on the swells
Fierce dashing down the slope of Wells.

The rapids crash upon his ear,
The deep sounds roll more loud and near,
They fill his dream—he starts—he wakes!

The moonlight through the casement falls,
Ha! the wild sight that on him breaks—

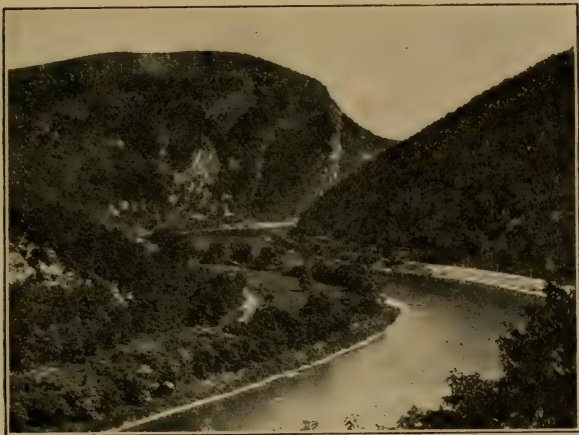
The floods sweep round his cabin-walls.
Beneath their bounding, thundering shocks
The frail log fabric groans and rocks;
Crash, crash! the ice-bolts round it shiver;
The walls like blast-swept branches quiver;
His wife is clinging to his breast,
The child within his arm is pressed;
He staggers through the chilly flood
That numbs his limbs, and checks his blood.
On, on he strives: the waters lave
Higher his form with every wave;
They steep his breast, on each side dash
The splintered ice with thundering crash;
A fragment strikes him; ha! he reels;
That shock in every nerve he feels;
Faster, bold raftman, speed thy way,
The waves roar round thee for their prey;
The cabin totters—sinks—the flood
Rolls its mad surges where it stood:
Before thy straining sight, the hill
Sleeps in the moonlight, bright and still.
Falter not, falter not, struggle on,
That goal of safety may be won;
Heavily droops thy wife with fear,
Thy boy's shrill shriekings fill thine ear;
Urge, urge thy strength to where outflung
Yon cedar-branches for thy cling.
Joy, raftman, joy! thy need is past,
The wished-for goal is won at last.

Joy, raftman. joy! thy quick foot now
Is resting on the upland's brow.
Praise to high Heaven! each knee is bent,
And every heart in prayer of grateful love is blent.

—*Alfred Billings Street.*

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP

Our western land can boast no lovelier spot.
The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand
Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven
Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast
A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,
Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while below
The silent river, with majestic sweep,
Pursues his shadowed way—his glassy face
Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
Talk ye of solitude? It is not here.
Nor silence. Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
Those towering hills hold converse with the sky
That smiles upon their summits; and the wind
Which stirs their wooded sides whispers of life,
And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf,
Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright,
And nod to greet his coming! And the brook,
That with its silvery gleam comes leaping down
From the hillside, has, too, a tale to tell;
The wild bird's music mingles with its chime;
And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,



Courtesy of the Lackawanna Railroad

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP

‘The silent river, with majestic sweep,
Pursues his shadowed way.’

—Elizabeth F. Ellett

Send forth their perfume as an added gift.
The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,
When not a sound was heard along his shores,
Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
Of some expiring captive, and no bark
E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
Are vocal often with the hunter's song;
Now visit, in their glad and onward course,
The abodes of happy men—gardens and fields,
And cultured plains—still bearing, as they pass,
Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

—*Elizabeth F. Ellett.*

POHOQUALIN

Upon a castled crag a pine tree clings,
Above the Pohoqualin's measured flow,
And whispers to the river down below
The melody the wanton west wind brings.
And when the harper strikes its emerald strings
Upon the heights where green-gray lichens grow,
The winding waters pause as if to know
The secret of the song the pine tree sings.
For though the mountain barriers bid them stay,
They laugh to scorn its impotent decree.
Between the crumbling portals stern and gray
They gayly glide and chuckle in their glee.
For from the harper's song they've learned the way
That leads them toward the distant waiting sea.

—*Frank Hill Phillips.*

THE DELAWARE

Hail! thou prince of noble rivers,
On whose lofty bank I stand,
Listening, as each leaflet quivers
Trilled by evening zephyrs bland—
Listening, while I gazing muse
On thy landscape's sun-lit views.

Onward trending to the ocean
Glide the sport of many an oar,
Till thy gently rippling motion
Heaves in breakers on its shore—
Till thy waters, mingling there,
Cease to own thee, Delaware.

Once the Indian forest-ranger
Launched on thee his birch-canoe,
And, unawed by foe or danger,
O'er thy crested ripples flew;
But no more the red-man rows
Where thy gurgling current flows.

Once the chief of chieftains chosen,
Anxious on thy margin stood,
Gazing on thee, dark and frozen,
On thy icy-rolling flood—
Gazing, while his shivering bands
Wait unshrinking his commands.

Winter's storm and night appalling,
Fill with double dread thy waves;
He, though fierce the sleet is falling,

Cheers them onward, cheers his braves;
Yes, undaunted he has there
Bid them cross thee, Delaware.

Cold and dark thy sullen waters
Roll around his dauntless few,
Whilst their Chieftain, nerved to slaughters,
Leads them boldly, leads them through—
Leads, and with the morning sun,
Conquest crowns our Washington!

On our eagle's bannered pinions
Wide is borne the victor's fame,
Till, through freedom's owned dominions,
All have echoed back his name;
Till the flag that morn unfurled,
Signaled freedom to the world!

Hail again, thou classic river,
Hail for scenes of other days,
When the might of freedom's Giver
Crowned our arms with fadeless bays—
Crowned, and while those wreaths are there,
Thou art honored, Delaware.

Freighted with the wealth of nations,
Borne to thee from distant climes,
May thy banks, the consternations
Know no more of early times;
But may fleets of commerce glide
Ever safely on thy tide.

—*Oliver Crane.*

THE DELAWARE

My mother, the cloud, cast me down to the ground,
And thence through the sand-soil a pathway I found,
And broke from the rock at the foot of the hill
In a fountain that trickled and swelled to a rill.
I gathered my brothers from hill-side and steep,
And eagerly hurried my way to the deep—
Sauntering slowly through low-lying meadows,
Sleeping in nooks beneath willow-tree shadows,
Tossing the blades of the o'erhanging grasses,
 Gliding, meandering, strolling through valleys
Where dallies the wind with the flowers as it passes,
 And flowing and flowing.

I swallow the brooks that descend from the hills,
I widen from tribute of fountains and rills
Who to join me come out from the nooks where they
 creep,
And the cloven ravines where they frolic and leap,
While together we dash against rocks in our way,
Or in eddies and whirlpools incessantly play.
Mine are the button-woods mottled and high,
In whose hollows the bears and the catamounts lie;
And mine are the reed and the flag and the lily,
 And mine are the aster and golden-rod drooping
And stooping o'er water so placid and stilly,
 Yet flowing and flowing.

Through the hills and beneath the green arches that
 grow
By limbs interlacing from grey trunks below,
I hurry and struggle and foam and complain,
Till I get to the kiss of the sunlight again.

Then I rest in dark pools in an emerald sleep,
Till I gather the force and the strength for a leap,
In a torrent of crystal and beryl and snow
From the green edge above to the white foam below;
Then over the rocks in my pathway I run,
Hissing and roaring and leaping and dashing,
And flashing a myriad of gems to the sun,
And flowing and flowing.

Down through the hills and through valleys that glow
With the sun from above and the green from below,
On by the cities that lie at my side,
Growing deeper and wider, I quietly glide
Past where the Schuylkill pays tribute to me,
Till I reach in my journey the fathomless sea.
There where the ships from the North and the South,
And the East and the West, with their keels vex my
mouth,
I mingle my waters with those of the main,
Bury my flood in the flood of the ocean,
Whose motion repels me again and again,
Yet flowing and flowing.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

THE PEAKS*

In the night
Gray, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God alone.
"O Master, that movest the wind with a finger,
Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.
Grant that we may run swiftly across the world
To huddle in worship at Thy feet."

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In the morning

A noise of men at work came the clear blue miles,
And the little black cities were apparent.

“O Master, that knowest the meaning of raindrops,
Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.
Give voice to us, we pray, O Lord,
That we may sing Thy goodness to the sun.”

In the evening

The far valleys were sprinkled with tiny lights.

“O Master,
Thou that knowest the value of kings and birds,
Thou hast made us humble, idle, futile peaks.
Thou only needest eternal patience;
We bow to Thy wisdom, O Lord—
Humble, idle, futile peaks.”

In the night

Gray, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God alone.

—Stephen Crane.

THE GATES OF THE HUDSON

So bright the day, so clear the sky,
So grand the scene before me,
My meaner life my soul puts by,
And a better mood comes o'er me.

From under trees whose rustling leaves
Wear all their autumn glory,
I watch the brown fields far below,
And the headlands, gray and hoary.

I see the beetling Palisades,
Whose wrinkled brows forever,
In calms and storms, in lights and shades,
Keep watch along the river.

Such watch, of old, the Magi kept
Along the sad Euphrates:—
Our eyeless ones have never slept;
And this their solemn fate is:

God built these hills in barrier long,
And then he opened through them
These gates of granite, barred so strong
He only might undo them;

Through them he lets the Hudson flow
For slowly counted ages,
The while the nations fade and grow
Around the granite ledges.

He bids these warders watch and wait,
Their vigil ne'er forsaking,
Forever standing by the gate,
Not moving and not speaking.

So, all earth's day, till night shall fall,
When God shall send his orders,
And summon at one trumpet-call
The grim and patient warders,

The guards shall bow, the gates shall close
Upon the obedient river,
And then no more the Hudson flows,
Forever and forever.

—*William Osborn Stoddard.*

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON

Cool shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land,
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,

And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TO AN ORIOLE

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
Here the wild floweret blossomed, the elm proudly
 waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder and lightning and storm;

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the warwhoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wild waving shade,
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of
time,
Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong, embosomed in foam.

—Washington Irving.



Photo by Doremus, Paterson

PASSAIC FALLS

‘He rent the rude rock, the
steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm
the thundering wave.’

—Washington Irving

ROCK OF THE PASSAIC FALLS

Rock where the many come
Viewing thy water's foam,
 On thee I stand:
'Tis of thy chasmed walls,
Where its mad torrent falls
 Spurning command,
That thy Passaic's name
Claims an undying fame
 In every land.

Rock of the misty cloud,
Where the bald eagle proud,
 Leaving his prey
Free in his forest-home,
Came and mid dashing foam
 Bathed in the spray,
Pluming his pinions light
Ere on his upward flight
 Soaring away.

Rock of wild resonance,
Where the red hunter once
 Fearlessly stood,
Listeningly wondering
Whilst the loud thundering
 Roar of thy flood
Rolled through the firmament,
Strangely reverberant
 From hill and wood.

Broad from thy dizzy height
Roll all thy waters bright;
 Solemn as death;

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

As if all motionless
Over the dark abyss
 Gathering their breath,
Ere, on the awful bound,
Down, down the dread profound
 Plunging beneath.

Raging and struggling
Far on the rocks they fling
 Madly their spray:
Billow its billow meets,
Shrouded in misty sheets
 Scorning delay,
Whirling and eddying,
Many a foamy ring
 Floating away.

Spanning thine awful brow
Brighter and fainter now,
 Changeful in glow,
Circled in halos bright
Image of holy light,
 Beams heaven's bow
Calmly, sublimely throned,
Whilst the deep ocean-toned
 Storm raves below.

Wide from thy chasm deep
Boiling the waters sweep,
 Fitful and slow;
Foamy yet rippleless,
Bound to the far abyss
 Onward they flow
Claiming paternity

Now with the briny sea
Whither they go.

Rock where the warriors stood,
Long may Passaic's flood
Over thee pour;
Deep as the ocean's moan,
Ceaseless its solemn tone
Resonant roar,
Till the last trumpet's blast
Bid thy wild chasms cast
Echoes no more.

—*Oliver Crane.*

PASSAIC FALLS

Oh fair Passaic! softly winding
Through wooded slopes and banks of green,
With all thy loveliness reminding
Of scenes in dreamland's dim demesne.

Full oft along thy grassy border
I've strolled, in admiration lost;
Or watched thy waves in wild disorder
Within yon rocky cavern tossed.

And yet, from that abyss, all surging
With foam and spray and torrent's wrath,
I've seen thee, purified, emerging
To seek anew thy seaward path;

And onward thence, through landscape rarer
Than painter's brush could e'er portray—
No mortal eye hath looked on fairer—
Thou passest on thy peaceful way.

Till in the blue and hazy distance
Thou gleamest like a silver thread.
Oh river! type of man's existence!
In thee, Life's lesson may be read.

Like thine, our griefs and passions mortal
Oft plunge us in some dark abyss,
Through which we, groping, find the portal
To brighter, purer, scenes of bliss.

—George Lynde Catlin.

THE PASSAIC RIVER AT PATERSON

God made for Beauty myriad souls and streams
That know defeat, and in their tragedy
Carry but soil and burden to the sea,
Hiding their urge, their meaning, and their dreams.
I, and this River! Oftentimes it seems
We must forget the willows at our edge,
The arch of sky, and many a lyric ledge
Whereon the gold of April sunlight gleams;

Driven and weary, bridged for alien ways,
Must be too bitter, with our glory gone,
To feel the piercing sweetness of the dawn
Or any loveliness of sunset-haze . . .
Yet, whelmed by smudge and dye and rusty bars,
In the still twilights we have mirrored stars!

—Ruth Guthrie Harding.

BY THE PASSAIC

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover,
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle
All the day.

Oh 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt, elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter
As I angle,
And I dangle
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout, so wary grown.
Now I strike him! joy ecstatic!
Scouring runs! leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts, observant,

Say to me, "Your humble servant!
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly
While I angle,
There to dangle
With her book.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the book no page uncloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! who can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!

—*Anonymous.*

Passaic, 1857.

SONNET TO A BUTTERFLY

Forth to thy bright existence of an hour,
Thou painted meteor—floating on the stream
Of summer sunshine, drinking from the beam
New youth, new beauty from the perfumed flower!
Thou type of endless life, thou sign of power,
But now a reptile writhing in the gloom—
The dust of earth. At eve a living tomb;
At morn a spirit blest in Eden's bower.
What are the sons of Adam? Do they soar
In virtue's clear security, or creep
Through tears and labor to the dusky shore
Of cold obstruction and mysterious sleep,

Thence, at the trumpet's peal, to burst on high—
Never to sorrow more, nor doubt, nor die?

—*Frank Forester.*

THE RETURN OF THE FLOWERS

Oh, dainty baby foresters,
That hide in silent nooks,
That linger by the cowpaths
And peep into the brooks,
Your dimples bring me back again
The merry days of old,
When every field was fairyland
And buttercups were gold!
Mid sodden leaves and nodding ferns
The little hermits rise
And by the wounded maple-trees
Unveil their timid eyes.
Anon the wilding rose will come
To make the desert bloom,
And bend above the mossy bank
Where silver ripples croon;
And crocuses, with cups of gold,
On sunny knolls be seen,
And dandelions, like little suns,
Shine out amid the green.
Again the daisy's snowy sail
Will gild the grassy seas,
Again a thousand tiny masts
Bend low before the breeze,
And fleets of roving butterflies,
In plumes and painted wings,

Will sail o'er leafy palaces
Wherein the robin sings.
Tho' years have sped since bird and flower
Filled meadows with delight,
And many a sunset-tinted dream
Has faded into night,
Still do I hail with boyish love
The glory of the trees—
Still marvel at the linnet's song,
The wisdom of the bees.
In every waking bud is seen
Hope's everlasting ray,
Prophetic elves that linger still
In life's embattled way;
That whisper of a paradise
The toiling years shall give
When grief and hate and war shall die,
And only love shall live.

—Augustus Watters.

MEMORIES

On sad Passaic's murky breast,
That ripples toward the sea,
I'd rather glide at eventide
Than on the Thames or Dee,
For there, in boyhood's happy hour
I plunged beneath the spray,
While oft the golden linnet sang,
And twilight crept away.
And when at noon the knightly elms
Beat back the fervid heat,
And laugh to see the babies play
About their gnarléd feet,

I think no shining nimbus
A Rembrandt ever paints
So sacred as the tangled gold
Of Newark's little saints.

—Augustus Watters.

NIGHT WIND

Oh Wind who kisses the trees to sleep,
You ride away with the dawn!
And drink the tears that the willows weep,
And dance with the spotted fawn.

Sometimes you climb to the Lady Moon
And twine the stars in your hair,
Or eat their dust on a reedy spoon,
And float on the silvered air.

Away you rock in a lily pod
Or sail in a floating bloom,
While the forest laughs with its merry god,
And scatters its strange perfume.

Sometimes you saddle the great green sea
And ride on the crested waves,
Shouting your joyous monarchy
In the mouths of the shadowed caves.

Wind! Wind! Answer me!
Who has taught you to ride the sea?

—Mabel Wiles Simpson.

ART THOU THE SAME?

Art thou the same, thou sobbing winter wind?
The same that rocked the cradle of the May,
That whispered through the leaves in summer noon,
And swelled the anthem of the full-crowned year?
Art thou the same, thou piteous, moaning thing,
Beating against the pane with ghostly hands,
Wailing in agony across the waste,—
Art thou the same—the same?

Art thou the same, thou poor heart bruised and faint,
Treading thy way alone through twilight gloom?
Art thou the same that sang to greet the dawn,
Carolling in the sunlight like a bird,
Too glad for speech, too glad for aught but song?
Art thou the same that prayest but for night,
For night to come and ease thee of thy pain,—
Art thou the same—the same?

Thou winter wind that wailest through the night,
Thou broken heart too crushed to moan or cry,
There will be rest even for ye, poor things,
And more than rest,—a joy new-washed in tears;
For through the portals of the fading year
Lie sunny hills and fields fresh-clad in green,
And after night who knows what day may bring?—
And ye unchanged, the same—the same?

—*Frances Swift Tatnall.*

THERE'S A WEDDING IN THE ORCHARD

There's a wedding in the orchard, dear,
I know it by the flowers;
They're wreathed on every bough and branch,
And falling down in showers.

The air is in a mist, I think,
And scarce knows which to be—
Whether all fragrance, clinging close;
Or bird-song, wild and free.

And countless wedding-jewels shine,
And golden gifts of grace;
I never saw such wealth of sun
In any shady place.

It seemed I heard the fluttering robes
Of maidens clad in white,
The clasping of a thousand hands
In tenderest delight;

While whispers ran among the boughs
Of promises and praise;
And playful, loving messages
Sped through the leaf-lit ways.

Then were there swayings to and fro;
The weeds a-tiptoe rose;
And sang the breeze a sudden song
That sank to sudden close;

And just beyond the wreathed aisles
That end against the blue,

The raiment of the wedding-choir
And priest came shining through.

And though I saw no wedding-guest,
Nor groom, nor gentle bride,
I know that holy things were asked,
And holy love replied.

Soon will the lengthening shadows move
Unwillingly away,
Like friends who linger with adieux
Yet are not bid to stay.

I follow where the blue-bird leads,
And hear its soft "good-night,"
Still thinking of the wedding-scene
And aisles of flowery light.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

THE WHISPERING WOOD*

I find within the whispering wood
No sign of fairy, pard, or elf;
A holier mystery moves the blood,
I hear God talking to Himself.

Like breath that flows and ebbs, like sighs
Of wordless deep intense delight,
I hear the sacred monodies
God utters to Himself at night.

"O happy, happy things that move,
O happy birds that fly or nest,
Contented with a little love
And thankful for a little rest!

* By permission of Dodd, Mead & Co.

What I have made is very good,
Good every tiniest thing that walks!"
Even so amid the whispering wood
Within Himself God broods and talks.

—*William J. Dawson.*

APRIL MAGIC*

We bid you joyous welcome,
Fair daughter of the spring,
O, lovely lady April,
What wondrous gifts you bring.

Thy fresh and haunting beauty,
With the magic of a dream,
Hath won the frozen waters
And loosed the singing stream.

Thy fairy hand that beckons
All wingéd bards on high,
Hath waved a mystic baton
To the minstrels of the sky.

And out across the moorlands,
Where heath and hillock meet,
The drenchéd earth bestirs anew
Beneath thy fairy feet.

—*Frank R. Waxman,*

South Side High School, Newark.

* First prize, *Poems of New Jersey* pupil-poetry contest; see preface.

APRIL TWILIGHT

So beautiful it is, this April dusk,
This quiet twilight after wistful rain,
That everything is breathless, lest it stir
The mystery that haunts this meadow lane.

A hush is clinging to the hallowed air.
I hear the murmur of the looms of Spring.
I see the testament of leaf and grass;
And glory lurk in every simple thing!

Until I think, within this wistful dusk,
Within this miracle of bud and tree,
Heaven must be a land of haunted lanes,
Where April blossoms out eternally!

—*Louis Ginsberg.*

TWO OF A TRADE

The dragon-fly and I together
Sail up the stream in the summer weather;
He at the stern all green and gold,
And I at the oars our course to hold.

Above the floor of the level river
The bent blades dip and spring and quiver;
And the dragon-fly is here and there,
Along the water and in the air.

And thus we go as the sunshine mellows;
A pair of Nature's merriest fellows;
For the Spanish cedar is light and true,
And instead of one, it has carried two.

And thus we sail without care or sorrow,
With trust for to-day and hope for to-morrow;
He at the stern, all green and gold,
And I at the oars, our course to hold.

—*Samuel A. W. Duffied.*

RAIN*

I never knew how words were vain
Until I strove to say
The thoughts that fell like the grey rain
Upon my heart to-day.

The April rain falls on the earth,
That waits a while for words,
And then becomes articulate
In buds and bees and birds.

The thoughts that rain upon my heart
Bring nothing fair to birth;
Oh God, I kneel before the art
Of this great lyrist, earth.

—*Kenneth Slade Alling.*

THE BLUET

Dearest floweret of the meadow,
Symbol of the Good and Fair,
Growing simply, all unconscious
Of thy perfect life and rare.

* By permission of *Contemporary Verse*.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

Unpretentious, unattractive—
Save to those who wisely see—
More than all thy brighter comrades
Thou art beautiful to me.

Nestling closely to the greenness
Of some unassuming sod,
Thy sweet face turned ever heavenward
And thy golden heart to God!

—*W. I. Lincoln Adams.*

FROM EAGLE ROCK

Who says that Eagle Rock was not well named
Has never thither climbed, nor, raptured, strayed
Along its floor, by jutting rock upstayed!
An eagle-spirit bides there, all untamed
As in those days when none fee-simple claimed,
But flowing forests its dark sides arrayed.
Still giant trees make there a colonnade
And gothic windows, where great skies are framed.

Go, on a summer afternoon, and gaze—
Far eastward, on one glamorous view of all,
Where, like a dream of lost and golden days,
Or like mirage of shimmering tower and wall,
New York across grey waters pictured lies—
Luminous, hushed, a city of the skies!

—*Edith Matilda Thomas.*

SUNSET ON THE ORANGE MOUNTAINS*

Apollo, homeward bound,
Stands balanced on the mountain's brink,
Drenching each thick-enfoliated velvet mound
In dripping liquid splotch of orange ink.
The trees, with golden halos crowned,
Beneath his splendor shrink.

Stock-still he seems to stand,
His sandals on a tree at rest;
Then down he leaps as though at some command,
But halts when half beneath the shining crest
To contemplate the journey plann'd,
Then sinks into the west.

Down here all's drab and dead,
But there on high is left his trail:
The mountains still are clad in blushing red,
Which soon is banished for a faint pink veil.
Rested, I watch the shadows shed
Their gloom o'er hill and dale.

—*Adrian Berkowitz,*
Orange High School.

APRIL†

Something tapped at my window-pane,
Someone called me without my door,
Someone laughed like the tinkle o' rain,
The robin echoed it o'er and o'er.

* Honorable mention, *Poems of New Jersey* pupil-poetry contest; see preface.

† From *Joy o' Life, and Other Poems*, copyright 1909 by Mitchell Kennerley.

I threw the door and the window wide;
Sun and the touch of the breeze and then—
“Oh, were you expecting me, dear?” she cried,
And here was April come back again.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

THE CALL OF SPRING *

When the measured dance of hours
Brings again the lovely Spring,
Then, ah, then is earth uplifted,—
Youth enkindles everything.

Gently stir the souls of flowers;
Birds begin to sing for mates;
Every soul, exhilarated,
Springtime's joyousness partakes.

In the very air we sense it—
Spring rejuvenating all;
See it—hear it—feel it—breathe it—
Love it—live it—Nature's Call!

—*Gwendolyn Smith,*
Westfield High School.

NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM†

Now is the cherry in blossom, Love,
Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
Over the village at nightfall now
Merrily veers and darts the swallow.

* Second prize, *Poems of New Jersey* pupil-poetry contest; see preface.

† Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.

At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
Awakes the chorus that sings old sorrow;
The evening star is dim for the dew,
And the apple and lilac will bloom tomorrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
In every shadow some love lies hid,
And you and I in the world together.

—*Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.*

ODE TO THE RARITAN RIVER

Lost in a pleasing wild surprise,
I mark the fountains round me rise
And in an artless current flow
Thro' dark and lofty woods below,
That from the world the soul confine
And raise the thoughts to things divine.

O sacred stream! a stranger, I
Would stay to see thee passing by,
And mark thee wandering thus alone,
With varied turns so like my own!
Wild, as a stranger led astray,
I see thee wind in woods away,
And hasting thro' the trees to glide,
As if thy gentle face to hide,
While oft in vain thou wouldst return
To visit here thy native urn;
But, like an exile doomed no more
To see the scenes he loved before,

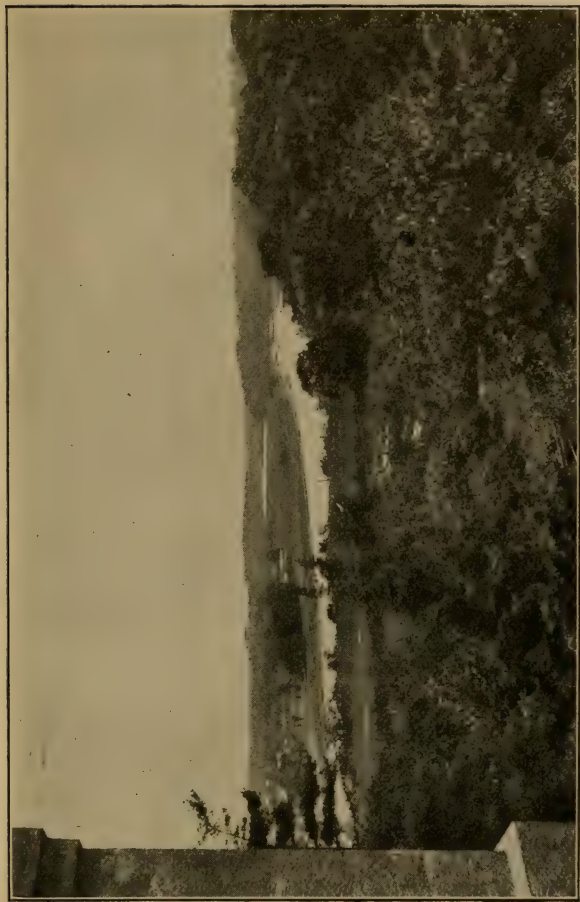
You wander on, and wind in vain,
Dispersed amid the boundless main.

Here often, on thy borders green,
Perhaps thy native sons were seen,
Ere slaves were made, or gold was known,
Or children from another zone
Inglorious did with axes rude
Into thy noble groves intrude,
And forced thy naked son to flee
To woods where he might still be free.

And thou! that art my present theme,
O gentle spirit of the stream!
Then too, perhaps, to thee was given
A name among the race of heaven;
And oft adored by Nature's child
Whene'er he wandered in the wild.

And oft perhaps, beside the flood
In darkness of the grove he stood,
Invoking here thy friendly aid
To guide him thro' the doubtful shade;
Till overhead the moon in view
Thro' heaven's blue fields the chariot drew,
And showed him all thy wat'ry face,
Reflected with a purer grace,
Thy many turnings thro' the trees
Thy bitter journey to the seas;
While oft thy murmurs loud and long
Awaked his melancholy song;
Which thus in simple strain began,
"Thou Queen of Rivers, Raritan."

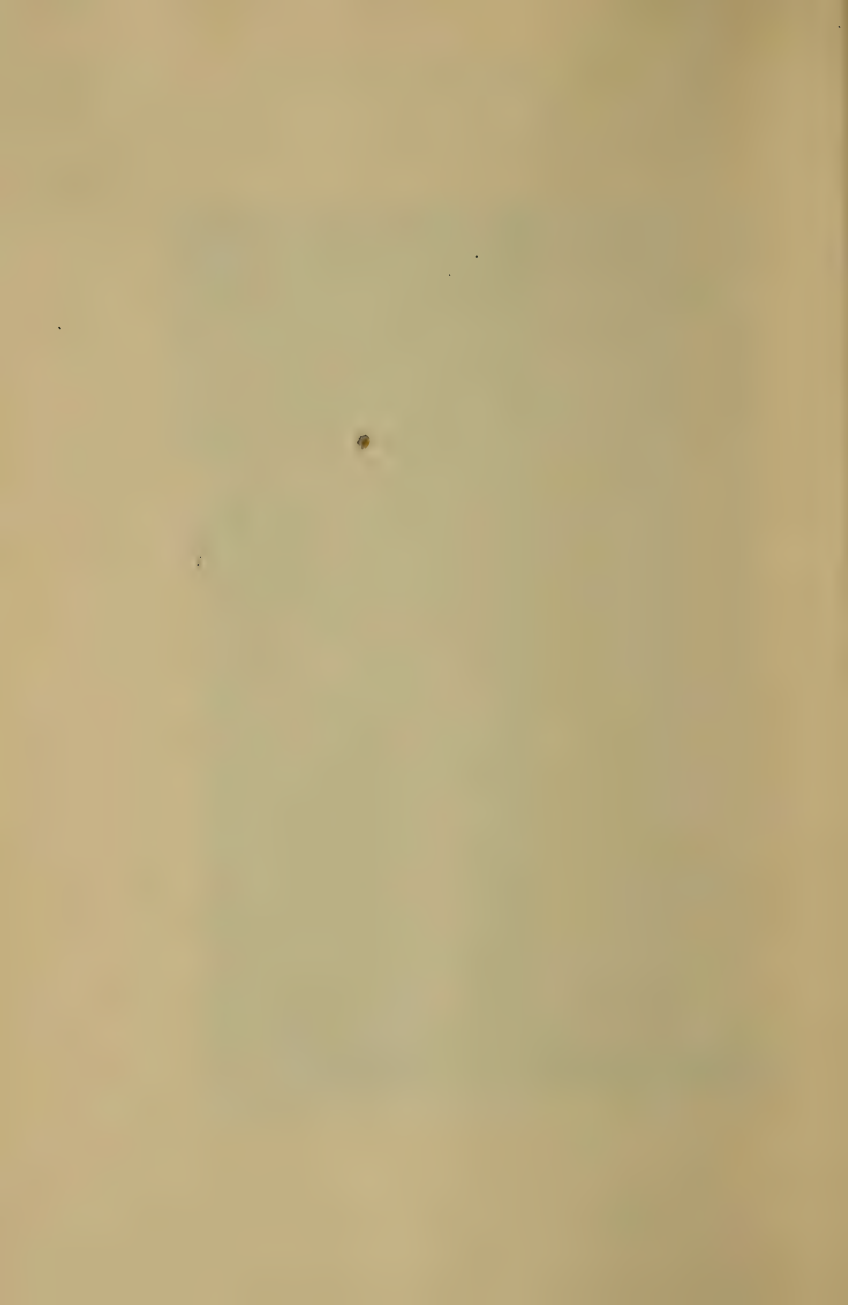
—*John Davis.*



Courtesy of Rutgers College

THE RARITAN, NEAR RUTGERS COLLEGE

‘Thou Queen of Rivers, Raritan.’
—John Davis



CHANGE

Through the warm rain,
Dipping and darting as they go,
The swallows wheel and turn again
Ceaselessly to and fro.

What life so gay!
What splendid strength and rhythmic rune
Are flung from whirring wings away
The livelong afternoon!

Year after year,
Sunlight and shadow dashing through,
The blue-backs glitter far and near
And wheel and turn anew.

What does it count
That one drops out or falls away?
New wings the summer breezes mount,
New life springs up each day.

What care! what care!
The blue-backs flash, the long lines sway—
What matter how the older fare!
Have they not had their day?

No more! no more!
What cares the mother goddess when
The old break down, the new before,
With swallows as with men?

She is all things,
Both sun and rain, both life and death;
She spreads and folds the pointed wings,
She gives and stops the breath.

She still holds fast
Through ceaseless years to one great plan,
That all shall struggle to the last
And those shall live who can.

Why should she pause
To sorrow over come and go?
They are mere workings of her laws,
And she—she does not know.

All things shall pass,
That in the end all things shall stay;
The shifting part but keeps the mass
From ultimate decay.

What matter when
A swallow or a planet dies?
The scattered dust re-forms again—
New wings, new worlds arise.

Greet nature's way!
She planned the life, she planned the death;
All are but swallows in her day,
But creatures of her breath.

A moment's flight,
A something whirring through the rain,
A hollow cry upon the night,
And then—to dust again.

John C. Van Dyke.

THE BOBOLINK

Bobolink! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.

Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and Summer nearing fast,
While from depth of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes;
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives no such tone again,
For the wild saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier play.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear.
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

—*Thomas Hill.*

MENDHAM

I know—I know
Where the green leaves grow,
 When the woods without are bare;
Where a sweet perfume
Of the woodland's bloom
 Is afloat on the winter air!
When tempest strong
Hath howled along,
 With his war-whoop wild and loud,
Till the broad ribs broke
Of the forest oak,
 And his crown of glory bowed;
I know—I know
Where the green leaves grow,
 Though the groves without are bare,
Where the branches nod
Of the trees of God,
 And wild vines flourish fair.

I know—I know
Where blossoms blow
 The earliest of the year;
Where the passion-flower
With a mystic power
 Its thorny crown doth rear;
Where crocus breathes
And fragrant wreathes
 Like a censer fill the gale;
Where cowslips burst
To beauty first,
 And the lily of the vale:
And snow-drops white;

And pansies bright
As Joseph's colored vest;
And laurel-tod
From the woods of God,
Where the wild-bird builds her nest.

I know—I know
Where the waters flow
In a marble font and nook,
When the frost sprite
In his strange delight
Hath fettered the brawling brook;
When the dancing stream
With its broken gleam
Is locked in its rocky bed;
And the sing-song fret
Of the rivulet
Is hush as the melted lead;
Oh then I know
Where the waters flow
As fresh as the spring-time flood,
When the spongy sod
Of the fields of God
And the hedges are all in bud.

—*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

IN A WHEAT FIELD

A corn of wheat abides alone
Except it fall to earth and die;
There if it for a season lie
Concealed from view, perchance unknown,

Should heaven vouchsafe its gracious smile
And shed its dew upon that grave,
A golden harvest soon shall wave
And reapers garner it erewhile.

In its dark tomb the buried grain
Has linked its life with Nature's might,
Has triumphed o'er the powers of night
And turned our seeming loss to gain.

We talk of wheat—we lift our eyes
And see the field where late it stood;
A rising slope to yonder wood
From the green copse that lower lies.

And in the midst a locust grove
With tall, slim trunks that seek the sky;
Their shade invites the passer-by
To stay the steps that hither rove.

The locusts bow their leafy heads
And murmur to the wandering breeze,
And 'neath the shadow of the trees
Sleep warriors in their peaceful beds.

No world-famed victory marked this place,
No man can name the silent dead,
Yet men draw near with reverent tread
And talk with spirits, face to face.

'Twas on this field they camped of old,
Beside yon stream, and battled long
With hunger, sickness, want—a throng
Of foes grown fierce in winter's cold.

Scarce sheltered from the biting frost
Beneath rude huts, they fed the fires
Of Freedom with their funeral pyres
To save the spark that else were lost.

They yielded not to mortal foe
Nor fled dishonored from the field,
But Death's stern summons bade them yield
And lay their heads beneath the snow.

A corn of wheat, except it die,
Abides alone; but lost in earth,
Reveals at last its hidden worth—
We reap the fields where heroes lie.

—Charles D. Platt.

THANKSGIVING IN SOMERSET

Still stand, as when our fathers tilled the soil,
The shocks of fodder on the upland's crest
Like shapely wigwams; for God's hand has blest
The children's as he blest the parents' toil.

Again the year with laughter and with song,
In overflowing barns has heaped its store
Of garnered harvest, adding more to more
Of rich abundance for the winter long.

The cattle linger by the river's bend,
Surpassing Landseer's color in the light
No brush can paint, that falls before the night
Has mixed its purple in the palette's blend.

Slow down! It seems like sacrilege to speed
Across God's open country unaware
Of all its beauty, in the golden glare
Of sunset, with no thanking in our creed.

Now lamps are in the windows, and the gleam
Of swinging lanterns cheers the farmstead's close,
Ere man and beast make ready for repose
All through the night, beneath the stars' free beam.

Slow down! Perhaps the farmhouse people know
The hand of Him who prospers all their days,
And each before the family altar prays—
Slow down! We, too, some gratitude can show.

—*Joseph Fulford Folsom.*

FISHING*

The days that I went fishing,
I would wake before the dawn,
The moon a little lip of gold
Above a silver lawn,
Where, in a velvet pool of trees,
A gray mist hung, unstirred by breeze,
Or any sound; so patiently
The world bore night, it seemed to me.

The house was silent to my feet,
Beneath a tiptoe tread,
And I could see behind each door,
Calm in a white-paned bed,
An aunt with high patrician nose,

* From *Songs and Portraits*, copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

An uncle carmined; there arose
A smell of matting on the air,
Sober and cooling everywhere.

Beside the stove the cat blinked twice,
With eyes of topaz gold,
And yawned with infinite contempt,
For sleep is always new, and old
Is fishing; on the Nile,
Once with mysterious feline guile,
In temple-shadowed moonlight bays,
Were caught bright fins of other days.

The cat, the kitchen stove, the door
Upon a miracle of sun:
O for the dew upon the grass!
O for the feet that dance and run!
And in the maples' tiptop spires
The bursting song of passionate choirs!
I think that morning's finest joys
Are saved for little fishing boys.

Where trout lie there are white, white stones,
With running water over;
And half the air is made of mint,
And half is made of clover;
And slow clouds come and go and sail
Like giant fish with lazy tail.

A stream runs out a fine-spun song,
From shadowy pools to laughter;
A wood-song, with a chorus clear,
And a lilt, and a chuckle after;
For little pools with sunlight in

Are like plucked notes of a violin,
While through the mist of melodies
Stirs ever the motif of the breeze.

Some find bird-caroling sweet at dawn,
And some more sweet at noon,
But fishing boys like dusk, I think,
For there's a hush, that soon,
When evening sends them homeward bound,
Turns every field to tremulous sound,
Where thrush and owl and meadow lark
Chant to the coming of the dark.

The nights when I'd been fishing
Were always very still,
Save for the rustling of the leaves,
A distant whip-poor-will,
And in a sky of velvet blue
The stars were golden fishes too,
Swam slowly, swam into a dream
Of white stones and a running stream.

—*Struthers Burt.*

THE SONG SPARROW *

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, copyrighted 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

He comes in March when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

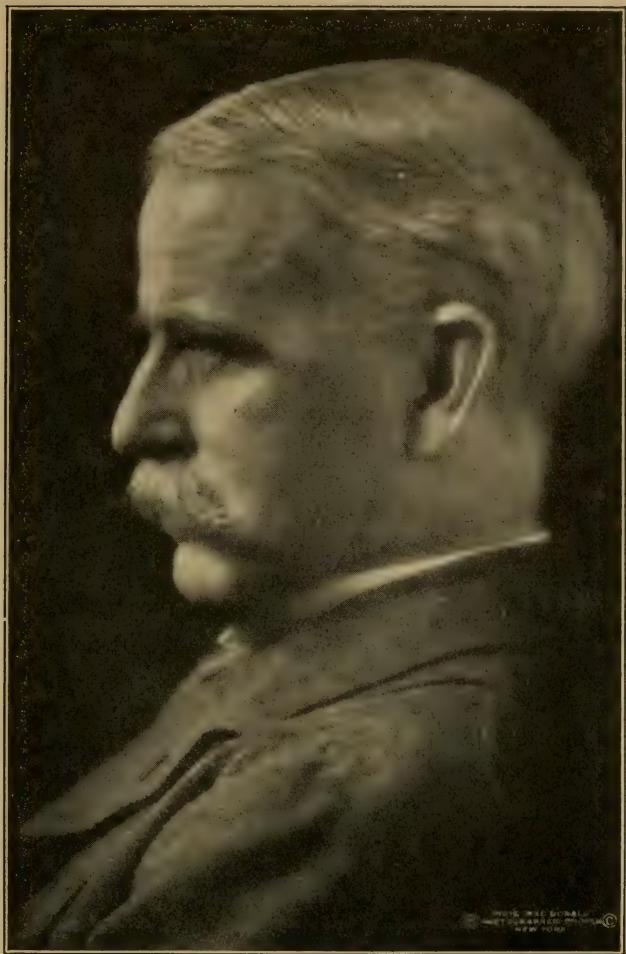
He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

—Henry van Dyke.

SALUTE TO THE TREES*

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,

* By courtesy of Dr. van Dyke.



HENRY VAN DYKE

‘Music, O poet, and all your own
By right of capture, and that alone.’

—James Whitcomb Riley

And some to keep the hearth-stone warm,
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;--
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

—Henry van Dyke.

INDIAN SUMMER*

A silken curtain veils the skies,
And half conceals from pensive eyes

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, copyrighted 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distils
A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the tranquil day,
Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the West,
I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke,
The Camp-fires of the Past are burning.

—*Tertius and Henry van Dyke.*

November, 1903.

A DAWN IN SPRING*

Awake! Awake! from out the night mount higher
And higher on prancing feet bring Phoebus' steeds.
The mist-maids flee, and shrill and clear the reeds
Of Pan pipe out and call the fairy choir
That leaped, and thrilled, and danced in chaste desire,
Kindled beneath Diana's maiden reign,
But now desert their glistening webs, nor deign
To sport their grace before a wanton fire.

* By permission of the Princeton University Press.

The fairy folk now flee before the dawn,
While feathered sprites their warbled carol sing,
And warily beside the lick the fawn
Poises to hark. Now through all life there thrills
A lilting note; and soft, caressing Spring
Entices man to golden-fringéd hills!

—James Creese.

NEXT MAY*

Next May the cherry-blossoms bright
Will make the meadows all as white,
And Stony Brook will be as fair
With purple violets everywhere;
In woodlands where the thrushes sing,
Next year the self-same song will ring
For others, as for us to-day.
And in the deep grass where we lay
And loitered sunlit hours of ease,
They'll lie outstretched beneath the trees,
And homeward fare when silently
Comes golden dusk—even as we.

And when the Millstone mirrors plain
The fresh green boughs of spring again,
Canoes will thread its leafy maze;
By deeper pools where sunlight plays,
Bathers will strip and dive once more,
And laughter echo, shore to shore.
O meadow, woodland, stream, and field,
The halycon hours and days you yield
May others know as well as we,
And going, leave their hearts in fee:—

* By permission of the Princeton University Press.

And if we never come again,
Live on in hearts of other men!

—*Thomas K. Whipple.*

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

—*Philip Freneau.*

IN THE DARK

All moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,
And through the dark, the ocean-thunders roll;
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness!—Father, hear my prayer!
Grant me to see the light!

—George Arnold.

SEPTEMBER

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls

In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go,
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning

Ah, soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts
 browning;
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar-trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

—George Arnold.

THE PINELANDS OF MONMOUTH

I have scaled the steeps of Sussex,
Breasted Greenwood's limpid wave,
Known the wooded Watchung ranges'
Facile moods, or gay or grave;
In the years of budding manhood
I have dreamed a future's dream
On the midland heights of Mercer
Where old Princeton's towers gleam.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

From the Hackensack's headwaters
To the bay of Delaware,
From the Hook aspiring seaward
To her western marches fair,
I have pilgrimmed Jersey's province
To her uttermost confines—
Knowing last, and holding dearest
Monmouth's fairyland of pines.

I have heard the hymn of labor
From her swarming cities rise,
Heard the softer notes and sweeter
Of her songbirds greet the skies;
I have seen white winter mantle
Wondrously her fertile fields,
And the suns of summer urge them
To most opulent of yields:

Fruit and grain, and luscious berries
Of her tropic tempered south,
And the royal melon, making
Heaven of a human mouth.
She is rich beyond all dreaming,
Dowered past all States is she—
And the fairest of her gems is
Monmouth's pineland, by the sea.

Monmouth's pineland! Words of magic
And of melody compound!
There's the lave of lisping waters
Running through their mellow sound;
Song of Whippoorwill's weird music
As of silver litten nights
Plaining in the woodland arches
He conducts his pagan rites.

Beauty, wed with wealth of power—
Melody with might made one,
As beyond the eastern gateway
Restless tides of ocean run.
And the salt gale of Atlantic,
Mingling with the pine breath free,
Sings through Monmouth's open temple,
In the pinelands by the sea!

—*Edward N. Teall.*

THE PINE TREE

Straightway from out its brown pine needle bed
Rears the tall pine and mingles with the sky,
Its green, green warp of Nature's favorite dye
Close woven with the woof of blue o'erhead.
Crisp interlacing branches are outspread;
And formal shape of pine-cone we descry
All drawn into that wondrous shape on high.
A scarlet tanager, one spot of red,
Perches far up amid the green and blue
And from its vantage looks the world around.
All, all is silent save the winds that woo
And coming from the Waters sway the trees
Making through them the murmuring of the Seas.
O wind-swept harmony of sight and sound!

—*Laura Marquand Walker.*

Como.

GLEN GILDER *

How curves the little river through Glen Gilder, O Glen
Gilder;

* From Gilder's *Complete Poems*, copyrighted 1908 by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Now it runs and now it rushes, now it sings and now
it hushes
O'er the rocks and by the brushes in Glen Gilder.

All music is the river in Glen Gilder, O Glen Gilder;
It sounds like wild birds singing, and it chimes like
bells a-ringing—
Birds, too, their songs are flinging in Glen Gilder.

O mighty are the willows of Glen Gilder, of Glen
Gilder;
Cool the air and cool the waters 'neath the giant
spreading shadows,
And beyond wide sweep the meadows from Glen Gilder.

O, there's life and fun and frolic in Glen Gilder, in
Glen Gilder;
And near the men are haying, and here the cows are
straying,
And the lambs and colts are playing in Glen Gilder.

Spring and autumn bring a change to fair Glen Gilder,
O Glen Gilder;
Above the banks and under come the freshet's rage
and thunder,
And men look with awe and wonder on Glen Gilder.

O, white the world of winter in Glen Gilder, in Glen
Gilder;
'Neath ice the waves are creeping, or down in dark
pools sleeping,
Or with sound of sleigh-bells leaping in Glen Gilder.

O, beautiful the morning in Glen Gilder, in Glen
Gilder;

But, O, most dear and tender when blooms the sunset
splendor,

At dying day's surrender in Glen Gilder.

And now the lingering sunlight leaves Glen Gilder,
O Glen Gilder;

While moony shades are stalking, is it the wavelets
talking,

Or whispering lovers walking in Glen Gilder?

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

ROBIN REDBREAST

Sweet Robin, I have heard them say
That thou wert there upon the day
The Christ was crowned in cruel scorn
And bore away one bleeding thorn,—
That so the blush upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow, was impressed;
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee;
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

—*George Washington Doane.*

THE SOURCE*

Unto the blooms of the mystical garden of solace,
Unto the boles of the boundless garden of peace,—
Shut from the rumor of earth's loud pleasures and
 follies,—
Bourne where earth's passionate discords dwindle and
 cease,—
Where the fountain of life, more vast than the cup of
 the ocean,
Is brimming the souls of men with its quickening
 potion,—
Thither I send my drooping battle-scarred soul;
Knowing that after one golden hour of ease,—
With the lilt of creation's dawn in its every motion,—
Back shall it wing to me, masterful, buoyant, whole.

—*Robert Haven Schauffler.*

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER†

A noiseless patient spider,
I marked, where, on a little promontory, it stood
 isolated;
Marked how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of
 itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of
 space,

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Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the
spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be formed—till the
ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere,
O my Soul.

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

Down by the marsh the twigs of the maples are flaming,
And hark!
Over the meadow, the turn of the year proclaiming,
Comes the call of the lark!

Blow, winter winds, in vain your terrors repeating!
The drear,
Dead days are gone, and our pulses are beating and
beating
The turn of the year!

Daily the evening flush in the sky is rising,
And soon
The hickory's buds shall burst, with their surprising
Prescience of June.

June! she comes—she comes with her pageant royal!
And graciously lingers,
That we, on bended knee, her subjects loyal,
May kiss the tips of her fingers.

—*James L. Pennypacker.*

GLOUCESTER SPRING

Sequestered from the city's noise,
Its tumults and fantastic joys,
 Fair nymphs and swains retire
Where Delaware's far-rolling tide
Majestic winds by Gloucester's side,
 Whose shades new joys inspire.

There innocence and mirth resort,
And round its banks the graces sport—
 Young love, delight, and joy;
Bright blushing health unlocks his springs,
Each grove around its fragrance flings
 With sweets that never cloy.

These are Aurora's rural sweets—
Fresh dew-drops, flowers and green retreats,
 Perfume, and balmy air.
Rise then and greet the new-born day!
Rise, fair ones, join the linnet's lay,
 And Nature's pleasures share!

So shall gay health your cheeks adorn
With blushes sweeter than the morn
 And fresh as early day;
And then that *Gloucester is the place*
To add to beauty's brightest grace,
 The world around shall say.

—Nathaniel Evans.

THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD

Down deep in the hollow, so damp and so cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould,
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.

Now within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,
A toad has been sitting more years than is known;
And, strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems
The world standing still while he's dreaming his
dreams,—

Does this wonderful toad in his cheerful abode
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,
Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with light,
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around;
Long years have passed by since its bed became dry,
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse of the
sky

Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming his
lamp,
And hardly a sound from the thicket around,
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground,
Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come,
The shade is too black for a flower;

And jewel-winged birds with their musical hum
Never flash in the night of that bower;
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the brake,
Lies amid the rank grasses, half asleep, half awake;
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in its trail,
Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like a toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown;—
Their stream may go dry, and the wheels cease to ply,
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,
Still they hug to their breast every time-honored
guest,
And slumber and doze in inglorious rest;
For no progress they find in the wide sphere of mind,
And the world's standing still with all of their kind;
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,
Or move like a snail in the crust of his shell,
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of
stone,
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

—*Rebecca Reed Nichols.*

THE PYXIDANTHERA

Sweet child of April, I have found thy place
Of deep retirement. Where the low swamp ferns

Curl upward from their sheaths, and lichens creep
Upon the fallen branch, and mosses dark
Deepen and brighten, where the ardent sun
Doth enter with restrained and chastened beam,
And the light cadence of the blue-bird's song
Doth falter in the cedar,—there the Spring
In gratitude hath wrought the sweet surprise
And marvel of thy unobtrusive bloom.

Most perfect symbol of my purest thought,—
A thought so close and warm within my heart
No words can shape its secret, and no prayer
Can breathe its sacredness—be thou my type,
And breathe to one, who wanders here at dawn,
The deep devotion, which, transcending speech,
Lights all the folded silence of my heart
As thy sweet beauty doth the shadow here.

So let thy clusters brighten, star on star
Of pink and white about his lingering feet,
Till, dreaming and enchanted, there shall pass
Into his life the story that my soul
Hath given thee. So shall his will be stirred
To purest purpose and divinest deed,
And every hour be touched with grace and light.

—*Augusta Cooper Bristol.*

UNITY

A sombre pine is stirred
By the recreant wind on high,
And out of the gloom, like a word
Breaketh a bird to the sky.

The sky speaks truth through a star,
The star seeks the heart of the sea,
To the sea strives a river afar,
To the river a brook laughs free,

And down to the brook there gleams
The thread of a mountain spring,
Born in the hush of that pine-tree's dreams,
And brushed by the bird's soft wing.

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

THE HEART OF THE TREE *

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh,
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

* From Henry C. Bunner's *Poems*, copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood,
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—*Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

Nutley.

TREES *

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

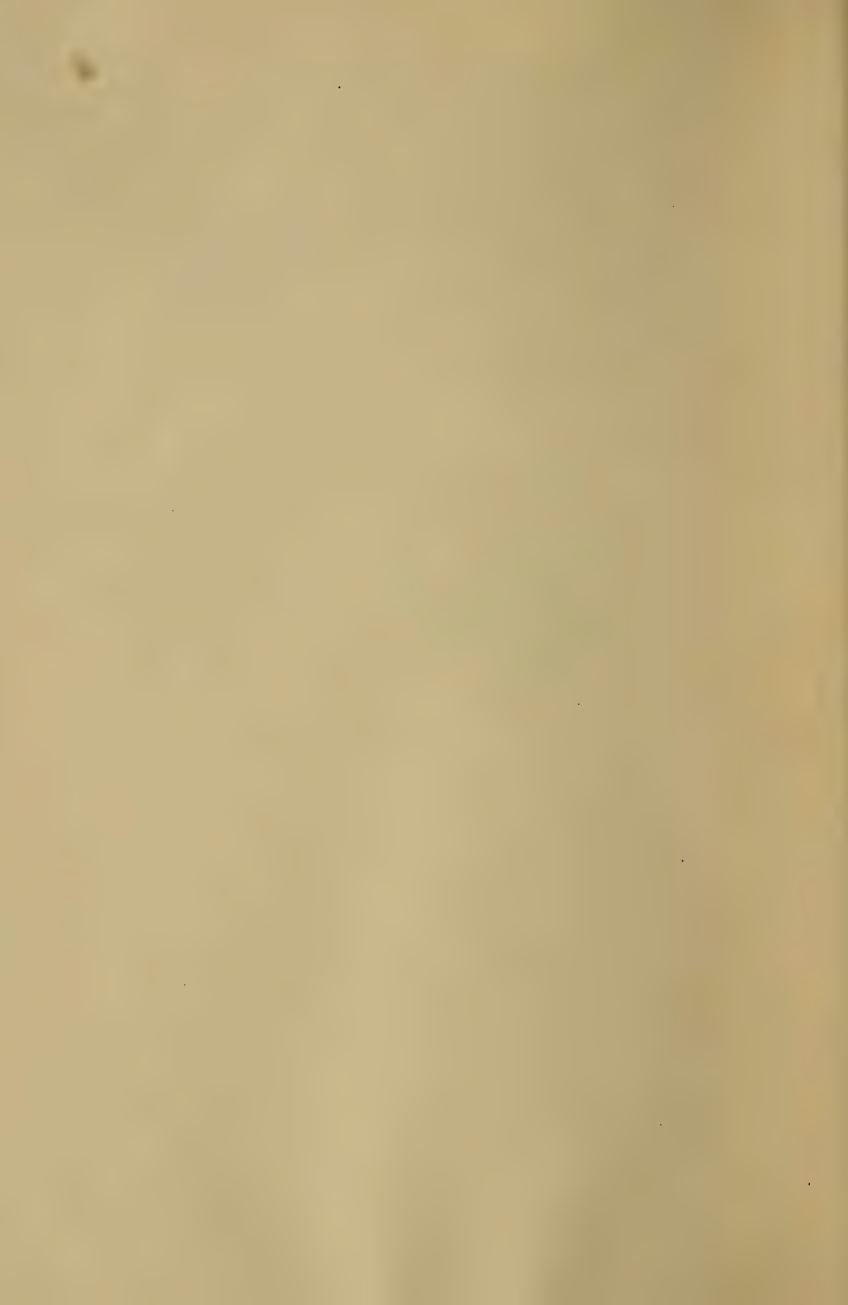
—*Joyce Kilmer.*

* From *Poems, Letters and Essays*, by Joyce Kilmer, copyright by George H. Doran Company, Publishers, 1918.

II. THE JERSEY COAST

“Oh, the brave life of the marshes,
Jersey's moorlands, green and wide;
And the brotherhood that crowns it,
Blowing wind and flowing tide.”

—*Edward N. Teall.*



THE SEA*

Come down with me to the moon-led sea,
Where the long wave ebbs and fills;
Are these the tides that follow
As the lunar impulse wills?

Nay, rather, this is the heart of God,
Naked under the sky,
And we hear its pulse with wonder—
The shore, and the clouds, and I!

Unearthly, awful, uncompelled,
Eternity framed in clay,
The urge of exhaustless passions,
Rocking beneath the gray!

Its life is the blood of the universe
Through cosmic arteries hurled,
With the throb of its giant pulses
God feeds the veins of the world!

And the lands are wrinkled and gray with time
And scored with a thousand scars,
But the sea is the soul of the Infinite,
Swinging beneath the stars!

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

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THE MARSHLANDS

Oh, the marshlands of New Jersey,
Oh, the broad moors near the sea,
Where the salt winds off the ocean
Wander far and fast and free.

Oh, the tides in winding channels
Hidden in the meadow grass,
Where with hulls unseen, ghost vessels,
Gliding schooners bayward pass;

And the nodding and the lipping
Of the zephyr haunted sedge,
And the mallows' flaming petals
On the sluggish ditch's edge;

And the meadow lark, sky scaler,
Mounting up on tiny wings,
Flooding upper space with music—
Largesse free, but fit for kings;

And the fleecy flocks of cloudland,
Browsing o'er their sunny leas,
And the flitting of their shadows,
Playing with each vagrant breeze.

Oh, the brave life of the marshes,
Jersey's moorlands, green and wide;
And the brotherhood that crowns it,
Blowing wind and flowing tide.

—*Edward N. Teall.*

THE JERSEY MARSHES *

When April rains and the great spring-tide
Cover the lowlands far and wide,
And eastern winds blow somewhat harsh
Over the salt and mildewed marsh,
Then the grasses take deeper root,
Sucking, athirst and resolute;
And when the waters eddy away,
Flowing in trenches to Newark Bay,
The fibrous blades grow rank and tall,
And from their tops the red-birds call.
Five miles in width the moor is spread;
Two broad rivers its borders thread;
The schooners which up their channels pass
Seem to be sailing in the grass,
Save as they rise with the moon-drawn sea,
Twice in the day, continuously.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

SANDY HOOK

White sand and cedars; cedars, sand;
Light-houses here and there; a strand
Strewn o'er with driftwood; tangled weeds;
A squad of fish-hawks poised above
The nets, too anxious-eyed to move;
Flame-flowering cactus; winged seeds,
That on a sea of sunshine lie
Unfanned, save by some butterfly;
A sun now reddening toward the west;—
And under and through all one hears

* From Stedman's *Complete Poems*, copyrighted by Houghton Mifflin Co.

That mellow voice, old as the years,
The waves' low monotone of unrest.
So wanes the summer afternoon
In drowsy stillness, and the moon
Appears; when, sudden, round about
The wind-cocks wheel,—hoarse fog-horns shout
A warning, and in gathering gloom
Against the sea's white anger loom
Tall shapes of wreckers, torch in hand,
Rattling their life-boats down the sand!

—George Houghton.

SQUALL OFF SANDY HOOK

High o'er the bowsprit flies the brine,
As we cleave the crests of the white-cap sea;
Once more we quaff of the ocean's wine,
Once more our prisoner hearts are free.
With mainsail reefed and helm hard down,
With rails a swash and a bending boom,
Our stanch sloop reels past the bell buoy brown
And shivers and leaps through the gathering
gloom.

With the wild wind's song in the whistling shrouds
And a seething sea in our frosty wake,
We scan the scurrying, muttering clouds
And grimly note each tack we make.
On the leeward bow is Sandy Hook;
To the windward far the waves are white;
In the lap of night the Highlands look
Like some huge sea-snake with eyes of light.

The hissing rain is loosed at last—
It sweeps and swishes around us all—
The cordage wails, and the groaning mast
Bends far to the kiss of a nor'east squall.
We roll and pitch through the angry sea,
O'er hills and valleys of waves we fly,
Till the hoarse, long order of "H-a-r-d a-lee!"
Is lost in the answer of "Aye, aye, aye!"

With rattle and roar we go about,
The shivering sails swell out afar,
With wind astern and our boom far out
We weather and pass the harbor bar.
The anchor lights shine out and gleam
Like dancing jewels in night's dark crown,
While across the bay twin beacons beam
And glow o'er the Navesink Highland town.

Now the storm has ceased, and the wind has passed,
Yet a wild sea wails on the windward shore;
With all things tight, and our anchor cast,
The yachtsman's cruise for the day is o'er.
Eight bells have struck as we go below
To enjoy our cabin of snug delight,
But we soon turn in, for a lullaby slow
Chugs under our keel—Good-night! Good-night!

—Larry Chittenden.

NEVERSINK

These hills, the pride of all the coast,
To mighty distance seen,
With aspect bold and rugged brow,

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

That shade the neighboring main;
These heights, for solitude designed,
This rude, resounding shore.
These vales impervious to the wind,
Tall oaks, that to the tempest bend,
Half Druid, I adore.

From distant lands a thousand sails,
Your hazy summits greet,
You saw the angry Briton come,
You saw him, last, retreat!
With towering crest, you first appear
The news of land to tell;
To him that comes, fresh joys impart,
To him that goes, a heavy heart,
The lover's long farewell.

'Tis yours to see the sailor bold,
Of persevering mind,
To see him rove in search of care,
And leave true bliss behind:
To see him spread his flowing sails
To trade a tiresome road;
By wintry seas and tempests chased,
To see him o'er the ocean haste,
A comfortless abode!

Your thousand springs of waters blue
What luxury to sip,
As from the mountain's breast they flow
To moisten Flora's lip!
In vast retirements herd the deer,
Where forests round them rise,
Dark groves, their tops in ether lost,

That, haunted still by Huddy's ghost,
The trembling rustic flies.

Proud heights! with pains so often seen
(With joy beheld once more),
On your firm base I take my stand,
Tenacious of the shore;
Let those who pant for wealth or fame
Pursue the watery road;
Soft sleep and ease, blest days and nights,
And health attend these favorite heights,
Retirement's blest abode!

—*Philip Freneau.*

FANCIES AT NAVESINK *

I. Had I the Choice

Had I the choice to tally greatest bards,
To limn their portraits, stately, beautiful, and emulate
at will,
Homer with all his wars and warriors—Hector, Achilles,
Ajax,
Or Shakespeare's woe-entangled Hamlet, Lear, Othello
—Tennyson's fair ladies,
Metre or wit the best, or choice conceit to wield in
perfect rhyme, delight of singers;
These, these, O sea, all these I'd gladly barter,
Would you the undulation of one wave, its trick to me
transfer,
Or breathe one breath of yours upon my verse,
And leave its odor there.

* By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

II. Proudly the Flood Comes In

Proudly the flood comes in, shouting, foaming,
 advancing,
Long it holds at the high, with bosom broad
 outswelling,
All throbs, dilates—the farms, woods, streets of cities—
 workmen at work,
Mainsails, topsails, jibs, appear in the offing—steamers'
 pennants of smoke—and under the forenoon
 sun,
Freighted with human lives, gaily the outward bound,
 gaily the inward bound,
Flaunting from many a spar the flag I love.

—*Walt Whitman.*

NEPTUNE'S STEEDS

Hark to the wild nor'easter!
 That long, long booming roar,
When the Storm King breathes his thunder
 Along the shuddering shore.
The shivering air re-echoes
 The ocean's weird refrain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
 Are coming home again.

No hand nor voice can check them,
 These stern steeds of the sea,
They were not born for bondage,
 They are forever free.
With arched crests proudly waving,
 Too strong for human rein,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Art Museum

WALT WHITMAN

‘Bold innovator in the realm of thought;
Strong-sinewed Titan fighting for the right.’

—Francis H. Williams

The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

With rolling emerald chariots
They charge the stalwart strand,
They gallop o'er the ledges
And leap along the land;
With deep chests breathing thunder
Across the quivering plain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Not with the trill of bugles,
But roar of muffled drums
And shrouded sea-weed banners,
That mighty army comes.
The harbor bars are moaning
A wail of death and pain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Well may the sailor women
Look out to scan the lee,
And long for absent lovers,
Their lovers on the sea.
Well may the harbored seamen
Neglect the sails and seine,
When the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

How sad their mournful neighing,
That wailing, haunting sound;
It is the song of sorrow,
A dirge for dead men drowned.

Though we must all go seaward,
Though our watchers wait in vain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Will homeward come again.

—Larry Chittenden.

Atlantic Highlands.

THE CARGO BOATS

I love to see them, laden deep,
Come steaming in from ports afar,
And, slipping past the light-ship, creep
With watchful steps across the bar.

Mauled by the hands of tide and time,
All grimy with their grimy coals,
Their funnels white with salty rime,
And smoky rings about their poles.

Look, now, along the Gedney lane,
With pushing bows comes slowly through
A West of England cargo wain,
With banded stack and star of blue.

There is no beauty in her form;
But when has simple beauty paid
In vessel destined to perform
As Cinderella to the trade?

Go, let her haughty sisters flaunt
Their sightly stems and graceful sheers;
But let her best, her only vaunt,
Be that she is as she appears—

A thing that men have framed to bear
Their merchandise at cheapest rates,
That's safe to pay a pound a share,
And more when there's a boom in freights;

A monster whelped of monster age—
An age that thinks but cannot feel—
Whose Bible is the balanced page,
Whose gods are gods of steam and steel.

In her I love the useful thing—
In her I hate the sailless mast;
For I am one who cares to sing
The glories of the steamless past.

I feel the spirit of the age—
The master splendor of its span—
But make no common with the rage
That lifts the thing above the man.

But useless this—we've learned to make
The word *mechanic* fit a song;
So let us watch that ship and take
Her picture as she jogs along.

The house-flag hoist; the ensign spread;
The tackles rove; the booms atop;
The deck-gang busy on the head;
The anchor ready for the drop.

Though from this outlook men appear
No bigger than a dancing midge,
I see the pilot standing near
The skipper on the upper bridge.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

The telegraph is set "stand by";
The oldest hand is at the wheel;
And down below with watchful eye
The Chief awaits the warning peal.

The engines hiss; the 'scape-pipe roars;
The firemen spread the dusty slack,
And sternward from her funnel pours
A cloud that lingers in her track.

The Hook is past, the buoy abeam;
Then slowly to her helm she turns,
And getting confidence and steam
At full speed up the bay she churns.

Her lean hull shrinks, her spars grow short,
Her trailing flag is scarcely seen,
As slipping past the granite fort
She drops her hook off Quarantine.

And we who watch her turn away
And talk of ships and other things,
The present and the future day,
And what the world will do with wings.

How men will stir with busy hum
The upper main, by wake untraced,
And how the ocean will become
Again a sailless, shipless waste.

—*Thomas Fleming Day.*

MY BRIGANTINE

My brigantine!

Just in thy mould and beauteous in thy form,
Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,
Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,
In breeze and gale thy onward course we urge,
My water-queen!

Lady of mine!

More light and swift than thou none thread the sea,
With surer keel or steadier on its path;
We brave each waste of ocean-mystery
And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath,
For we are thine!

My brigantine!

Trust to the mystic power that points thy way,
Trust to the eye that pierces from afar,
Trust the red meteors that around thee play,
And, fearless, trust the Sea-Green Lady's Star,
Thou bark divine!

—*James Fenimore Cooper.*

HIGHLAND EVENING SONG

Twilight blushing o'er the hillside
Breathes rare kisses to the sea,
Whilst fond memory softly murmurs
Dreams of other days to me.
Mark the seabird homeward flying
To its nestling, cooing mate,
While the laughing zephyrs whisper;
"Love, good night—'tis growing late."

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

Ah, these shadows silent gathering
 Round this wave-kissed Highland shore
 Bring to mind old shadowy faces,
 Faces we shall see no more.
 Where are they, the buds and blossoms
 Of life's radiant, rosy dawn?
 Withered—ay, like rarest roses—
 And the billows murmur, "Gone."

Yes, and we shall soon drift seaward
 On oblivion's unknown stream,
 For the sum of all existence
 Is the essence of a dream.
 Long these lonely waves shall echo
 Round this haunted Highland shore,
 But these scenes and lands that know us,
 Shall remember us no more.

—Larry Chittenden.

Highland Lights.

A WRECK IN SHREWSBURY INLET

The ocean sands are round her keel;
 The ocean surge is rolling past;
 The sea-bird's wing will whirl and wheel
 In circles round her broken mast;
 There is no mortal hand to scare
 The crow and sea-gull from her deck;
 No spirit, but the sailor's prayer,
 Keeps watch above the noble wreck.

Is she not desolate?—old ship,
 Left to the surges' wild career,—

No more her noble prow to dip
In the wide waters, blue and clear?—
No more to bear the snowy sail
Home from old England's far-off shores;
No more to breast the northern gale,
With strong men on her oaken floors?

Is there no struggle with the storm?
No struggle, that the noble steed
Heaves when, with life-blood still so warm,
He falls in fight, his last to bleed?
Fights not the old ship wind and tide,
As in old days, when tempests came
And the rough waves that swept her side
Shook not her iron strength of frame?

So fights she not? Ah, gallantly!
And slow each plank is rent away
As if each atom scorned to be
The first-won trophy of decay.
The sea-bird on her broken mast,
The frayed rope swinging from her prow,
She waits her doom of wave and blast,
Content to perish, ne'er to bow!

—Henry Morford.

THE SHREWSBURY RIVER

Onward rolls the Shrewsbury river,
Sweeping proudly to the sea,
Dreaming oft, yet slumbering never,
Clothed in mists and mystery.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

Speak and tell thy tales, O river!

Tell thy story now, I pray,
Whisper us some olden legend
From the realms of yesterday.

Oft when moonbeams fair are flying
O'er the ivory silver seas,
And the zephyrs sad are sighing,
Through the drowsy whispering trees,

I have heard thy ripples murmur
Ghostly songs in rhythmic flow—
Of old faces drifted seaward
In the far-off long ago.

Thou hast heard Atlantic dirges
And the lonely sea-bird's cries,
Long before the birth of Moses,
E'er brave Hudson blessed thy skies.

E'er he watched the golden twilight
Plant her banners starry furled,
Far beyond the sun-kissed Highlands
Of a new-found western world.

Thou hast heard the billows murmur
In the dusky red man's ear,
That there is a Great, Great Spirit,
Ever present, always near.

Thou hast seen red-handed rovers,
Fierce and wild amid thy groves—
Ay, and buried wreckers' treasures
On the margins of thy coves.

Well thou know'st the sailors' coming,
Homeward-bound to kiss their brides,
Gladly singing in the morning
As their vessels stemmed thy tides.

Youth and beauty rare have rested
On thy gently swelling breast;
Yachtsmen gay and weary seamen
Love thy Horseshoe harbor rest.

Ah, what hearts of joys and sorrows
Thou hast won in thy league's race!
Ah, what wealth of rich to-morrows
Has flown seaward o'er thy face!

Ah, what throngs of ardent lovers
Thou hast lost since days of yore!
Lost! ah, yes! Their spectre vessels
Shall return to thee no more.

Fare thee well, thou generous river;
May life's current flow like thee,
Blessing lives and lands forever,
And at last wind safe to sea!

—Larry Chittenden.

MONMOUTH SANDS

On Monmouth sands the full tides rise and fall
Eternally in elemental might,
And now the queenly moon mounts over all,
And sheds her mystic glory on the night.

Listen! the surf is musical with chords,
Hymning the songs of human love and strife,
To whose sustained accompaniment my words
Would chant the rhythmic epic of our life.

The silvered path across the dark sea's plain
Shall be the symbol of the fretted way
Our longings take, the restlessness of brain
And heart, unsatisfied by night or day.

It ends beneath the moon's most distant beams
Where looms far out the unknown tossing sea;
The dark uncharted afterland of dreams
That mock the hopes of sad humanity.

And we must tread the path and face the dark,
And battle with the things that lie beyond,
Until outwearied we fall stiff and stark,
By death discharged from every mortal bond.

Your locks, brave heart, blow softly on my cheek,
Your trembling fingers nestle in my palm;
O! can it be that while the way we seek,
Perturbed, the ocean of your soul is calm?

Ah! yes, reflected in your eyes I see
The love that made the Universe to go;
And made our mighty wills, and set them free,
And made us fondly love each other so.

And if from Monmouth sands the path run far
That leads to other worlds or ceaseless strife,
Then love shall be the guiding hand and star,
And weave the lasting fabric of our life.

—*Joseph Fulford Folsom.*

SONG OF THE SHELL

The agéd ocean is my nurse,
My swaddling-band, sea-grass;
The bright waves wash me in their spray,
And kiss me as they pass.

The storm-song is my lullaby,
I love old Ocean's voice;
The flood-tides bring me dainty food,
And waking I rejoice.

Though but a tender, pearly shell,
Safe to my rock I cling;
The future hath no fears for me,
Sing, Ocean, surge and sing!

—*Henry Nehemiah Dodge.*

LONG BRANCH

Lay thy long arms upon the cold grey sand,
O thou salt sea,
What hast thou taken in thy soft white hand,
What hast thou left upon that waiting strand,
Hast thou given aught to her, or she to thee?

Is she thy bride reluctant still, still waiting,
Impatient sea,
Grown grey, from years of doubtful hesitating,
Long wooed, not won; half liking and half hating
Thy still untired faith and constancy?

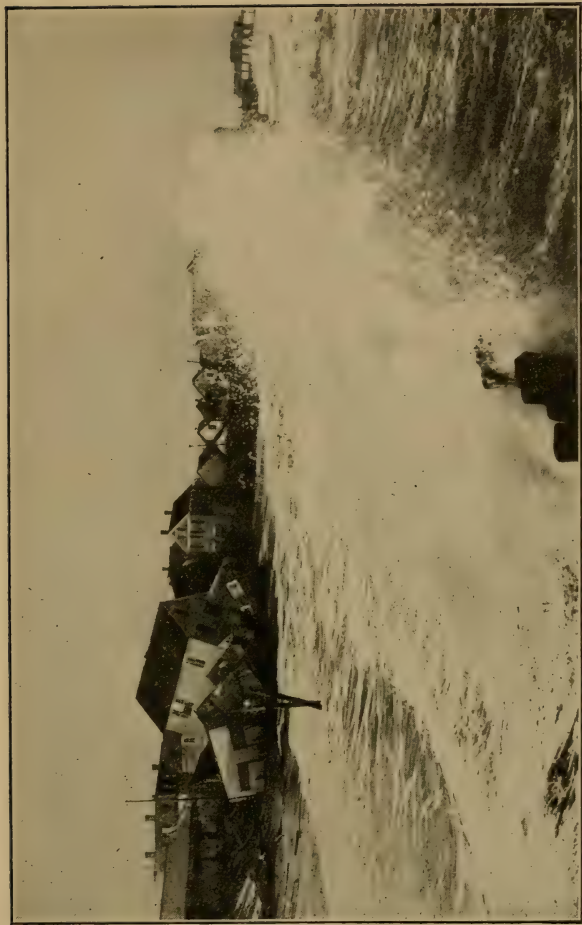
Dost thou still woo her, with those constant reaches
O patient sea,
That run so far up, on the sandy beaches?
Is this the lesson, that thy motion teaches
Of undiscouraged, long fidelity?

Is that low murmur, love's old, oft told story,
O loving sea,
Falling, in foam, from off thy lips so hoary,
White with the rime of bearded age, and glory,
With love's most musical monotony.

Nay not so well of thee, my heart believeth,
O thou salt sea,
Thy broad breast, not with such unselfish passion
heaveth,
Something she giveth thee and something she re-
ceiveth,
In sure and understood return from thee.

She gives thee wrecks to feed on; for she reaches,
O treacherous sea,
Under thy hiding waves, her fatal beaches,
While thy low voice the midnight wind beseeches,
To join with thee and her, in foul conspiracy.

And those white crests, with their impatient
pawing,
O greedy sea,
Are ravenous teeth, whose sure, resistless gnawing
Draws keel, and hull, and masts, thy greedy maw in,
And crushes all in thy voracity.



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SEABRIGHT, 1914

‘Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running.’
—Walt Whitman

And that low voice is but the sound *they* utter,
O faithless sea,
Who in an undertone, the story mutter
In breathless midnight, when no leaf can flutter,
Of foul, night-seeking, dark conspiracy.

Thy every surge,
A funeral dirge;
Each curling wave,
A rounded grave;
Thy sullen roar
Against the shore,
The passing bell,
The tolling knell.

When darkness lies
On sea and skies;
And mists arise,
Born out of thee,
To veil from eyes,
Both sky and sea,
Then, hand in hand,
O sea and sand,
You seek your prey;
And when the day
Breaks on the wave,
No hand can save
It from thy grasp,
But that salt wave
Stills every gasp;
And keel and mast
Are sinking fast.
No sex, no age
Escapes thy rage;

And when their cry
Would reach the sky,
To call for aid,
From God on High,
Thy roar is made
More loud and strong,
Upon the gale
That sweeps along,
While ship and sail
And hull and mast
Part, sink, are lost.
O cruel cost
For thy mere play
That ceaseless rolls
Through night and day.
God save the souls
That trust to thee,
O faithless sea.

Thy long arms lie, upon the old grey sand,
O treacherous sea,
Lingering so fondly on the waiting strand.
What hast thou left behind thee on the land
In full return, for what she gives to thee?

Crushed in thy cruel jaws, the splinters lie
O mighty sea,
Of the fair bark that filled the loving eye,
With hopes of joy, but destined here to lie
Broken and worthless, from thy cruelty.

And to thy fellow, in that cruel plot,
O faithful sea,
Thy madness gone, thy fury all forgot,

What hast thou given, that she fail thee not,
In thy next planned and foul conspiracy?

The bones of men, white as thy curling foam,
O crested sea,
Jewels, and gold, and gems, to make their home
On that white sand, o'er which thy billows roam,
Proud, mighty, fearless, unrestrained and free.

This all, of thee, my dreaming heart believeth,
O thou salt sea,
For this the sand thy curling kiss receiveth,
Such passion, thy broad, billowy breast upheaveth,
Insatiate, cruel, restless, endlessly.

—*William Croswell Doane.*

THE LIPS OF THE SEA

If thou wouldst win the rhythmic heart of things,
Go sit in solitude beside the shore,
Giving thine ear to the eternal roar
And every mystic message that it brings;—
Eddas of ancient, unremembered kings,
And runes that ring with long-forgotten lore,
All myths and mysteries from the years of yore
Ere Time grew weary on his journeyings.

And more from that imperious sibyl, Sea,
Thou mayest learn if thou wilt hearken well,
When God's white star-fires beacon home the ships;
The solemn secrets of infinity,
Unto the inner sense translatable,
Hang trembling ever on her darkling lips.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

DUSK AT SEA

Dusk, like a moth of violet wing, descends
Upon the beryl bosom of the sea,
And in the sky's serene immensity,
Where the impalpable rose of sunset blends
With pearl and purple, shine the sailor's friends,
God's blessed beacons twinkling timorously,
Then brighter, each in its divine degree,
To where the enrapt range of vision ends.

When dusk droops dark o'er life's uncertain seas,
Closing our day, deep-shadowing the sun,
And we go forth across death's pathless foam,
May we have stars more stedfast e'en than these,—
Burning above, for us to gaze upon,
Both light and guide on the long journey home.

—Clinton Scollard.

HARRO*

*This is brave Harro's story,
Harro who watched the sea:
To his renown I set it down
As it was told to me.*

Back from the reef-caught vessel
Came Harro's comrades four,
And with them ten half-perished men,
Safe landed on the shore.

"And are these all?" asked Harro.
Answered the sailors brave:

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"Nay, one lashed high we left to die,
And find an ocean grave."

Cried Harro: "Who goes with me
To rescue him, the last,
Alive or dead? Shall it be said
We left one on the mast?"

Spoke up his gray-haired mother:
"Oh, Harro boy, my son,
Go not, I pray! 'Tis death they say,
And there is only one!

"Father and brother Uwe
The cruel sea hath slain.
My last art thou. Good Harro, now
Let me not plead in vain!"

Answered brave Harro: "Mother,
Who knows, perchance for him
Under the skies a mother's eyes
To-day with tears grow dim.

"Farewell! God watches over
The fields of flying foam,
And He shall keep us on the deep,
And safely bring us home."

Wild was the storm-swept ocean,
And like a fragile leaf
The lifeboat tossed long ere it crossed,
Unto the distant reef.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

Wild was the sea, and madly
Ever the tempest blew,
While down the track came Harro back
With one beside the crew.

Hard to the oars his comrades
Bent in the shrieking gale;
And Harro cried, when land he spied,
"Thank God, we shall not fail!"

And when he saw his mother
Pacing the shore in tears,
Loud over all the storm his call
Brought gladness to her ears.

Over and over he shouted,
And high his cap he waved:
"God gives thee joy! God sends thy boy!
"'Tis Uwe we have saved!"

*Such is brave Harro's story,
Harro who watched the sea:
To his renown I set it down
As it was told to me.*

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

CAMP-MEETING SUNDAY AT OCEAN GROVE

From the bud of a cloud-calyxed midnight
Comes the bloom of the clear Sunday morn,
And the crown of the week with hosannas
In sun-lighted beauty is born.

I sit in the shaded Pavilion

That centres these homes by the sea,
In the city whose name tells its story—
Fair child of the wave and the tree.

I see the oaks standing about me,
God's sentinels, steady and true,
Up-bearing their sky-rifted banners,
Where sunshine comes brokenly through.

I look up to pleasant roof-shadow,
Strong built, 'gainst the storm to defend
(It is good to look upward for shelter,
Still upward, for aye, to the end.)

I see a blue line over yonder,
That sends a salt kiss on the breeze,
And the sound of the sea, chanting softly,
Comes echoing up to the trees.

A cloud, soft and snowy, floats upward;
I think, as I watch it flit o'er
Out of sight, 'tis the glorified body
Of the wavelet that died on the shore.

Around and about me, uncounted,
Throng worshippers, drifting together,
As the leaves in the hollows are heaped
By the gusts of the bright autumn weather.

Blooming girls, in the pride of their beauty;
Old men, with the almond-bloom crowned,
Pale and pitiful worn women's faces,
Where tear-drops a channel have found;

Stout men, with their hardened hands folded;
Fair children, whose song is a prayer;
And grandams, who wait to go over,
Full soon, to the "home over there."

Now, they glow as the hymn rises upward,
Now, bow 'neath a prayer-laden breath,
Now, a shout supplements the glad story
Of "ransomed from sin and from death."

Rising now, hark! they sing "Coronation,"
Sing of kingdom and glory to be,
Till the gates of the city stand open
To the surge of humanity's sea.

O beautiful Camp-meeting Sunday!
When clouds on my path hover low,
I shall call up thy happy remembrance
To cheer me wherever I go.

And tho' in this sun-lighted temple
I'll meet this great host never more,
We shall meet in the Lamb-lighted City,
When the wave bears us up the bright shore.

—*Ethel Lynn Beers.*

NEW JERSEY

The white, strong sun, the stinging water-smells;
The odor of magnolias, drowsing-sweet;
The pipe of noonday frogs; the tweet-tweet-tweet
Of lesser birds, like mingling silver bells;
The hothouse air of dripping sphagnum-dells,

The crumbling roots beneath one's crushing feet;
The disappearing snake's tail; through the heat,
The crow's note overhead that scolds and yells;
The click of axes where tall cedars throng;
The wind that roars like some wild railway-train
Above the pines, yet spins to gnatlike song
Beside some sleeper's ear, the bleached, clean sand;
For your one sake, before these pass again,
I set them down,—misprized, beloved land!

—James E. Richardson.

POSSESSIONS

The sand-path dies in marshlands, vast and gray;
Below the midday moon
The grassy inlets wander; clear away
Lie breaking surf, bare beach and snowy dune.

Not clear and yet distinct, I note the bulks
Where habitations dwell
Along the sand-spits like forgotten hulks,
Each light-house, bungalow, and shut hotel.

Here lies a world most months inhabited;
Yet far, mid-range and near,
It might be some vast pleasure of the dead;
No figure moves within the sunlight clear.

Only the gray grass waves; in some black stream's
Unwrinkled, smooth, still flow,
I fancy, times, a winter fin still gleams;
Fancy, perhaps, nor do I care to know.

Like Crusoe, none oppose my right; the bay
And marsh and sky and sea
Are my possessions,—this or any day,—
Despite all laws and past men's equity.

With not six feet of earth to claim as mine
Whereon to die,—or dance,—
Earth, sea and sky in one fixed realm combine
To yield, this hour, one "blithe inheritance."

I take the selfsame food as other men,
I breathe the selfsame air;
I can match minds, and lose, and win again,
And hold my place awhile,—what else is there?

—*James E. Richardson.*

ON BARNEGAT SHOALS

The wind blows east on Barnegat,
The wind blows east on Squan,
As homeward bound sails the clipper ship,
As homeward bound from a Madras trip,
She bowls merrily on.

The wind blows east on Barnegat,
The wind blows east on Squan,
After nine days of dead reckoning
Tall Barnegat light is beckoning,
She speeds joyously on.

The wind blows east on Barnegat,
The wind blows east on Squan,
The driving mists hide the light from view,

As swift toward death, with her hapless crew,
She sweeps heedlessly on.

The wind blows east on Barnegat,
The wind blows east on Squan,
The breakers crash on the treach'rous shoals:
Pray, women, for your loved ones' souls,
Into the breakers gone.

The wind blows east on Barnegat,
The wind blows east on Squan,
The winding mists blot the heavens out,
The clinging fogs shut the breakers out,
And ship and souls are gone.

The wind blows west on Barnegat,
The wind blows west on Squan,
The bright sun glints on the heaving sea,
The spray leaps up from the bar in glee,
But ship and souls are gone.

—*William H. Fischer.*

THE WRECKER'S OATH ON BARNEGAT

One night mid swarthy forms I lay,
Along a wild southeastern bay,
Within a cabin rude and rough,
Formed out of drift-wood, wrecker's stuff,
And firelight throwing rosy flame
From up-heaped masses of the same,—
Waiting the turning of the tide
To launch the surf-boats scattered wide,
And try the fisher's hardy toil
For bass, and other finny spoil.

They lay around me, young and old,
But men of hardy mien and mould,
Whom one had picked some deed to do
Demanding iron hearts and true,
But whom one had not picked, if wise,
For playing tricks to blinded eyes,
Without expecting, at the end,
To learn the odds 'twixt foe and friend!

Some leaned upon their arms, and slept;
But others wakeful vigil kept,
And told short stories,—merry, half,
And some too earnest for a laugh.
And I—I listened, as I might,
With strange and weird and wild delight,
To hear the surfmen, in their haunt,
On deeds and loves and hates descant.

One gray old man, of whom I heard
No more than this descriptive word,
“Old Kennedy,”—he rattled on,
Of men and things long past and gone,
And seemed without one careful thought,—
Till spark to tinder some one brought
By hinting that he launched no more,
Of late, his surf-boat from the shore,
However wind and storm were rife
And stranded vessels perilled life.

“No! by the God who made this tongue!”
And up in angry force he sprung,—
“No!—never, while my head is warm,
However wild beat sea and storm,
Launch I a boat, one life to save,
If half creation finds a grave!”

A fearful oath!—I thought; and so
Thought others, for a murmur low
Ran round the circle, till, at length,
The wondering feeling gathered strength,
And some, who had not known him long,
Declared them words of cruel wrong,
And swore to keep no friendly troth
With one who framed so hard an oath.

“You will not, mates?” the old man said,
His words so earnest, dense, and dread
That something down my back ran cold
As at the ghostly tales of old.

“You will not? Listen, then, a word!
And if, when you have fairly heard,
You say a thoughtless oath I swore,
I never fish beside you more!”

They listened: so did I, be sure,
As Desdemona to her Moor,
Or that poor “wedding-guest” who heard
The Ancient Mariner’s lengthy word.
They listened; and no murmur broke
The full, dead silence, as he spoke.

“You know me, mates,—at least the most,—
From Barnegat, on Jersey coast.
'Tis time you listened something more,
That drove me to another shore.

“Twelve years ago, at noon of life,
I had a fond and faithful wife;
Two children, boy and girl; a patch;

A drift-wood cabin roofed with thatch;
And thought myself the happiest man
The coast had known since time began.

"Ships wrecked: they never saw me flinch,
But fight the white surf, inch by inch,
To save the meanest thing had breath,
If danger seemed to threaten death.
Yes,—more! I never once held back,
If through the big storm, rushing black,
Some Nabob's riches I could save
And give them to him from the wave.

"One night a large ship drove ashore,
Not half a mile beyond my door.
I saw the white surf breaking far;
I saw her beating on the bar;
I knew she could not live one hour,
By wood and iron's strongest power.

"I was alone, except my boy—
Sixteen—my wife's best hope and joy;
And who can doubt, that is not mad,
He was the proudest pride I had!
I let him take the vacant oar;
I took him with me from the shore;
I let him try help save a life;
I drowned him, and it killed my wife!"

The old man paused, and dashed his hand
Against his brow, to gain command;
While all around, a hush like death
Hung on the fisher's trembling breath.
And pitying eyes began to show

How rough men feel a rough man's woe.
Then he went on—a few words more,
That still an added horror bore.

“Somebody stole a cask or bale,—
At least so ran the pleasant tale.
And while my boy was lying dead,
My wife's last breath as yet unfled,
The city papers reeked with chat
Of ‘pirate bands on Barnegat.’
My name was branded as a thief,
When I was almost mad with grief;
And what d’ye think they made me feel,
When the last falsehood ground its heel,—
“I had rowed out, that night, to steal!”

“No! if I ever row again,
To save the lives of perilled men,
Body and soul at once go down,
And Heaven forget me as I drown!”

It was a direful oath, as well
When nothing more remained to tell,
As it had been, when at the first
His wrong and hate the old man nursed;
But I have often thought, since then,
The best of men are only men,
And some of us, at church and school,
Who prattle of the Golden Rule,—
Might find it hard, such weight to bear
Of shame and outrage and despair,
Without forgetting trust and troth
And hurling out as dread an oath.

—Henry Morford.

OFF BARNEGAT

Sunset, athwart the winter sea,
Kissed keel, and sail, and tall masts three
Of a schooner nearing Barnegat.
The captain's wife in the cabin sat,
With warm arms round her baby fair,
And cheek bent o'er its yellow hair.
Fearless alike of wind and sea,
She rocked and sang contentedly,
Or stooped the baby brow to kiss
And wondered idly if 'twould miss
Her clasp if aught should part them now,
Then kissed again from baby's brow
The thought, and sang the lullaby
That held her dream of harbor nigh.
The captain wiped his dimming glass
From mist, and said, "God bless the lass!"
The list'ning sailors lightly stepped,
Or one by one to hear her crept,
As though, some way, the sweet air drew
Their better selves above the blue,
And home and God seemed strangely nigh
As still she sang "Sweet by and by."

Ere midnight passed or morning broke,
Ere little child or mother woke,
Came crash and cry—came falling spar.
The Tolck was stranded on the bar!
Hoarse voices shouted; swinging low
Great sails, ice-mailed, flapped to and fro;
White faces showed when through the night
Shone rocket's flash and Coston-light,
And strong men shuddered as the sea

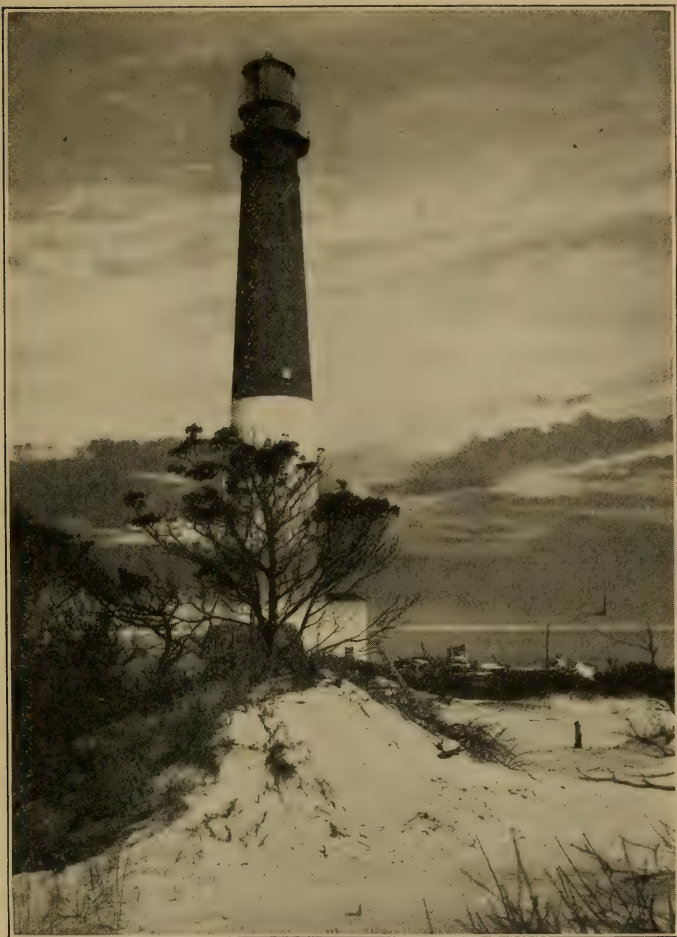


Photo by Harry C. Dorer, Sunday Call

BARNEGAT LIGHT

‘Sea-beauty! Salty shore
and breeze and brine!’
—Walt Whitman

Broke o'er the stern relentlessly.
"Men, save yourselves!" the captain said;
"My place is here, alive or dead.
Save wife and child!" Strong helpers drew
Mother and child the stairway through—
Lashed to the mast with tender care
The captain's wife. Pale, calm, and fair,
She wrapped her child in scarf and shawl,
Then whispered to the first mate tall,
"Save her for me, Ben. I will bide
Through peril at the captain's side."

Across the sullen ocean's roar
Came voices nearer on the shore,
Till in the morning's early light
They saw, beyond the breakers white,
A score of men with helpful hands
Dragging in haste along the sands
Life-car and buoy, line and gun.
Up through the air the life-line spun,
And fell—six fathoms short! Once more
It flew; it linked the ship to shore!
Along the rope, to strong rings tied,
The life-car gained the schooner's side;
The mate made ready for his care
The baby safe ashore to bear.
The mother's lips moaned out, "Good-bye!
You'll save her, Ben?" A hoarse "Ay! ay!"
Through roar of surf and deep sea-moan
Came floating back to watcher lone.
Too cold her hands to fold in prayer,
Her eyes yet watched the canvas chair,
Up rising now, now lost to sight,
Till safely through the breakers white

It reached the welcome waiting shore.
Three ringing cheers the salt air bore,
And waiting arms the salvage fair
Took safely from the tall mate's care,
Whilst from the ship, like faintest sigh,
There echoed still "Sweet by and by."

With dawning wild winds rougher grew;
No boat could live that white surf through.
The captain bid his men at last
Lash him as well against the mast,
So he might hold the figure frail
Better against the icy gale—
Wrapped his wide cloak to shield from harm
The fair head drooping on his arm,
And whispered softly, "You and I
Will reach port soon!" Her glazing eye
Turned shoreward first, then glanced aloft,
Whilst trembled still that echo soft,
Until, with head low on his breast,
The song came to an endless rest.
Thus morning found them, white and chill,
Beyond the touch of human ill,
Safe on the Frost-king's stalwart arm.
From heartache sore or body's harm.

.
Now, when dark winter's icy breath
Brings solemn tales of wreck and death,
Whilst watching through the midnight dark
For homeward step and lantern's spark,
In fishing-cabins old wives tell
Again the tale all know so well.
Just when the drift-wood fire burns low,

And loitering neighbors turn to go,
They stop and listen by the door
And hear, they say, though wild seas roar,
Clearly and softly, floating nigh,
That faith-song still, "Sweet by and by!"

—*Ethel Lynn Beers.*

PATROLING BARNEGAT*

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone
muttering,
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and
pealing,
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,
Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering,
On beachy slush and sand spirts of snow fierce slanting,
Where through the murk the easterly death-wind
breasting,
Through cutting swirl and spray watchful and firm
advancing,
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal
flaring?)
Slush and sand of the beach tireless till daylight
wending,
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,
Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs
careering,
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night
confronting,
That savage trinity warily watching.

—*Walt Whitman.*

* By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co

SUGGESTIONS

Scent of the wide, wet marshes
And lisp of the lazy sea,
And a mouldering wreck mid the coarse green sedge
Looming dismally.

Scent of the dank, dark marshes
And boom of the lonely sea,
And a screaming sea-gull sweeping past
Like a startled memory.

—*Charles Wharton Stork.*

THE SEA-BORN*

Oh, my Heart,
To see before we die
The black clouds gather
Like midnight in the sky;
And watch the sea rein back
Her quivering white-maned pack
That instant ere she flings them free
To thunder down the track.

Oh, my Heart,
But once to watch again
The East wind swinging
The stinging whips of rain;
To feel upon my face
The sharp, salt spray, and chase
The flying foam the combers fling
Like dust-clouds in their race.

* From *Joy o' Life*, copyright 1909 by Mitchell Kennerley.

Oh, my Heart,
To feel again the warm
Exultant youth within us
Go shouting with the storm,
But once—ere yet we turn
Where peaceful candles burn
Above the quiet chimney-seat
Where Age may rest—and yearn.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

MARINERS*

Men who have loved the ships they took to sea,
Loved the tall masts, the prows that creamed with
foam,
Have learned, deep in their hearts, how it might be
That there is yet a dearer thing than home.
The decks they walk, the rigging in the stars,
The clean boards counted in the watch they keep,—
These, and the sunlight on the slippery spars,
Will haunt them ever, waking and asleep.

Ashore, these men are not as other men;
They walk as strangers through the crowded street,
Or, dreaming by their fires, they hear again
The drone astern, where gurgling waters meet,
Or see again a wide and blue lagoon,
And a lone ship that rides there with the moon.

—*David Morton.*

* From *Ships in Harbour*, by David Morton, Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

ON THE SAND DUNES

Oh! the sand dunes are warm
Where the sun's beaten down.
The cool winds blow sweet
After heat of the town.
The Kiddies are dear
And the world is in key,
For my arms are about them
And theirs about me,
While a gull dips down slowly
Far, far out to sea.

There are pebbles and shells,
There are turrets and wells,
There's a town that is built
Out of sand.

Where the waves ripple in
And the breakers begin,
There's a toy ship of tin
To command.

Ho! for hey day and play day!
Then back to the town;
Back to the garden once more.
While the Sand Pile Lady is
Left alone
To weep by the salt sea shore.

—*Rena Cary Sheffield.*

SEA BIRDS, WILD SEA BIRDS!

Sea birds, wild sea birds!
Wreckers of the white-capped wave,
Wheeling on the winds that rave

Off by stormy cliff and cave
Sea birds, wild sea birds.
Swooping, dipping,
Round the shipping,
Cradled on the billow's grave.
Out upon yon treeless ocean
In its calm and its commotion,
Mocking back its restless motion,
Sea birds, wild sea birds!

Sea birds, wild sea birds!
Where the petrel lightning leaps,
Where the wolf-wave never sleeps,
Where the eagle-tempest sweeps,
Sea birds, wild sea birds!

Wildly whirling
Through the swirling
Surges of the yeasty deep.
By yon bifurcated gleaming,
See! a ship is sinking, steaming,
And upon its mast-tops screaming,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

Sea birds, wild sea birds!
Hooting at the fowler's dart,
Laughing at the angler's art,
Scoffing compass, sail and chart,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

On the pillow
Of the billow,
Rocked like child on mother's heart.
Nor within the forest nested,
Far from them upon the crested
Wave, sleeps bird so softly breasted,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

Sea birds, wild sea birds!
So like you with winged haste,
Walks my soul upon her waste,
Swift by sorrow and effaced:
Sea birds, wild sea birds.
And like shadows
Eldorado's
Are the phantoms it has chased.
Still that wild, bright sea I covet,
With the clear blue sky above it,
Land of sea birds, O I love it,
Sea birds, wild sea birds.

—S. Miller Hageman.

THE SURF-MAN'S TALE

We found him here upon the drying sand,
Bloodless and sodden, like a beaten rag;
A bight of stranded rope clinched in his hand,
And round his waist a flag.

A sailor? Yes; his schooner, deep with coal,
Had lost her sails and driving shoreward fast
Struck in the night upon the outer shoal—
Look there, you'll see her mast.

We watched the surf when morning brought us light,
We tracked the beach until the West was red—
Then ocean, weary of her wasteful fight,
Drew back and left the dead.

For she has freaks of vengeance, then is mild,
Doing her killing with a jester's joy;



Photo by Drew B. Peters, Newark

SUNRISE

‘While on the rolling meads of sea
Gleam the gold footsteps of the dawn.’

—Clinton Scollard

Drowning the strong man, tossing up the child,
Sparing but to destroy.

But when a woman came and fiercely drew
That corse to her and with a sob of pain,
Sobbed out her life, we blessed the sea and knew
Why it gave back again.

—*Thomas Fleming Day.*

“LITTLE BOATIE”*

(*A Slumber-Song for the Fisherman's Child*)

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
Here's the haven still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides in-streaming
Up the channel creep.
Now the sunset breeze is dying;
Hear the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying;
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling—
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, copyrighted 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender, and too tender,
You must bide with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to harbour, no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
Fold your wings, my weary dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbour-lights of love.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

III. THE REVOLUTION

*"In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not."*

—Guy H. McMaster.

THE JERSEY BLUES

Brave as the battle roll of drum,
Strong as the surf when tempests come,
Throbb'd all the Jersey hearts of oak
When war upon the Jerseys broke;
At streams, by forest springs filled up,
Deep drinks the sea, and smites the shore;
Deep from the brimful bitter cup
The soil drank to the dregs of war.

Then North or South the red-coats came
And South and North they fled again;
The road the Blues fell back—the same
Way in pursuit they sped again.
At last—at last the land was free,
And safe once more the misty main,
And, like some soul to ecstasy,
Rose the sweet Sabbath song again.

Clear flow the streams, which, red with blood
Ran through the battle lines arrayed;
The cross-road's salient long withstood
The charge above the church graves made;
And quiet Quaker villages
Are scenes in this historic story,
And many a field of tillage is
Also a field of strife and glory.

Thus from the waves was Jersey raised
A pathway to the promised land;
Thus shall she keep an epic phrased
On tablets of coagulate sand;
Her many bivouacs were dreams
Of deeds still told, then lately done,
And all her battlefields are gleams
Of victories for freedom won.

Sons of those sires! Ye soldiers who
Bound North and South in folds of blue!
Where, Aphrodite like, still laves
The sea-born State in lapsing waves,
Firm may the arch of Union rest
Forever on her fruitful breast;
For well wrought each artificer
Its ocean-dashed abutment here.

—Isaac R. Pennypacker.

THE BALLAD OF DANIEL BRAY

The Delaware, with stately sweep,
Flows seaward as when armies fought;
But they who struck for freedom sleep
Beneath the soil their valor bought.
At Rosemont, inland, Daniel Bray,
In lonely grave, with rest hard won,
Waits for his country's voice to say:
"He brought the boats to Washington."

At Trenton lay the Hessian host,
Pluming their pride with gay parade;
They thought the freeman's cause was lost,
And hoped his last brave stand was made;

But safe on Pennsylvania's shore,
The Master Patriot aimed the blow
Which ever in the nation's lore
Would mark oppression's overthrow.

To Captain Bray on Kingwood height
A horseman sped by field and brake,
Till on his door, at dead of night,
He knocked, and bade the soldier wake,
A hasty mount, a quick farewell,
And then miles down the frozen track,
Like musket shots the hoof-beats fell,
While Mary slept and dreamed him back.

Down Stony Batter Hill they sped,
Across Duck's Flat; then up the slopes
To Rittenhouse (where slept the dead)
Their coursers climbed with steadier lopes;
The ten-mile creek is left behind,
Gilboa's slant is swiftly run;
At Coryell's the inn they find,
And waiting them, great Washington.

That hour Bray heard his general say:
"Seize all the boats from Easton down,
And guard them safe, by night and day,
Until we cross to take the town."
The echoes of a noble voice
Rode with him from that meeting place—
Blunt praise that made his soul rejoice,
And spurred his zeal to quicker pace.

Ere gray dawn paled o'er Hunterdon,
A circuit ranged he twelve miles wide,

For brave Gearheart of Flemington,
And Johnes of Amwell countryside.
They foiled the Tory's cunningness,
Disguised in hunter's garb uncouth,
They pierced the Jersey wilderness,
From Ringoes to the Lehigh's mouth.

Then downward on the Delaware,
By night they drove their project bold,
Naught but the planet's wintry stare
To cheer them in the bitter cold.
December's slashing wind cut keen
O'er ice-cakes massed with frosty grip;
And longside, in the dusky sheen,
They watched the chill black waters slip.

Beneath the river's gloomy banks,
And where the friendly ferry plied,
The craft were seized with scanty thanks,
And launched upon the swirling tide:
Through eddies deep, and rapids swift,
They guided sure their precious fleet;
Minding the rock and treacherous rift,
And creeks where angry currents meet.

No hostile shot disturbed the verge,
Where ghostly woods loomed drear and dark
No voice, except the hound's sad dirge,
Or, far away, the wolf's gruff bark;
But sometimes 'cross the distant slope,
A farmhouse shed its candle ray,
And warmed the wand'rer's heart with hope
Of fireside joys and freedom's day.

The river's speech is low and weird,
It bears no tales of deeds long past;
But Bray, ere morning light appeared,
His boats by Malta Isle made fast;
And on that famous Christmas night,
They bore the heroes o'er the tide,
Who broke the spell of Britain's might,
And flung the Hessian mob aside.

The Delaware shall ever flow
Through sacred soil, forever free,
And every home-born child shall know
The tale of Trenton's victory:
And till the stars shall cease to shed
Their light o'er hilly Hunterdon,
Of Daniel Bray it shall be said:
"He brought the boats to Washington."

—*Joseph Fulford Folsom.*

WASHINGTON ON THE DELAWARE*

The snow was red with patriot blood,
The proud foe tracked the blood-red snow,
The flying patriots crossed the flood
A tattered, shattered band of woe.
Forlorn each barefoot hero stood,
With bare head bended low.

"Let us cross back! Death waits us here;
Recross or die!" the chieftain said.
A famished soldier dropped a tear—
A tear that froze as it was shed;

* Permission to use the poem granted by the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, publishers of Joaquin Miller's complete work.

For oh, his starving babes were dear—
They had but this for bread!

A captain spoke—"It cannot be!
These bleeding men, why, what could they?
'Twould be as snowflakes in the sea!"
The worn chief did not heed or say.
He set his firm lips silently,
Then turned aside to pray.

And as he kneeled and prayed to God,
God's finger spun the stars in space;
He spread his banner blue and broad,
He dashed the dead sun's stripes in place,
Till war walked heaven fire shod
And lit the chieftain's face:

Till every soldier's heart was stirred,
Till every sword shook in its sheath—
"Up! up! Face back. But not one word!"
God's flag above; the ice beneath—
They crossed so still, they only heard
The icebergs grind their teeth!

Ho! Hessians, hirelings at meat
While praying patriots hunger so!
Then, bang! Boom! Bang! Death and defeat!
And blood? Aye, blood upon the snow!
Yet not the blood of patriot feet,
But heart's blood of the foe!

Oh ye who hunger and despair!
O ye who perish for the sun,



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Art Museum

CROSSING THE DELAWARE

'They crossed so still, they only heard
The icebergs grind their teeth.'

—Joaquin Miller

Look up and dare, for God is there;
And man can do what man has done!
Think, think of darkling Delaware!
Think, think of Washington!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

ACROSS THE DELAWARE*

The winter night is cold and drear,
Along the river's sullen flow;
The cruel frost is camping here—
The air has living blades of snow.
Look! pushing from the icy strand,
With ensigns freezing in the air,
There sails a small but mighty band,
Across the dang'rous Delaware.

Oh, wherefore, soldiers, would you fight
The bayonets of a winter storm?
In truth it were a better night
For blazing fire and blankets warm!
We seek to trap a foreign foe,
Who fill themselves with stolen fare;
We carry freedom as we go
Across the storm-swept Delaware!

The night is full of lusty cheer
Within the Hessians' merry camp;
And faint and fainter on the ear
Doth fall the heedless sentry's tramp.
O hirelings, this new nation's rage
Is something 't is not well to dare;

* By permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

You are not fitted to engage
These men from o'er the Delaware!

A rush—a shout—a clarion call,
Salute the early morning's gray:
Now, roused invaders, yield or fall:
The refuge-land has won the day!
Soon shall the glorious news be hurled
Wherever men have wrongs to bear;
For freedom's torch illumines the world,
And God has crossed the Delaware!

—*Will Carleton.*

ASSUNPINK AND PRINCETON*

Glorious the day when in arms at Assunpink
And after at Princeton the Briton we met;
Few in both armies—they'd skirmishes call them,
Now hundreds of thousands in battle are set.
But for the numbers engaged, let me tell you,
Smart brushes they were, and two battles that told;
There 'twas I first drew bead on a foeman—
I, a mere stripling, not twenty years old.

Tell it? Well, friends, that is just my intention;
There's nothing a veteran hates and abhors
More than a chance lost to tell his adventures,
Or give you his story of battles and wars.
Nor is it wonder old men are loquacious,
And talk, if you listen, from sun unto sun;
Youth has the power to be up and be doing,
While age can but tell of the deeds it has done.

* By permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

Ranged for a mile on the banks of Assunpink,
There, southward of Trenton, one morning we lay,
When, with his redcoats all marshalled to meet us,
Cornwallis came fiercely at close of the day—
Driving some scouts who had gone out with Longstreet,
From where they were crossing at Shabbaconk Run—
Trumpets loud blaring, drums beating, flags flying—
Three hours, by the clock, before setting of sun.

Two ways were left them by which to assail us,
And neither was perfectly to their desire—
One was the bridge we controlled by our cannon,
The other the ford that was under our fire.
“Death upon one side, and Dismal on t’other,”
Said Sambo, our cook, as he gazed on our foes;
Cheering and dauntless they marched to the battle,
And, doubtful of choice, both the dangers they chose.

Down at the ford, it was said, that the water
Was reddened with blood from the soldiers who fell;
As for the bridge, where they tried it, their forces
Were beaten with terrible slaughter, as well.
Grapeshot swept causeway, and pattered on water,
And riddled their columns, that broke and gave way:
Thrice they charged boldly, and thrice they retreated;
Then darkness came down, and so ended the fray.

How did I get there? I came from our corn-mill
At noon of the day when the battle begun.
Bringing in flour to the troops under Proctor;
’Twas not very long ere that errand was done.
Up to that time I had never enlisted,
Though Jacob, my brother, had entered with Wayne;
But the fight stirred me; I sent back the horses,
And made up my mind with the rest to remain.

We camped on our side—the south—of Assunpink,
While they bivouacked for the night upon theirs;
Both posting sentries and building up watch fires,
With those on both sides talking over affairs.
“Washington’s caught in a trap,” said Cornwallis,
And smiled with a smile that was joyous and grim;
“Fox! but I have him!”—the earl had mistaken;
The fox, by the coming of daylight, had him.

Early that night, when the leaders held council,
Both St. Clair and Reed said our action was clear
Useless to strike at the van of our foeman—
His force was too strong; we must fall on his rear.
Washington thought so, and bade us replenish
Our watchfires till nearly the dawn of the day;
Setting some more to make feint of intrenching,
While swiftly in darkness the rest moved away.

Marching by Sandtown, and Quaker Bridge crossing,
We passed Stony Creek a full hour before dawn,
Leaving there Mercer with one scant battalion
Our foes to amuse, should they find we were gone;
Then the main force pushed its way into Princeton,
All ready to strike those who dreamed of no blow;
Only a chance that we lost not our labor,
And slipped through our fingers, unknowing, the foe.

Mawhood’s brigade, never feeling its danger,
Had started for Trenton at dawn of the day;
Crossed Stony Creek, after we had gone over,
When Mercer’s weak force they beheld on its way;
Turning contemptuously back to attack it,
They drove it with ease in disorder ahead—
Firelocks alone were no match for their cannon—
A fight, and then flight, and brave Mercer lay dead.

Murdered, some said, while imploring for quarter—
A dastardly deed—if the thing had been true—
Cruel our foes, but in that thing we wronged them,
And let us in all give the demon his due.
Gallant Hugh Mercer fell sturdily fighting,
So long as his right arm his sabre could wield,
Stretching his enemies bleeding around him,
And then, overpowered, fell prone on the field.

Hearing the firing, we turned and we met them,
Our cannon replying to theirs with a will;
Fiercely with grape and with canister swept them,
And chased them in wrath from the brow of the hill.
Racing and chasing it was into Princeton,
Where, seeking the lore to be taught in that hall,
Redcoats by scores entered college, but stayed not—
We rudely expelled them with powder and ball.

Only a skirmish, you see, though a sharp one—
It did not last over the fourth of an hour;
But 'twas a battle that did us this service—
No more, from that day, had we fear of their power.
Trenton revived us, Assunpink encouraged,
But Princeton gave hope that we held to the last;
Floodtide had come on the black sullen water,
And ebbtide forever and ever had passed.

Yes! 'twas the turn of the tide in our favor—
A turn of the tide to a haven that bore.
Had Lord Cornwallis crossed over Assunpink
That day we repelled him, our fighting were o'er.
Had he o'ertaken us ere we smote Mawhood,
All torn as we were, it seems certain to me,

I would not chatter to you about battles,
And you and your children would not have been free.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

A BALLAD OF PRINCETON BATTLE*

Along Assunpink's woody bank we left our campfires
bright,
While like a fox with padded feet we stole away by
night;
Cornwallis watched his Trenton trap,
And drained his glass, and took his nap;
But the ragged troops of Washington outflanked him
in the night,—
Up and away for Princeton,
By a secret road to Princeton,—
We dragged our guns with muffled wheels to win
another fight.

The icy trail was hard as iron, our footprints marked
it red;
Our frosty breath went up like smoke to the winking
stars o'erhead;
By Bear Swamp and by Miry Run,
Our muskets weighed at least a ton;
We shivered, till o'er Stony Brook we saw the sun rise
red;
Weary we tramped to Princeton;
But all of us at Princeton
Would follow our Chief through thick and thin till the
last of us was dead.

* By courtesy of Dr. van Dyke.



Photo by Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark

STONY BROOK BRIDGE, PRINCETON

‘By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now.’

—Alfred Noyes

We looked beyond the upper bridge, across the swollen
stream,

And there along the King's highway, we saw the red-
coats gleam;

'Twas Mawhood's regiment marching down

To finish us off at Trenton town!

"Go cut the bridge,"—and Mercer's men crept up along
the stream.

But the British turned toward Princeton,

Came bravely back for Princeton;

And all the rest of that dim hour was wilder than a
dream.

They rushed thro' Will Clark's orchard, among the
naked trees;

With horse and foot they hammered hard; their bullets
sang like bees;

And Mercer fell, and Haslet fell;

The bayonets cut us up like hell;

The chain-shot mowed a bloody path beneath the
twisted trees.

It looked all black for Princeton,

We lost our hopes of Princeton,

We wavered, and we broke and fled as leaves before the
breeze.

Then down the hill from Tom Clark's house, rode
Washington aflame

With holy ire, through smoke and fire, like mighty
Mars he came.

"Come on, my men, parade with me,

We'll make the braggart redcoats flee."

And up the hill, against the guns, rode Washington
aflame.

He turned the tide at Princeton;
The land was saved at Princeton;
And they who fought, and they who fell, won liberty
and fame.

Men praise our chief for weighty words, for counsel
calm and high,
For prudence and enduring will, for cool, far-seeing
eye:

One thing he had all else above,—
Courage that caught the soldier's love,
And made the soldier's loyal heart in danger's hour
beat high.

We saw it clear at Princeton;
'Twas written here at Princeton:
*The men who make a nation great are men who dare
to die.*

—Henry van Dyke.

Avalon, Princeton.

GENERAL MERCER AT PRINCETON

Here Mercer fell, with bayonet-pierced breast,
Facing his country's foes upon the field,
Scorning to cry for quarter or to yield,
Though single-handed left and sore oppressed.

He, at his chosen country's high behest,
Was set to be a leader and to shield
Her threatened life—with his heart's blood he sealed
That trust, nor faltered till he sank to rest.

Mourn not for him; say not untimely death
Snatched him from fame ere we could know his worth
And hid the luster of a glorious name;
Such souls go forth, when fails their vital breath,
To shine as beacons through the mists of earth
And kindle in men's hearts the heroic flame.

—*Charles D. Platt.*

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

Gallants, attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise;
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing,—

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they've come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some "Fire!" cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quakéd;
And girls and boys with hideous noise
Ran through the streets half naked.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs his eyes and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And the other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

“Therefore prepare for bloody war;
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted.”

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night, these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Returned to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That days to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

—*Francis Hopkinson.*

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH *

Four-and-eighty years are o'er me; great-grandchildren
sit before me;
These my locks are white and scanty, and my limbs
are weak and worn;
Yet I've been where cannon roaring, firelocks rattling,
blood outpouring,
Stirred the souls of patriot soldiers, on the tide of
battle borne;
Where they told me I was bolder far than many a
comrade older,
Though a stripling at that fight for the right.

All that sultry day in summer beat his sullen march
the drummer,
Where the Briton strode the dusty road until the sun
went down;
Then on Monmouth plain encamping, tired and footsore
with the tramping,
Lay all wearily and drearily the forces of the crown,

* By permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

With their resting horses neighing and their evening
bugles playing,
And their sentries pacing slow to and fro.

Ere the day to night had shifted, camp was broken,
knapsacks lifted,
And in motion was the vanguard of our swift- retreating
foes;

Grim Knyphausen rode before his brutal Hessians,
bloody Tories—

They were fit companions, truly hirelings these and
traitors those—

While the careless jest and laughter of the teamsters
coming after
Rang around each creaking wain of the train.

'Twas a quiet Sabbath morning; nature gave no sign
of warning

Of the struggle that would follow when we met the
Briton's might;

Of the horsemen fiercely spurring, of the bullets shrilly
whirring.

Of the bayonets brightly gleaming through the smoke
that wrapped the fight;

Of the cannon thunder-pealing, and the wounded
wretches reeling,

And the corpses gory red of the dead.

Quiet nature had no prescience; but the Tories and the
Hessians

Heard the baying of the bugles that were hanging
on their track;

Heard the cries of eager ravens soaring high above the
cravens;

And they hurried, worn and worried, casting startled
glances back,
Leaving Clinton there to meet us, with his bull-dogs
fierce to greet us,
With the veterans of the crown, scarred and brown.

For the fight our souls were eager, and each Continental
leaguer,

As he gripped his firelock firmly, scarce could wait
the word to fire;

For his country rose such fervor, in his heart of hearts,
to serve her,

That it gladdened him and maddened him and kindled
raging ire.

Never panther from his fastness, through the forest's
gloomy vastness,

Coursed more grimly night and day for his prey.

I was in the main force posted; Lee, of whom his
minions boasted,

Was commander of the vanguard, and with him were
Scott and Wayne.

What they did I know not, cared not; in their march
of shame I shared not;

But it startled me to see them panic-stricken back
'again,

At the black morass's border, all in headlong, fierce
disorder.

With the Briton plying steel at their heel.

Outward cool when combat waging, howsoever inward
raging,

Ne'er had Washington shown feeling when his forces
fled the foe;

But to-day his forehead lowered, and we shrank his
wrath untoward,

As on Lee his bitter speech was hurled in hissing
tones and low;

"Sir, what means this wild confusion? Is it cowardice
or collusion?

Is it treachery or fear brings you here?"

Lee grew crimson in his anger—rang his curses o'er
the clangor,

O'er the roaring din of battle, as he wrathfully
replied;

But his raging was unheeded; fastly on our chieftain
speeded,

Rallied quick the fleeting forces, stayed the dark,
retreating tide;

Then, on foaming steed returning, said to Lee, with
wrath still burning,

"Will you now strike a blow at the foe?"

At the words Lee drew up proudly, curled his lip and
answered loudly;

"Ay!" his voice rang out, "and will not be the first
to leave the field;"

And his word redeeming fairly, with a skill surpassed
but rarely,

Struck the Briton with such ardor that the scarlet
column reeled;

Then, again, but in good order, past the black morass's
border,

Brought his forces rent and torn, spent and worn.

As we turned on flanks and centre, in the path of death
to enter,

One of Knox's brass six-pounders lost its Irish cannoner;
And his wife who, 'mid the slaughter, had been bearing
pails of water
For the gun and for the gunner, o'er his body shed
no tear.
"Move the piece!"—but there they found her loading,
firing that six-pounder,
And she gayly, till we won, worked the gun.

Loud we cheered as Captain Molly waved the rammer;
then a volley
Pouring in upon the grenadiers, we sternly drove
them back;
Though like tigers fierce they fought us, to such zeal
had Molly brought us
That, though struck with heat, and thirsting, yet of
drink we felt no lack:
There she stood amid the clamor, busily handling
sponge and rammer,
While we swept with wrath condign on their line.

From our centre backward driven, with his forces rent
and riven,
Soon the foe re-formed in order, dressed again his
shattered ranks;
In a column firm advancing, from his bayonets hot rays
glancing
Showed in waving lines of brilliance as he fell upon
our flanks,
Charging bravely for his master: thus he met renewed
disaster
From the stronghold that we held back repelled.

Monckton, gallant, cool, and fearless, 'mid his bravest
comrades peerless,
Brought his grenadiers to action but to fall amid the
slain;
Everywhere their ruin found them; red destruction
rained around them
From the mouth of Oswald's cannon, from the
musketry of Wayne;
While our sturdy Continentals, in their dusty regi-
mentals,
Drove their plumed and scarlet force, man and
horse.

Beamed the sunlight fierce and torrid o'er the raging
battle horrid,
Till, in faint exhaustion sinking, death was looked on
as a boon;
Heat, and not a drop of water—heat, that won the race
of slaughter,
Fewer far with bullets dying than beneath the sun of
June;
Only ceased the terrible firing, with the Briton slow
retiring,
As the sunbeams in the west sank to rest.

On our arms so heavily sleeping, careless watch our
sentries keeping,
Ready to renew the contest when the dawning day
should show;
Worn with toil and heat, in slumber soon were wrapt
our greatest number,
Seeking strength to rise again and fall upon the
wearied foe;

For we felt his power was broken! but what rage was
ours outspoken
When, on waking at the dawn, he had gone.

In the midnight still and sombre, while our force was
wrapt in slumber,
Clinton set his train in motion, sweeping fast to
Sandy Hook;
Safely from our blows he bore his mingled Britons,
Hessians, Tories—
Bore away his wounded soldiers, but his useless dead
forsook;
Fleeing from a worse undoing, and too far for our
pursuing:
So we found the field our own, and alone.

How that stirring day comes o'er me! How those scenes
arise before me!
How I feel a youthful vigor for a moment fill my
frame!
Those who fought beside me seeing, from the dim past
brought to being,
By their hands I fain would clasp them—ah! each
lives but in a name;
But the freedom that they fought for, and the country
grand they wrought for,
Is their monument to-day, and for aye.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH

'Twas a little brass half-circlet,
Deep gnawed by rust and stain,

That the farmer's urchin brought me,
Ploughed up in Old Monmouth's plain;
On that spot where the hot June sunshine
Once a fire more deadly knew,
And a bloodier color reddened
Where the red June roses blew,

Where the moon of the early harvest
Looked down through the shimmering leaves,
And saw where the reaper of battle
Had gathered his human sheaves:
Old Monmouth, so touched with glory,
So tinted with burning shame,
As Washington's pride we remember,
Or Lee's long-tarnished name.

'Twas a little brass half-circlet;
And knocking the rust away,
And clearing the ends and the middle
From their burial shroud of clay,
I saw, through the damp of ages,
And the thick disfiguring grime,
The buckle-heads and the rowel
Of a spur of the olden time.

And I said, "What gallant horseman,
Who revels and rides no more,
Perhaps twenty years back or fifty,
On his heel that weapon wore?
Was he riding away to his bridal
When the leather snapped in twain?
Was he thrown, and dragged by the stirrup,
With the rough stones crushing his brain?"

Then I thought of the Revolution,
Whose tide still onward rolls;
Of the free and the fearless riders,
Of the "times that tried men's souls,"
What if, in the day of battle
That raged and rioted here,
It had dropped from the foot of a soldier,
As he rode in his mad career?

What if it had ridden with Forman,
When he leaped through the open door,
With the British dragoon behind him
In his race o'er the granary floor?
What if—but the brain grows dizzy
With the thoughts of the rusted spur,
What if it had fled with Clinton
Or charged with Aaron Burr?

But bravely the farmer's urchin
Had been scraping the rust away;
And, cleaned from the soil that swathed it,
The spur before me lay.
Here are holes in the outer circle;
No common heel it has known,
For each space, I see by the setting,
Once held some precious stone.

And here, not far from the buckle—
Do my eyes deceive their sight?
Two letters are here engraven,
That initial a hero's might—
"G. W." Saints of Heaven!
Can such things in our lives occur?
Do I grasp such a priceless treasure?
Was this George Washington's spur?

Did the brave old Pater Patriae
Wear that spur, like a belted knight,—
Wear it, through gain and disaster,
From Cambridge to Monmouth fight?
Did it press his steed in hot anger
On Long Island's day of pain?
Did it drive him at terrible Princeton
'Tween two streams of leaden rain?

And here did the buckles loosen,
And no eye look down to see,
When he rode to blast with the lightning
The defiant eyes of Lee?
Did it fall, unfelt and unheeded,
When that fight of despair was won,
And Clinton, worn and discouraged,
Crept away at the set of the sun?

The lips have long been silent
That could send an answer back,
And the spur, all broken and rusted
Has forgotten its rider's track;
I only know that the pulses
Leap hot and the senses reel,
When I think that the spur of Monmouth
May have clasped George Washington's heel.

—Henry Morford.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

In the grasses the cob-webs were lying,
Frosted white with the fall of the dew,
When we roused from our tents before sunrise
As the bugles the rippling call blew

"Drop your knapsacks, men! Form!" and now
"Forward!"

We are off, and the red dust upflies,
Not a breath turns the silver-lined birch-leaves,
And the quivering air dazzles our eyes.

Comes a sound—was that thunder that rumbled?
In the vivid sky blazes the sun.
'Twas the cannon that roared in the distance.
Hasten on, for the fight has begun!
As we paused by a church for our orders
Stood our Chief, as I see him e'en now,
With his hand on his horse's hot forehead,
And the dust on his noble white brow.

Then a farmer rushed up to us, panting:
"Sir, your soldiers are flying, ahead!"
"Silence! This is some coward's invention.
March forward, men!" Washington said.
Then we stirred at the cry of the bugles,
At the sound of the trampling of feet,
And we felt that to struggle was holy,
And to die for our country was sweet.

Then the blood hammered fast in our temples,
And we burned with the thirst for the fray,
And our muscles strained hard at our muskets
As our General spurred, plunging, away.
Look, who comes? See the troops there before us!
'Tis our soldiers, and flying, we see.
Wild, disordered, and jaded, they meet us
They retreat—by the orders of Lee!

On we go with haste of dread urging
To a farm where the broad brook runs fast,
And the children at play by the lilacs
Come out running to see us march past;
And the sweet, thrilling sound of their voices
Floats across on the flower-scented air,
"Oh, they're marching right down to the willows,
And they'll ruin our playhouse that's there!"

O, you children! our hearts ached to hear you,
Though we knew not that there by your wall
They will dig a deep trench on the morrow
For the men that ere evening shall fall.
Now we looked on the country below us,
Where our soldiers left honor behind,
And were flying like leaves in the Autumn
When they whirl in the eddy wind.

At their head, lo, the recreant commander,
And our Chief urged his horse's quick pace,
And there, on the bridge o'er the torrent,
Lee and Washington met face to face.
Such a glance as when Jove shakes Olympus,
As he scatters the thunder-bolt wide;
Like the flash of a sword from its scabbard
Came his speech: "Sir, what means this?" he
cried.

Then the orders came rattling like hailstones,
And the panic was stayed by his hand.
Fast the batteries form in the forest;
On the heights with the cannon we stand;
From beneath the low boughs of the orchard,
Like the angry wasps, Wayne's bullets fly,

Till the fierce Colonel Monckton grows reckless:
"Drive them out! drive them out!" is his cry.

On the grenadiers charge with their bayonets,
Ranks of steel like a glittering wall;
With a crash like the meeting of waters
Comes the answering fire—and they fall.
But the heat of the air saps our courage,
And we faint 'neath the glare of the sky;
To the streaked brook our comrades crawl, moaning
Like the hurt deer, to drink and to die.

Yet he called for a charge, the undaunted,
And we formed in our battle array,
But the shadows arose from the hollows,
So we waited the coming of day.
When we looked for our foes on the morrow,
As the mist melted off in the sun,
Like the fabled Assyrian army
They had vanished—and Monmouth was won!

—Sara Wiley Drummond.

MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH

On the bloody field of Monmouth,
Flashed the guns of Green and Wayne,
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting
Stood an Irish cannoneer.



Photo by Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark

TENNENT CHURCH—MONMOUTH BATTLEFIELD

'They smote and open flung yon
very door
To bear the wounded from the
sanguine flood.'

—Clinton Scollard

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's brigades could tell;
Every one knew "Captain Molly"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail,
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusillade
Mowing down the massed battalions,
In the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Faster and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead, beside his cannon, fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades, it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No, not so," cried Irish Molly,
"We can strike another blow."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington."

Greene's brigade, though torn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan,
Turned and charged the foe again.
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessians slain.
"Forward! Charge them with the bayonet!"
'Twas the voice of Washington,
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks;
And behind them, onward dashing
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph, Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

—*William Collins.*

MOLLY PITCHER *

'T was hurry and scurry at Monmouth town,
For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
The British were riding the Yankees down,
And panic was pressing on flying feet.

Galloping down like a hurricane
Washington rode with his sword swung high,
Mighty as he of the Trojan plain
Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand to your guns!" he cried,
And a bombardier made swift reply;
Wheeling his cannon into the tide,
He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

Molly Pitcher sprang to his side,
Fired as she saw her husband do.
Telling the king in his stubborn pride
Women like men to their homes are true.

* By permission of Oliver Ditson Co., New York. Music by Arthur W. Korthauer.

Washington rode when the fray was o'er
Up to the gun that a woman manned.
"Molly Pitcher, you saved the day,"
He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with royal say;
While her war-brown face was wet with tears—
A woman has ever a woman's way—
And the army was wild with cheers.

—*Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*

MOLLY PITCHER

All day the great guns barked and roared;
All day the big balls screeched and soared;
All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and dim,
Sweet Molly labored with courage high,
With steady hand and watchful eye,
Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
And Molly standing beside her gun.

Now, Molly, rest your weary arm!
Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead!

Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington,
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat

Masking a woman's petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
He bids her raise her tearful eyes;
And now he hails her before them all
Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall,
"And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!"

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you.
Sweet honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

—*Laura Elizabeth Richards.*

MIDDLEBROOK

The lowly huts of Middlebrook,
Which sheltered from the storm
Those who from God their lesson took,
Nor bowed to human form—
What glory gathers round the spot,
Like aureola gleam!
And passing time eclipses not
Of light that radiant stream.

The crowded huts of Middlebrook!
Our Roman sires were there,
Who on the future dared to look,
And knew not to despair.
'Mid autumn's foliage sere and dead,
'Mid winter's snow and blast,

Hope, like the Eastern palm tree, spread,
And flourished to the last.

Sequestered huts of Middlebrook!
The nation's heart beat high,
When Clinton fled to Sandy Hook,
And "Monmouth!" was our cry,
And they who played the hero then
Have passed to dust away,
And the log-built homes of truest men
Have yielded to decay.

But hopes that rose at Middlebrook,
And stern resolves, that there
Once murmured in a lowly nook,
Are passing everywhere;
They speed around the earth, and shake
The crumbling thrones of kings;
And despots start, to cringe and quake,
And feel like guilty things.

Oh! sainted hearts of Middlebrook,
Your mission was sublime;
The cause you never once forsook
Is bounded by no clime.
That cause—the cause of truth and right—
Omnipotent as God,
Is destined to go forth and smite
With more than Aaron's rod.

Thrice holy spot of Middlebrook!
A Mecca to the heart,
As on thy lowly huts we look,
A Delphian shrine thou art;

And in the camp-fire's ruddy gleam,
Which fancy lights anew,
There bursts a holier, heavenlier beam
Than e'er Prometheus drew.

The lowly huts of Middlebrook!
Our fathers rested there;
And green forever be the nook,
And pure that Jersey air;
And may the pillar and the cloud
That went before their host
Still rear its canopy of flame,
Nor by their sons be lost.

—*Edward C. Jones.*

LIGHT-HORSE HARRY AT PAULUS HOOK

O Harry Lee it was who did
A daring deed one day
And Congress had a medal struck
To tell his fame for aye.

Now would you hear about that deed,
Attend my humble song,
And I will tell as best I may
That tale; 'twill not be long.

For well we may at this far day
Recall each worthy deed
Wrought by the men who battled then
To meet their country's need.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

At Paulus Hook there was of old
A military post
Where Jersey City now is seen
And the British made their boast

That none could take that citadel
With ramparts strong begirt;
So strong it was, the garrison
Grew careless to their hurt.

For Captain Lee one summer's day
Led forth a chosen band
Three hundred strong, and Stirling sent
A part of his command.

From Bergen marched this troop by night
Unto the Hackensack,
Full fourteen miles below the Hook,
And here Lee took the track

Among the hills and reached ere morn
The point that was his aim;
Through the loose-barred gate he entered
straight
And won his way to fame.

The sentinels were sound asleep,
But when they opened their eyes
They saw a strange, undreamed-of sight,—
Complete was their surprise.

One hundred and fifty-nine that day
Were taken prisoner,
Surprised in bed and captive led
Ere they to arms could stir.

And on the medal that was struck
To applaud this gallant deed
All in the Latin tongue 'tis writ,
Which he who can may read:—

“Unhindered by opposing floods
And bristling rampires strong,
On marched to victory and to fame
The hero of my song.

Small was his band of followers brave,
The greater glory theirs;
And honor greater still than fame
He wins from those he spares.”

Such is the legend written there
In praise of Harry Lee,
The leader of that little band
Of dauntless cavalry.

For when the foe were in his power
And none could lift a hand,
He spared their lives; no needless blood
Was shed at his command.

O that we yet may see the day
When such humanity
Shall win its way in every land—
God speed that victory!

—Charles D. Platt.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD *

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the
right

Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall,—
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.

Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers
blow,

Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you've
heard

Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What, No? Come—that's bad;
why he had

All the Jerseys aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high-priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God,—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians
that day

Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their
way

At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her
arms,

Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot! Enough!—there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him as you
stand

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By the old church to-day;—think of him and his band
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view,—
And what could you, what should you, what would you
do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in
the road

With his arms full of hymn-books and threw down his
load

At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice,—“Put Watts into ’em,—Boys, give ’em
Watts!”

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you’ll turn up a ball,—
But not always a hero like this,—and that’s all.

—*Bret Harte.*

PARSON CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD

See the Red-coats in the distance!
Here they come! To arms! To arms!
Get your powder-horn and musket!
Call the neighbors from their farms!

Fire the roaring eighteen-pounder
Signal gun from Prospect Hill!
Light the blazing black tar-barrel!
Fight we must and fight we will!

Jump the stone wall by the roadside!
Hide behind it! Prime your gun!
Now we're ready! See them gather!
Farmers coming on the run!

Who's that riding in on horseback?
Parson Caldwell, boys; Hooray!
Red-coats call him "Fighting Chaplain";
How they hate him! well they may!

When he preaches to us Sundays,
Gathered in the Old Red Store,
Down he lays his cavalry pistols,
Sets his sentinels at the door.

Boys, remember how the British,
Passing through Connecticut Farms,
Shot the parson's wife! That murder
Stirs us more than wild alarms.

Hah! The fight's begun! They're firing!
See the flash of British steel!
Hear the crack of Jersey muskets!
Doomed to make the Red-coats wheel!

Who's that riding on the gallop,
Stopping by the meetin'-house door?
In he goes—comes out with arms full
Piled with hymn-books by the score.

Parson Caldwell!—Will he sing now,
While the bullets round him hum?
Will he hold another meetin',
Set the hymns to fife and drum?

Hear him shouting, "Give 'em Watts, Boys!
Put Watts into 'em, my men!"
Ah! I see they're out of wadding;
That's the tune! We'll all join in!

Then the worn old hymn-books fluttered,
And their pages wildly flew,
Hither, thither, torn and dirty,
On an errand strange and new.

Making Short Partic'lar meter
Parson Caldwell pitched the tunes;
Jersey farmers joined the chorus,
Put to flight those red dragoons.

—Charles D. Platt.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of
the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of
the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires:
 As the roar
 Of the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded
 acres
 Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-
 powder,
 Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
 Round their ears;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards
 clangor
 On our flanks:
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned
 fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the bareheaded Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging

And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud,
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the
lead
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-
pounder,
Hurling Death.

—*Guy Humphreys McMaster.*

IV. CITIES AND TOWNS .

“Not in a night it rose—no careless labor
Has given us this city of our love.”

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

VOICES *

All day with anxious heart and wondering ear
I listened to the city; heard the ground
Echo with human thunder, and the sound
Go reeling down the streets and disappear.
The headlong hours, in their wild career,
Shouted and sang until the world was drowned
With babel-voices, each one more profound . . .
All day it surged—but nothing could I hear.

That night the country never seemed so still;
The trees and grasses spoke without a word
To stars that brushed them with their silver
wings.
Together with the moon I climbed the hill,
And, in the very heart of Silence, heard
The speech and music of immortal things.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

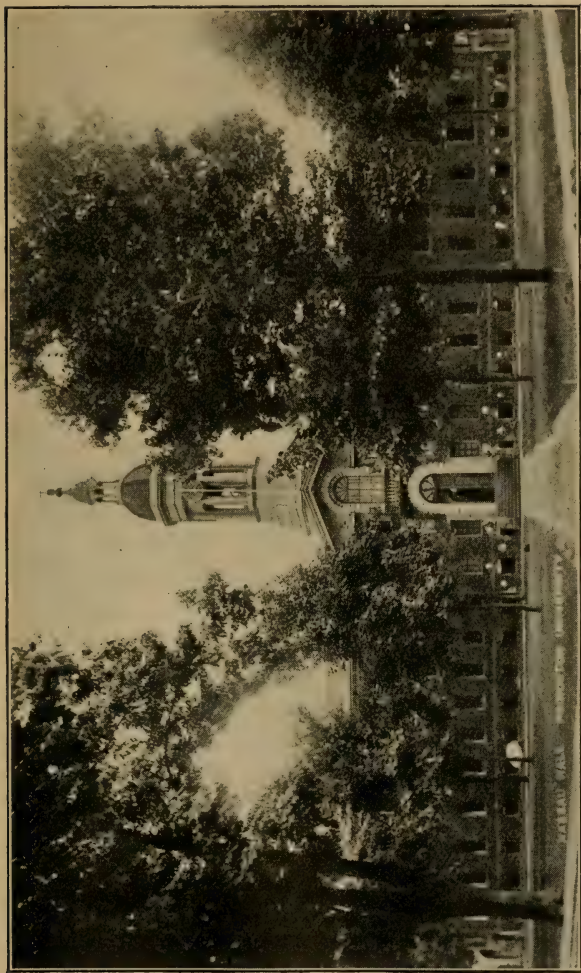
THE TWELVE-FORTY-FIVE†

Within the Jersey City shed
The engine coughs and shakes its head.
The smoke, a plume of red and white,
Waves madly in the face of night.
And now the grave incurious stars
Gleam on the groaning hurrying cars.

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† From *Poems, Letters, and Essays*, by Joyce Kilmer, copyright George H. Doran Company, Publishers, 1918.

Against the kind and awful reign
Of darkness, this our angry train,
A noisy little rebel, pouts
Its brief defiance, flames and shouts—
And passes on, and leaves no trace.
For darkness holds its ancient place,
Serene and absolute, the king
Unchanged, of every living thing.
The houses lie obscure and still
In Rutherford and Carlton Hill.
Our lamps intensify the dark
Of slumbering Passaic Park.
And quiet holds the weary feet
That daily tramp through Prospect Street,
What though we clang and clank and roar
Through all Passaic's streets? No door
Will open, not an eye will see
Who this loud vagabond may be.
Upon my crimson cushioned seat,
In manufactured light and heat,
I feel unnatural and mean.
Outside the towns are cool and clean;
Curtained awhile from sound and sight
They take God's gracious gift of night.
The stars are watchful over them.
On Clifton as on Bethlehem
The angels, leaning down the sky,
Shed peace and gentle dreams. And I—
I ride, I blasphemously ride
Through all the silent countryside.
The engine's shriek, the headlight's glare,
Pollute the still nocturnal air.
The cottages of Lake View sigh
And sleeping, frown as we pass by.



Courtesy of Princeton University

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON

'Her sons will give, while they shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau.'

—Harlan P. Peck

Why, even strident Paterson
Rests quietly as any nun.
Her foolish warring children keep
The grateful armistice of sleep.
Are we so blatantly awake?
For what tremendous errand's sake
What precious secret is our freight?
What king must be abroad so late?
Perhaps Death roams the hills to-night
And we rush forth to give him fight.
Or else, perhaps, we speed his way
To some remote unthinking prey.
Perhaps a woman writhes in pain
And listens—listens for the train!
The train, that like an angel sings,
The train, with healing on its wings.
Now "Hawthorne!" the conductor cries.
My neighbor starts and rubs his eyes.
He hurries yawning through the car
And steps out where the houses are.
This is the reason of our quest!
Not wantonly we break the rest
Of town and village, nor do we
Lightly profane night's sanctity.
What Love commands the train fulfills,
And beautiful upon the hills
Are these our feet of burnished steel.
Subtly and certainly I feel
That Glen Rock welcomes us to her
And silent Ridgewood seems to stir
And smile, because she knows the train
Has brought her children back again.
We carry people home—and so
God speeds us, wheresoe'er we go.

Hohokus, Waldwick, Allendale
Lift sleepy heads to give us hail.
In Ramsey, Mahwah, Suffern stand
Houses that wistfully demand
A father—son—some human thing
That this, the midnight train, may bring
The trains that travel in the day
They hurry folks to work or play.
The midnight train is slow and old,
But of it let this thing be told,
To its high honor be it said,
It carries people home to bed.
My cottage lamp shines white and clear,
God bless the train that brought me here.

—Joyce Kilmer.

OLD SHIPS

Beside dim wharves, the battered ships are dreaming,—
The worn ships, the torn ships, with many a draggled
mast.

The gray old ships are musing of those creaming
Waters that weltered in the days long past!

Maybe they dream of how the idle ocean,
A glittering Dragon, with rippling scales of gold,
Would writhe and twist with sleepy crafty motion,
Suddenly frothing where the hushed bark rolled.

How still they sway and think upon the glories
Of shimmering lagoons that lit the tranquil morn!
How soft they sigh, remembering the stories
Of Africa, Bermuda, and the far Cape Horn!

By what fierce tempests were they hurled and harried?
Or did they groan on any foamy shoal?
And what strange freight or cargoes have they carried?
Bulging green bananas or the bins of coal?

But now they creak and startle from their napping,—
These worn old ships, with many a draggled mast;
And while they listen to the waves lip-lapping,
They fall to dreaming of the days long past!

—*Louis Ginsberg.*

Hoboken

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless
miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the further-
most isles are free,
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and
height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother
who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from
harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade
her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
them this time Home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest,

The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in
the golden west

Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long
blockade,

And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade
them rise and go,—

How, when the stirring summons smote on her
children's ear,

South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole
land answered, "Here!"

For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
sailor's song

Are all of those who meet their foes as right should
meet with wrong,

Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then,
on the decks they trod,

Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of
their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends
of sea,

To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies
in wait,

To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across
the strait;—

But better the golden evening when the ships round
heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of
seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the
men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the
great gray ships come in!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE MIDNIGHT FERRY

I cried to my God,
Leaning above the rhythmic ferry's side:
Why do you stir my soul with churning yeast
Of fevered discontent?
With this vain struggle all my heart is spent—
If I be man or beast!
And whichsoe'er I be,
I earn your righteous rod!
Lo now! this twinkling sea,
Relapsing and resurging with the tide,
Is reckless in its beauty; the ships plod
Hither and thither, and the yellow moon
Dips toward the west unvexedly;
The pale stars swoon
In languid loveliness, and never thought nor care
Disturbs them in their blue and griefless lair.
Why am I thrall and all the world else free?
Then in my heart I heard the cry of the sea:

A million years the sun has sucked me forth
In viewless spirals through the burdened air—
East, west, the winds have borne me, south and north,
But to my hollow cave I come again.
I have guessed the sorrows of the earth and men,
And known all things: I have tracked ships mile by
mile,

And heard the sailors singing in the south
Their homing song;
The stars have gazed on me the whole night long;
I have glassed the scaled and sprawling crocodile,
And twitched and dandled to and fro
The Lotus-glow
By mud-black fields a-wash with the old Nile;
Within my heart gnarled monsters crawl
And build their nests far from the swing of tides,
Where the deep ocean pounds their shelly sides.
But, God, shall this be all?
My tongue is full of speech,
My heart of words, but inarticulate
I grope through man into a stumbling mouth!
Beauty must know itself or else it hath no soul.
Frame therefore thou my lips and teach
My aching mumble till it shall grow plain!
A thousand secrets I would prate
That I gave ear to where my gossiping currents roll;
But now there is not even the knowledge in me
That I am not free.

Beneath the moon so cried the sea in pain.

—Max J. Herzberg.

SUNRISE FROM THE JERSEY SHORE*

Across the salt-cool, restless river way
Manhattan stands up ragged on the sky,
Each crag-like tower lined majestically
Against the kindling east, each building grey
The cañoned cross streets where the night lamps die
Are sun-pierced gorges to eternity;
And high above the cloudy smoke plumes play.

Ah, fretful man, the beauty is not thine!
Thy stubborn will upflingest steel and stone,
But mightier Nature claims once more her own;
She yields to thee her quarry and her mine—
With thy small mounds to mimic mountain heights,
To clothe thy bareness in her morning lights!

—Walter Prichard Eaton.

THE ARBUTUS SELLER†

Into the city on this April day—

From greening woods to wintry highways bending,
He passes with arbutus-laden tray,

A wealth of fragrance every step attending.
An angel unawares is in this clod;

His ceaseless, clamorous cry is his soul's duty—
This vender comes, ambassador from God,
To bring unto the famished town His beauty!

—Daniel Henderson.

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† By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers of Daniel Henderson's *Life's Minstrel: a Book of Verse*.

THE FLIGHT OF MAN

Lo, on the bare and pathless sky is cast
The shape of mighty wings; in spaces bright
The air yields place to man's Titanic flight,
Companion of the cloud and of the blast.

Oh, for the eyes that watched the skylark spring
From earth to heaven, a line of song and fire;
Oh, for such lips of tuneful power, to sing
The starward flash of man's supreme desire.

—*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

ON THE RIVER: AN IMPRESSION

A river of silver and azure,
With gliding ships afloat;
On the farther shore a city,
Golden, serene, remote;
With one fair dome up-rising,
Dim through the tender mist,
Like a stately, pearl-built palace,
With tracings of amethyst.
A boat, with proud sails swelling;
Swift as a dream, she slips
Through vistas of liquid glory,
Between the larger ships;
And whither else is she headed,
And whither could she fare,
But straight to the mystical palace,
To the foot of its shining stair?

Whatever the crew that boards her,
Or the freight she bears away,
She was set afloat as a pleasure-boat,
To carry my soul to-day!
For me are her blue sails spreading,
For me was she launched and manned;
Though I journey away from the river,
Through the slowly darkening land.
She never will reach the palace,
Her sails will never be furled;
She will always lie 'neath a reddening sky,
On the verge of a wonder-world;
And the palace shall vanish never;
And the low sun shall not fail
To light forever the silver river,
The dome, the sky, the sail.

—*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

WEEHAWKEN

1 Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery set,
All we adore of Nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on, when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimates
The breathless moment, when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the waves with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling, like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him.
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of Summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him,—
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

--*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

WEEHAWKEN

Eve o'er our path is stealing fast;
Yon quivering splendors are the last
The sun will fling, to tremble o'er

The waves that kiss the opposing shore;
His latest glories fringe the height
Behind us, with their golden light.

The mountain's mirrored outline fades
Amid the fast-extending shades;
Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,
Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide;
For the great stream a bulwark meet
That laves its rock-encumbered feet.

River and mountain! though to song
Not yet, perchance, your names belong;
Those who have loved your evening hues
Will ask not the recording Muse
What antique tales she can relate
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet, should the stranger ask what lore
Of bygone days this winding shore,
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps, could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy's spell—
The varying legend might rehearse
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod
Oft hath the stalwart warrior trod;
Or peered, with hunter's gaze, to mark
The progress of the glancing bark.
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,
Have lurked in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose,
Here scouted oft her friends and foes

Alternate, through the changeful war
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far;
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,
Fell, in sad feud, her favored son—

Her son, the second of the band,
The Romans of the rescued land.
Where round yon capes the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;
There mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flowed the fair river, free and bright;
The rising mart, and isles, and bay,
Before him in their glory lay—
Scenes of his love and of his fame—
The instant ere the death-shot came.

—*Robert Charles Sands.*

THE OLD WAGON-MARKET

When came I first to Paterson,
 (Full twenty years ago)
 I hied me to its market-place,
 With joy and wonder in my face,
 To gaze upon the show:
But, should you go to Paterson,
 Things are no longer so.

Thick rows of tulips kissed my eyes . . .
 Each little earthen pot
 Tip-tilted there along the curb
 Did all my studied calm disturb,

(As it would yours, I wot!)
O, sit you patient through this tale
And hark you what I got:

I bought me cider in a jug,
I bought me beans and pease;
And every time I wandered there
(In Main Street, by the busy square)
I bought me more than these.
I bought the booths of Amsterdam
In a tulip-glowing frieze.

I bought my way inside a frame,
And posed myself for barter;
And thought of Jan Steen's ribald grin
If he could only take me in
A-spending of my quarter . . .
(The cider-barrel at my feet
Had been for Jan a starter?)

I bought a boy from Hals' gay brush,
So droll, yet cherub-like . . .
I glimpsed behind his mother's skirt
The wooden shoes, the solemn shirt
Of him "who saved the dyke!"
I swear the genial ghost of Hals
Knows always where to strike.

(That mother had a shadowed face,
Too lined with hurts and fears;
And though the other women said
That look was gone when she lay dead,
My memory cheats the years:
In Main Street, where the wagons stood,
I bought the sense-of-tears.)

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

When came I first to Paterson,
 (Ah, me, but I was young!)
 I thought to make some little songs
 About the beauty that belongs
 These streets and mills among;
But when the quaint Dutch market went,
 I left them all unsung . . .

—*Ruth Guthrie Harding*.

PORT NEWARK TERMINAL

In his office on the meadows,
 Looking eastward toward the sea,
There's an engineer a-sitting
 With a blue print on his knee
With an army of employees
 He is hastening on the day
When big ships will come a-sailing
 To the shores of Newark Bay.
 To the shores of Newark Bay
 Where the sea gulls dive and play
 Soon the ships will lie at anchor
 On the waters of the bay.
On the road to Newark Bay,
 Where the old salt meadows lay
And mosquitoes hummed like thunder
 As they swarmed around their prey.

Since the founding of the City
 Ten score years ago and more,
Men have dreamed of this achievement
 Which the future held in store.
Now the plans are all completed

And the work well under way,
There's a city in the making
On the shores of Newark Bay,
Dredging, filling, driving, piling,
Building docks and railroads—Say!
Something doing every minute of the day
Along the Bay.

On the road to Newark Bay
Where the furry musk-rats play
Where the reeds and rushes quiver
And the cat-tails wave and sway.

Down below the pumping station
Where men never trod before,
There's a broad highway a-leading
From the upland to the shore.
They are dredging out a channel
Pumping up the sand and clay,
To reclaim those swampy meadows
On the shores of Newark Bay.
Pumping up the sand and clay
From the bottom of the Bay,
Don't you hear the dredges pumping,
Pumpin', chunckin' every day?

On the road to Newark Bay
Where the slimy mud flats lay,
And the sewage smelled to Heaven
From the ditches 'long the way.

Take a look into the future,
See the smoke like incense rise
To the gods of trade and commerce
From the chimneys to the skies;
From the smoke-stacks of the engines,

Drawing loaded trains away,
From the funnels of the steamers
Sailing proudly up the bay.
And our neighbor 'cross the Hudson,
Looks with envious eyes this way,
As she sees the giant liners
Pass her by for Newark Bay.
On the road to Newark Bay,
See, the ships are on their way,
From the seven seas they're coming
To our docks along the bay.

—*Edward S. Rankin.*

CELEBRATION ODE

I

Great City of our love and pride,
Whose centuried fame is nation-wide,
And wider than the alien seas,
To her we cry "All hail!" and bring
Devotion's gifts the while we swing
Censers of burning loyalties.

She answers in the regnant mood
Of Love's triumphant motherhood,
As round her surge the chants and cheers
Of joyous hosts that celebrate
Her times of eld, her new estate,
Her quarter of a thousand years.

II

The sun in heaven did shine
And all the earth sang "glory."

'Twas Beauty's immemorial sign,
And Nature's annual story.
The woodland birds were all awing;
The hills and vales were rich with bloom;
'Twas Mayday, heyday of the Spring,
And Life's fresh gladness and perfume.

The fairest flower that decks the earth,
In any clime or season,
Is that of a great ideal whose worth
Time proves at the hest of Reason.
'Twas such they brought, in those days of yore,
And planted deep on our Jersey shore,—
A strange new flower whose growth became
Love's healing for the civic frame.

It spread and every dawn was brighter
And every creature obeyed its thrall;
We count the others lesser, slighter—
The Rose of Freedom is worth them all.
The bluebirds know it,
The grasses show it,
The south winds waft it through mart and street;
All else may perish,
'Tis ours to cherish
This Jersey blossom from Robert Treat.

III

Hail Robert Treat the Puritan,
And the brave thirty of his clan!
And that far fair Elizabeth,
Whose feet were first to tread our soil,
A Puritan maid, whose betrothal breath,

Fragrant with legendary grace that knows not death,
Works witchery naught may e'er despoil!

Superior souls were they,
Who, in yon earlier time
Of Oraton's rude Indian sway,
Began this commonwealth sublime.
They laid foundations deep and strong.
The while they built they sang that battle song
The Ironsides chanted at Naseby and Marston Moor,
And all the hosts of freedom shout it forevermore.

The eyes of later sons behold
Their fathers' faith and dreams of old,
Their Puritanism clear and brave,
Love's sterner instrument to save,
Truth's temple built with frame august,
To keep our great committals from the dust.

IV

List to the stir of the minute men!
Hark to the roll of drums
And the tramping of arméd feet!
Lo, the great commander comes—
Washington, leading a great retreat!
Welcome them patriots, now as then!

What soul was his to perceive the stair
From sky down sheer to the Delaware,
And trailing pageantry of light!
What seer of the nearing Christmas night
To hear God's bells through the wintry gloom
Toll out the foeman's doom!

O seven-year fury of war,
For sake of a golden dream!
No whit of Old Glory, or Stripe or Star,
Shall ever bear stain or mar,
While men remember redemption's stream,
And cherish the all-consuming blaze
Of Freedom's holy battle ire—
Those Revolutionary days
When Jersey's blood was fire.

V

O Peace, thou gentle one!
No sound of belching gun
Displays thy heavenly part;
For Beauty's architect thou art.
Thou buildest domes of grace
That catch and echo back
The spirit's joyous singing.
Thy high and sacred place
Is where no tempest's wrack
Its bolts of hate are flinging.

The elements of air and earth!
What willing slaves they fast became
To those new masters! Solid worth
Rose from the dust to shining frame.
Th' expulsive smithy fire,
The mill-wheel's creaking sounds,
Stage-coach, the "Old First" spire,
"The Hunter and the Hounds,"
The workshop, mart and school,
And "Cockloft Hall,"
And Combs and Boyden snapping custom's rule

Across the knees of genius!—History's thrall
Enwraps and brings the glow of worthy pride
To us to whom our fathers' gifts were undenied.

VI

War clouds were wildly gathering.
One rode through the City's Streets,
Under Fate's horoscopes.
Men bowed in awe as he passed—
Lincoln, the hope of a Nation's hopes,
Riding to meet the approaching blast.
O Newark, what memories spring
Out of thy deep heart-beats!

The black storm rolled, surcharged with thunder,
While levin of hate tore the sky asunder;
The earth yawned wide and incarnadine;
Deep hells flared forth where heavens had been;
And Jersey's soul was a sacred cup
Filled unto the brim with patriot blood,
And offered, thank God, sublimely up
For Freedom and Country. And thus she stood,
And thus men marched, her heroes marched—
The ebon sky with light unarched—
And thus the regiments marched, and marched away,
The regiments marched day after day,
While tears were hot upon ashen faces,
And anguish was mistress of love's embraces,
O God! but it was terrible, terrible,—
'Twas part of a Nation's taste of hell,
To be inspirer to oppresséd nations,
Emancipator of future generations.
O City of heroes! Thou didst thy duty well.



Photo by Drew B. Peters, Newark

BROAD STREET AND OLD FIRST CHURCH,
NEWARK

‘That spire, like a finger of faith, always
Points up from the soil
Where the Founders trod,
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
And seems to say in a hopeful way,
“Remember God, remember God!”’

—James H. Tuckley

Beautiful days since then have been—
Days of our golden heritage.
Right is the warrior's master wage;
Peace is the guerdon that freemen win.

VII

What is this with its mighty thunderings
Shaking a city's fundamentals?
This is the voice composite of toil that springs
Out of ten thousand fiery vents.
This is the roar of a city's industrial life,
Throb of her engines, whirr of her wheels,
Furnace and dynamo, traffic and artistry rife,
Strenuous giant that rages and reels
Backward and forward with passion cyclonic strained,
Lifting gigantic arms and hands
Glutted with products, by sweat and by sinew gained,
Offered to native and alien lands.

Wise men who follow Love's starry frame,
Here in this modern age,
See where it hovers now
Sheer over smokestack and belching of flame,
Greet Right's increasing wage,
Unto his triumphs bow.

VIII

Queen City of Industry!
And whence doth wisdom come?
Never a mortal son,
Only the Thronéd One
Is great enough for thee
And all thy radiant future's sum.

Thy sires immortal on heights above
Chant Vision's increasing strain,—
'Tis God alone has the right to reign,
Since He is the Lord of Love.

The discords of drudgery turn to melodious measures
That fill the machinery of toil;
Faith's song of emancipation, time's chiefest of
treasures,
Ascends out of life's turmoil.
The heart of the quickening world rejoices;
Democracy's prophets command, "Make way!"
While Wealth and Labor, with federate voices,
Proclaim the Earth's New Day,
And all the hosts of service spring
Up the steep slopes of righteousness,
To answer Justice with loud "Yes,"
To answer Love as 'twere their King.

IX

Out of the marshes she proudly rises,
Greeting her Golden Age;
Civic symbol of Art's emprises,
Liberty's heritage,
Triumph of Industry, Glory of Miracle,
Facing the Future's alluring spell.

Set all the whistles blowing!
Set all the flags a-flying!
Cheer her predestined majesty!
Chant her apocalypse!
Up to her feet the sea is flowing;
Thousands of eager ships are lying

Waiting her on the invaded sea;
Hers are the sea and the ships.
Blow, whistles blow! Wave flags unfurled!
Newark belongs to the world.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen.*

THE SMITHY OF GOD

A Chant

I

[*A bold, masculine chant.*]

I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men,—
Here at a smithy God wrought, and flung
Earthward, down to this rolling shore,
God's mighty hammer I have swung,
With crushing blows that thunder and roar,
And delicate taps, whose echoes have rung
Softly to heaven and back again;
Here I labor, forging men.
Out of my smithy's smouldering hole,
As I forge a body and mould a soul,
The jangling clangors ripplewise roll.

[*The voice suggests the noises of the city.*]

Clang, as a hundred thousand feet
Tap-tap-tap down the morning street,
And into the mills and factories pour,
Like a narrowed river's breathing roar.

Clang, as two thousand whistles scream
Their seven-in-the-morning's burst of steam,
Brass-throated Sirens, calling folk
To the perilous breakers of din and smoke.
Clang, as ten thousand vast machines
Pound and pound, in their pulsed routines,
Throbbing and stunning, with deafening beat,
The tiny humans lost at their feet.

Clang, and the whistle and whirr of trains,
Rattle of ships unleashed of their chains,
Fire-gongs, horse-trucks' jolts and jars,
Traffic-calls, milk-carts, droning cars . . .

[*A softer strain.*]

Clang, and a softer shiver of noise
As school-bells summon the girls and boys;
And a mellower tone, as the churches ring
A people's reverent worshipping.

[*Still more softly and drowsily, the last line
whispered.*]

Clang, and clang, and clang, and clang,
Till a hundred thousand tired feet
Drag-drag-drag down the evening street,
And gleaming the myriad street-lights hang;
The far night-noises dwindle and hush,
The city quiets its homing rush;
The stars glow forth with a silent sweep,
As hammer and hammered drowse asleep . . .
Softly I sing to heaven again,
I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men.

II

[*Antichorus, with restrained bitterness, and notes of wailing and sorrow.*]

You are Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men . . .
You take God's children, and forge a race
Unhuman, exhibiting hardly a trace
Of Him and His loveliness in their face.
Counterfeiting his gold with brass,
Blanching the roses, scorching the grass,
Filling with hatred and greed the whole,
Shrivelling the body, withering the soul.

What have you done with the lift of youth,
As they bend in the mill, and bend in the mill?
Where have you hidden beauty and truth,
As they bend in the mill?
Where is the spirit seeking the sky,
As they stumble and fall, stumble and fall?
What is life, if the spirit die,
As they stumble and fall?

[*With bitter resignation.*]

Clang, and the strokes of your hammer grind
Body and spirit, courage and mind;
Smith of the devil, well may you be
Proud of your ghastly forgery;
Dare you to speak to heaven again,
Newark, Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men?

III

[Beginning quietly, gathering certainty.]

I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men.
Well I know that the metal must glow
With a scorching, searing heat;
Well I know that blood must flow,
And floods of sweat, and rivers of woe;
That underneath the beat
Of the hammer, the metal will writhe and toss;
That there will be much and much of loss
That has to be sacrificed,
Before I can forge body and soul
That can stand erect and perfect and whole
In the sight of Christ.

[Sadly and somberly.]

My hammer is numb to sorrows and aches,
My hammer is blind to the ruin it makes,
My hammer is deaf to shriek and cry
That ring till they startle water and sky.

And sometimes with me the vision dims
At the sight of bent backs and writhing limbs;
And sometimes I blindly err, and mistake
The perfect glory I must make.

[Rising to a song of exultant triumph.]

But still I labor and bend and toil,
Shaping anew the stuff I spoil;
And out of the smothering din and grime
I forge a city for all time:

A city beautiful and clean,
With wide sweet avenues of green,
With gracious homes and houses of trade,
Where souls as well as things are made.
I forge a people fit to dwell
Unscathed in the hottest heart of hell,
And fit to shine, erect and straight,
When we shall see His kingdom come
On earth, over all of Christendom,—
And I stand up, shining and great,
Lord of an unforeseen estate.
Then I will cry, and clearly then,
I am Newark, forger of men.

—*Clement Wood.*

THE CITY OF HERITAGE

Down where the swift Passaic
Flows on to the placid bay,
Where the marshes stretch to the restless sea,
And the green hills cling in the mountain's lee,
There the sad-eyed Lenni-Lenape
Unchallenged held their sway.

Gentlest of all their neighbors,
Proud race of the Delaware,
They lived in the land where their fathers dwelt,
They killed the game and they cured the pelt,
And marked the blue in the wampum belt—
The purple and blue so rare.

When day tripped over the meadows
Fresh as a maiden trim,

They skirted the trails where the black swamps lie,
They notched the cedars to guide them by,
And wandered free as the birds that fly
Beyond the river's rim.

But few were the moons that silvered
The mountain's hoary side,
When over the banks where the waters foam,
Over the fields where they loved to roam,
Into the heart of their forest home
They watched the pale-face stride.

Unconquered, and loth to conquer,
They hid the arrow and bow;
The mat was spread for the honored guest;
They hung bright beads on the stranger's breast,
And mutely, singing, they bade him rest
Before the camp-fire's glow.

The suns of a hundred noondays
Blazed down on river and hill,
And the pale-face walked in the red-man's land;
A pious, fearless and strong-souled band,
For home and for country they took their stand,
And served God with a will.

Where the waters gleamed in splendor,
And the meadows glistened green,
They founded a town with an English name;
Their sternness shielded it like a flame,
And woe to the creature of sloth or shame
Who dared let himself be seen!

They founded the house of learning;
They built them the place of trade;
They guarded their laws by the force of might—
The laws that they held as a free man's right;
And first to pray, they were first to fight
When foemen stood arrayed.

And staunch were their children's children,
Brave men of a stalwart breed,
Who fought for the land where their fathers fought,
And kept the faith that was dearly bought,
That a brother-man, in the shackles caught,
Forever might be freed.

And into the growing city
Poured German and Celt and Scot,
All seeking the land of the sore-oppressed—
The land that all free-born souls had blest,
And put of their manhood's brawny best
Into the melting pot.

The moccasined feet have padded
Into the silence vast,
And the smoke-stacks belch where the camp-fires
glowed,
Yet the white man reaps what the red man sowed
For the friendliness to the stranger showed
Shall live while the town shall last.

Unfearing, true and sturdy,
The Puritan left his mark;
Though he sleeps beneath the grassy sod,
Though a million feet o'er his bones have trod,
Yet he leaves his faith and his love of God
To light men through the dark.

The soldier's battles are over;
His deeds but a written page!
Now the living pass by his low green tent,
But the patriot fires of a young life spent,
And a country whole from a country rent
He leaves to a future age.

The toiler that strove and builded,
And into the furnace hurled
Not coals alone, but his hopes and dreams,
Has lighted a beacon that ever gleams,—
While ships that sail on a hundred streams
Shall bear his gifts to the world.

Then rise to your heritage, Newark!
It cannot be swept away
Like chaff by the sullen north winds blown,
Or barren seed that is lightly sown,
For out of the past has the present grown—
The city men love to-day!

—*Anna Blake Mezquida.*

NEWARK'S MORNING SONG

At morn she rises early, as a busy city should
That spends the hours of daylight in the game of "Mak-
ing Good."
Across the misty meadows she watches for the sun,
For worlds of work are waiting, and there's wonders to
be done.
She takes a bit of breakfast, she dons her gingham
frocks,

Then sits before her keyboard, with her eyes upon the
clock;

And when the hands point seven, then loud and joyfully
She plays her morning anthem on her steam calliope.

From Belleville down to Waverly, from Bloomfield to
the Bay,

She fills the morn with music as her chimes and sirens
play.

The piping trebles start the song, the tenors catch her
air,

The altos add their mellow notes, the brassy bassos
blare;

Their thousand voices blend at last in one great living
chord

Of toil and usefulness and peace—a sound to please the
Lord!

Listen, O music lovers; was ever heard, think ye,
A nobler tune than Newark's on her steam calliope?

Now dawns a mighty era in the tale of her career,
Now golden comes the sunrise of a new and glorious
year;

And, just as in the old days, her morning sirens call,
“Up! Rouse you up, my children! There is happiness
for all!”

Yes, at this New Year's advent her whistles fill the morn
As sound of heralds' trumpets when a new world-king
is born;

And the magic of her music shall set the thousands free
Who follow to the calling of her steam calliope!

—Leonard H. Robbins.

BROAD STREET

(1666-1916)

When lilacs bloom in urban bowers,
Sweet harbingers of summer hours,
And cherry-blossoms lightly fall
Like snowflakes by the garden wall;
When robins hide in apple-trees,
And pansies nod in every breeze,
And like cathedrals, tall and grand,
Our hoary elms majestic stand,
While underneath the current flows
Of human joys and human woes,
Then seems the street a mighty stream
On which we mortals drift and dream.
Here toiled the Fathers in the fields,
Where earth her truest treasure yields,
And here the Sons, with reverent eyes,
Behold a royal harvest rise.
Yet ever, 'neath the starry cope,

The radiant barges Love and Hope
Move side by side with Grief and Care,
And all the flotsam of Despair.
In vain the pilots seek to force
Their way against the current's course,
And where they're bound, or whence they came,
Nor sage, nor bard can ever name.
And none of all the fleets that glide
Along the weird and heaving tide
Turn back their prows or ever teach
What Port the later Pilgrims reach.

—Augustus Watters.

THE COAL YARD

The night was hushed and the street was dark;
Dimly came the flicker of the lone pale arc.
And dreary from the corner, a chill wind stole,
Huddling past the desolate yards of coal.

But while I peered at the yards of gloom
And saw how the heaps lay dark as doom,
I heard a crackle and I heard a roar—
And the black piled coal was seen no more!—
Night was shattered—and Time in the street
Fell into fragments about my feet!

I saw before me how the forests towered,
How the fronds and the ferns and the creepers flowered;
I saw the jungles of gigantic grasses;
I saw the waving of the monstrous masses;
And the looping mosses and the crowding spores!—
I watched how the greenery leaps and pours
Down from the branches in a rich green blaze,
Flooding on the tangle of the riotous maze!
But more than this, I could feel the heat
Soak on the forest and simmer and beat!
I spied dim swamps and I spied wide lakes,
Where hissed and threaded the huge red snakes;
I saw the lizard and Okapi lunge;
And the rearing Brontosaurus thrash and plunge!
But while they were battling in the bellowing din,
I heard a peal and a crash begin:
Earthquakes weltered and convulsions tore—
I heard Chaos dance—I heard Chaos roar—
The deafening jungles were hurled down deep—

Earth closed over. . . . Then in one swift sweep,
Burying forest and beast and tree,
Years came flooding like a wild white sea!

Again I stood in the hush of night
Underneath the flicker of the lone pale light;
And I gazed at jungles and their fronds and ferns—
Jungles of foliage in a heat that burns—
Jungles with sunlight and beasts,—the whole
Huddled and crowded into pieces of coal!

—*Louis Ginsberg*,

THE CITY-PARK

A haven in a stormy sea,
A sweet oasis and a nook,
It nestles in the noisy streets,
A lyric in a prosy book.

And green and mossy like a stone,
That dozes by the river side,
It never heeds the pour of crowds,
Foaming along in endless tide!

—*Louis Ginsberg*

A CITY STREET IN SUMMER*

It stumbles, numbed and prostrate,
Drugged with the sticky heat,
This pounded city highway,
This surging city-street.

Perhaps in weary stupor,
It dreams, but all in vain,

* Courtesy of the Argosy.

To be a drowsy byway,
A straggling country lane.

To listen in the dawning,
To listen, hearing long,
A bird, that drips with sunset,
Uncoil its colored song. . . .

To feel again the fervor
Of earth that leaps through roots
To eloquence of blossoms
And eloquence of fruits.

Till lo, each wayside hedge is
A torch that flares about—
A flaming bush of Beauty,
Whence God is crying out!

—*Louis Ginsberg.*

PROMETHEUS IN JERSEY

The early winter dusk comes down
With chilling rain and whimpering gust,
And this that was a friendly town
Is changed to shadows and distrust.
What though behind the pines and oaks
Wait hearts and hearths that conquer gloom?
The trees within their misty cloaks
Seem graybeards prophesying doom!

Yet suddenly a yellow light
Goes dancing through the drip and haze
As if a star had left its height
To free these night-beleaguered ways!

And see how many a golden lamp
From windows lost in dusk and dream
Sends forth across the murk and damp
Its answer to the rallying gleam!

Say not: "Prometheus is bound!"
But ask this youth of Tuscan name
Who bears his torch upon its round
From what far sun he stole his flame!
For though no god in him you mark
He is of Titan blood no less
Who hurls against the hostile dark
A thousand spears of friendliness!

Daniel Henderson.

MONTCLAIR

Dear lovely mountain town, farewell,
Though we, alas, must part,
Thy landscape beauties long shall dwell
Like memories in my heart.

As some lone river onward flows
To seek a restful sea,
So shall my spirit seek repose
In restful dreams of thee.

Though far in distant lands I roam,
A haunted wanderer there,
I'll think of thee, my boyhood's home,
Cool mountain-browed Montclair.

I love thy crags and purple hills,
Thy views of distant seas,

Thy fruitful vines of whispering rills,
Thy groves of murmuring trees.

How oft I trod thy woodland vales,
Along thy shaded streams,
A hunter lost 'midst gameless dales,
In boyhood's land of dreams.

Though Time may blight life's youthful hopes,
Fond Memory's fancies fair
Shall twine rich garlands round thy slopes,
Proud mountain town, Montclair!

—Larry Chittenden.

ELIZABETH

Not in a night it rose—no careless labor
Has given us this city of our love;
Our fathers took the wilderness for neighbor,
And laid with skill and care
Its first foundation there.

Not in a night it rose to strength and power;
Men held their own against a land aflame.
They built our stronghold in a lurid hour;
On the red forge of war
They wrought the steel therefor.

Not in a day it rose—with faith that failed not,
Our fathers planned a city for their sons.
Who is it that may say their faith availed not?
Seeing to-day how great
Our pride in our estate.

—Theodosia Garrison.

THE TOWN*

(For Morristown, New Jersey)

I

Men loved not Athens in her maiden days
More tenderly than these their tree-lined Town
Which, lacking Muses for a wider praise,
Lives in their hearts in still and sweet renown.
The market square, the wagons in the dawn,
The streets like music when their names are said,
The Sunday spire, the green, untrammelled lawn,—
These be the things on which their hearts are fed.

And one long street climbs slowly to a hill
That lifts her crosses for the Town to see
How sleep those quiet neighbors, townsmen still,
How there is peace for such as weary be—
And as they come, each like a sleepy guest,
She takes them, one by one, and gives them rest.

II

Sunday Morning

A thoughtful quiet lies upon the street,
There is a hushed suspension on the air,
And the slow bells summon unhurried feet
To dim reclosures kept for praise and prayer.
Drawn blinds have shut the merchant's wares away,
Where two by two the goodly folk go by,
Out of their toilsome days into this day
Of special airs beneath a special sky.

* From *Ships in Harbour*, by David Morton, Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

A little while, and all at last are gone;
The streets are stilled of passers up and down;
Only the pealing bells toll on and on,—
Till these, too, cease, and all the silent Town,
In street, and roof, and spire, and grassy sod,
Lies steeped in sunlight, smiling back at God.

III

In April

The way of Spring with little steepled towns
Is such a shy, transforming sorcery
Of special lights and swift, incredible crowns,
That grave men wonder how such things may be.
No friendly spire, no daily-trodden way
But somehow alters in the April air,
Grown dearer still, on some enchanted day,
For shining garments they have come to wear.

The way the spring comes to our Town is such
That something quickens in the hearts of men,
Turning them lovers at its subtle touch,
Till they must lift their heads again—again—
As lovers do, with frank, adoring eyes,
Where the long street of lifted steeples lies.

IV

Watchers

I think those townsmen sleeping on the hill,
Are never careless how the Town may fare,

But jealous of her quiet beauty still,
Her ways and worth are things for which they care:
For shuttered house, and gateways and the grass,
And how the streets, tree-bordered all and cool,
Are still a pleasant way for folk to pass:
Men at their work and children home from school.

I cannot doubt that they are pleased to see
Their planted elms grown dearer year by year:
Their living witness unto such as we . . .
And they are less regretful when they hear
Some name we speak, some tale we tell again,
Of days when they were warm and living men.

V

Acknowledgment

These morning streets, the lawns of windy grass,
And spires that wear the sunlight like a crown,
The square where busy, happy people pass:
The living soul that lights the little Town,—
These have been shining beauty for my mind,
And joy, and friendship, and a tale to tell,
And these have been a presence that is kind,
A quiet music and a healing well.

Men who were lovers in the olden time,
Who praised the beauty of bright hair and brow,
And left a little monument of rhyme,—
Wrought not more tenderly than I would, now,
To turn some changing syllables of praise
For her whose quiet beauty fills my days.

VI

The Townsman

Here would I leave some subtle part of me,
A moving presence through the friendly Town,
Abiding still, and happy still to be
Where thoughtful men pass daily up and down;—
An essence stirring on the ways they fare,
Haunting the drifted sunlight where they go,
Till one might mark a Something on the air,
Most near and kind—though why, he would not
know.

Happy, if it may chance, where two shall meet,
Pausing to pass the friendly, idle word,
In the hushed twilight of the evening street,
I might stand by a secret, silent Third,—
Most happy listener, if I hear them tell
How, with the Town—and them—it still is well.

—*David Morton.*

BOONTON*

I know a bright world of snowy hills at Boonton,
A blue and white dazzling light on everything one
sees,
The ice-covered branches of the hemlocks sparkle
Bending low and twinkling in the sharp thin breeze,
And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-
crust
With the winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from
the trees.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

MAIN STREET*

I like to look at the blossomy track of the moon upon
the sea,
But it isn't half so fine a sight as Main Street used to be
When it all was covered over with a couple of feet of
snow,
And over the crisp and radiant road the ringing sleighs
would go.

Now, Main Street bordered with autumn leaves, it was
a pleasant thing,
And its gutters were gay with dandelions early in the
Spring;
I like to think of it white with frost or dusty in the
heat,
Because I think it is humaner than any other street.

A city street that is busy and wide is ground by a
thousand wheels,
And a burden of traffic on its breast is all it ever feels:
It is dully conscious of weight and speed and of work
that never ends,
But it cannot be human like Main Street, and recognize
its friends.

There were only about a hundred teams on Main Street
in a day,
And twenty or thirty people, I guess, and some children
out to play.
And there wasn't a wagon or buggy, or a man or a girl
or a boy

* From *Poems, Letters and Essays*, by Joyce Kilmer. Copyright
George H. Doran Company, Publishers, 1918.

That Main Street didn't remember, and somehow seem
to enjoy.

The truck and the motor and trolley car and the ele-
vated train

They make the weary city street reverberate with pain:
But there is yet an echo left deep down within my
heart

Of the music the Main Street cobblestones made
beneath a butcher's cart.

God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the
sky,

That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I
have to die.

Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly
Crown,

But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaven-
town.

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

THE CANAL-BOAT PILOT, RETIRED*

Lazily floating between the green hills,

Wheat-field and meadows,—oh, might I be
Back in those days on the old Raritan,

Up from the Delaware through to the sea!
Dreaming away the long slow hours

From earliest dawn till the sun goes down,
Gliding by Princeton and glimpsing the towers,
Then under the bridges of Brunswick town!

—*Harrington Green.*

* By permission of the Princeton University Press.

PRINCETON

Reposeful spot horizoned by the stress
Of thunderous cities! Here stern Nature seems
One verdurous peace, an atmosphere of dreams,
With ever-lilting languorous caress.
Yet everywhere a laborous mightiness,
A fine vibration, youthly anvilled, streams,—
Felt music, muted clangor, wisdom's themes
Turning to vantage for the world's redress.

This is the armory of intellect
Where swords of thought are wrought for lords of
 strife,
The while th' enfreedomed spirit beats down
 brawn
On the last lines of darkness, stands erect,
Grasping the vision of dominion life,
And cries, "The Day!" across the reddening
 dawn.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen.*

GIFTS*

Princeton—1912

Three things would I bring to you,
Bring as a man to his mother returning;
A heart that is young despite the years;
The same old unfulfilled yearning;
And all in all, let be what would,
The keen, swift faith that God is good.

* By permission of the Princeton University Press.

For these things do I owe to you,
Taught me once when I was a boy;
And only the poor in heart forget
In graver times what they knew in joy,
Or think since their own small world is sad,
That the heart of the world is aught but glad.

Love of towers I learned from you,
Skyward held like hopes of men;
Love of bells across the fields
Heard at dusk intoned—and then
Just the way a yellow light
Fell from a window in the night.

The world is a world of truth, I know,
And man must live by the truth, or die;
But truth is neither a poor dried thing
Nor a strumpet, tawdry, gorgeous lie;
But just the fact, that by doing and giving,
Young dreams come true while a man is living.

So I would bring three gifts to you,
Got from you by loving and learning;
A heart that is young despite the years;
The same old unfulfilled yearning;
And all in all, let be what would,
The keen, swift faith that God is good.

—*Struthers Burt.*

PRINCETON—FEBRUARY, 1916*

She sleeps like some old town with guarded gate.
Was ever footfall quick or shouting shrill?

* By permission of the Princeton University Press.

Her lazy laughter drowns; it is late;
The windows darken and the streets are still.

Outside, the frozen air which no bells break
Of nasal clangor or of fragile chime,—
Only, to speed the Winter, faint clocks wake,
Lest we may fear his finger upon Time.

But now the sounds of mirth and music cease,
Have we no ears for anything but mirth?
How should we hope for quietude or peace,
Where learning lives and human souls find birth?

Our town is dark with struggle; fierce and sweet
We catch the echoing of eager cries,
As generations press along the street,
Young and half-seeing with bewildered eyes.

—Edmund Wilson, Jr.

PRINCETON—1917*

I

*Here Freedom stood, by slaughtered friend and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them, to wait that future, side by side.*

II

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dog-wood red and white,
And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fill with light,

* By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law,
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of Old Nassau.

III

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where redcoats used to pass;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plow.

IV

Through this May night if one great ghost should
stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battles smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their hosts are linked at last.

V

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue,
Where those dim lilacs wave,
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave,

Then with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword,
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man :
"Hasten Thy Kingdom, Lord.

VI

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars
Takes life, takes form, from thee ;
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one."

VII

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,
With eyes like stars upon the brave night-air,
And young as when they died,
To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
Ring for the world's release.
They see you piercing like gray swords through
flowers,
And smile from souls at peace.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

PRINCETON

Changed with the passing years, yet still the same,
Old Princeton standing lonely on the hill,
If lonely it can be, about whose walls
Cluster undying memories of men !

I mount the winding road, while overhead
Hangs in a starlit sky the silent moon;
The welcome chill of autumn fills the air;
Lofty, majestic, gray, serene and still,
A Gothic tower rises through the night;
Behind, the campus lies with whispering elms.

This quiet, little corner of the world,
With time-worn buildings, and its memories
Of honored men who labored here a while,
Has now become, beneath the hand of Time,
A silent window of Eternity,
Through which men see the Universal shine,
Transmuting common things with its still touch
Until they gleam like stars of changeless truth.

Here we were taught by men and Gothic towers
Democracy and faith and righteousness
And love of unseen things that do not die.

—*Herbert Edward Mierow.*

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,—
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade.



Photo by R. M. Lowden, Burlington

BIRTHPLACES OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER AND
JAMES LAWRENCE BURLINGTON

‘Great souls are born on
little streets.’

—Thomas Dunn English

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

—*Philip Freneau.*

MONMOUTH*

Ladies, in silks and laces,
Lunching with lips agleam,
Know you aught of the places
Yielding such fruit and cream?

South from your harbor-islands
Glisten the Monmouth hills;
There are the ocean highlands,
Lowland meadows and rills.

Berries in field and garden,
Trees with their fruitage low,
Maidens (asking your pardon)
Handsome as cities show.

Know you that, night and morning,
A beautiful water-fay,
Covered with strange adorning,
Crosses your rippling bay?

Her sides are white and sparkling;
She whistles to the shore;
Behind, her hair is darkling,
And the waters part before.

* From Stedman's *Complete Poems*, Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lightly the waves she measures
Up to the wharves of the town;
There, unlading her treasures,
Lovingly puts them down.

Come with me, ladies; cluster
Here on the western pier;
Look at her jewels' lustre,
Changed with the changing year!

First of the months to woo her,
June his strawberries flings
Over her garniture,
Bringing her exquisite things;

Rifling his richest casket;
Handed her, everywhere,
Garnets in crate and basket;
Knowing she soon will wear

Blackberry jet and lava,
Raspberries ruby-red,
Trinkets that August gave her,
Over her toilet spread.

After such gifts have faded,
Then the peaches are seen—
Coral and ivory braided,
Fit for an Indian queen.

And September will send her,
Proud of his wealth, and bold,
Melons glowing in splendor,
Emeralds set with gold.

So she glides to the Narrows,
Where the forts are astir:
Her speed is a shining arrow's!
Guns are silent for her.

So she glides to the ringing
Bells of the belfried town,
Kissing the wharves, and flinging
All of her jewels down.

Whence she gathers her riches,
Ladies, now would you see?
Leaving your city niches,
Wander awhile with me.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

OCEAN GROVE HYMN

God of the Grove, where leaves of green
Are brilliant in the golden light,
Where bright skies looking down between
Smile on us through the silent night—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Walk through our walks at Ocean Grove.

God of the lakes, where soft winds blow,
And waters laugh beneath the sun,
Where maidens sing and children row,
Where age and youth melt into one—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Be on our lakes at Ocean Grove.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

God of the beach, whose ocean air
Gives zest to life and rest to all,
While we such earthly blessings share,
O let Thy spirit on us fall—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Brood o'er the beach at Ocean Grove.

God of the sea, where tempests sweep,
And stormy billows lash the land,
Who measurest the awful deep,
As in the hollow of Thy hand—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Command the sea at Ocean Grove.

God of the land and of the sea,
God of the human heart and will,
Whatever may or may not be,
O may we in thy hands be still—
Then sink into thy matchless love,
And all be pure at Ocean Grove.

—*Ellwood H. Stokes.*

THE CITY AND THE SEA

Struck like a blur of gold across the night,
A stretch of quivering light,
Shines the gay city by the sombre sea,
Flaunting her splendor to the very edge
Of that dim, pulsing, far-spread mystery;
Cutting the darkness with her gleaming wedge,
And flinging to his vastness, face to face,

The futile challenge of her insolent grace—
Her tawdry crown, her fleeting sovereignty.
Round her bright robe his swirling waters spin,
And crouched in mockery, fain to rend or greet,
With leonine murmur the strong tides creep in,
As fawning to her dancing, glittering feet.

Ever to pierce his changing mood she strives,
His scornful, turbulent pride, his soul indrawn;
She, foster-mother of uncounted lives,
He, guardian of life's dim portentous dawn,
Hoary, yet ever young;
Mate of the ancient midnight, lord of days
Past memory—unimagined and unsung—
When the vast waters parted from the lands
In hissing trails of mist, and through the haze
Eyes of stupendous creatures shone like stars.

There, vaguely, with her shifting brood, she stands.
Wistful, behind the bars
That shut her soul from his; and he, at play,
Touches her shores with long white wandering
 hands,
Then draws them back along the shining sands,
Musingly, day by day;
Or, answering to the sudden tempest, breaks
In spume of giant wrath, and rearing, shakes
Around her trembling pageantry of light
The thunders of his old unconquered might.

—*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

Atlantic City.

JUBILEE SONG

All hail to Atlantic! This festival 'wakens

The memories of days ere your virtues were known.
When you 'rose like a goddess from out the blue ocean,

And moved like a queen to your sceptre and throne;
All hail to the fathers whose faith made this fruitage!

All hail to the mothers who toiled at your birth!
All hail to their sons who have garnered the harvest!
All hail to their daughters, the fairest of earth.

Then throw to the breezes your banners and
streamers;

March to the drum of the resonant sea.

Down the broad street 'neath the columns and
arches,

Move to the strains of the glad jubilee.

Exultant to-day as you gather your laurels,

No city of fable can with you compare.

The waves of the sea are the folds of your garments,
The sun-tinted clouds are the strands of your hair.

The city of Helen, by Homer exalted,

The glory of Carthage—the world at her knee—
The splendor of Venice, though long since departed,
Must yield to your claims, thou fair Queen of the Sea.

Then throw to the breezes your banners and
streamers;

March to the drum of the resonant sea.

Down the broad street 'neath the columns and
arches,

Move to the strains of the glad jubilee.

June, 1904.

—James North.

THE TREES OF HADDONFIELD

I sing of Haddonfield, West Jersey's town
Whose name was ancient when the British George
Flung Hessian tools and stalwart English blood
Across the ocean leagues to his far lands
That blazed in red rebellion; Tories fawned
In Penn's green country town on this great host
And, stooping, begged their Excellencies' wish.

The Winter passed in revelry and song,
And all the captured city's windows burned,
While hall and tavern throbbed with mellow mirth;
But, past the English outposts, Valley Forge
Shrank in an iron Winter's harsh embrace,
Its loyal legions looking o'er the snow,
Torn by the double foes of want and cold.

Then turned the tides of war and eastward fled
The foe to troop-ships at the Hudson's mouth;
Through sylvan Haddonfield arms and the men
Thronged the King's Highway, labeled then as now,
Under some pleasant trees that have outlived
The fleeing enemy and valiant friend;
Beneath their branches floated battle flags
Stained with defeat to travel overseas,
Leaving behind an empire and a flag. . . .

The sap stirred in these trees a hundred Springs,
And in their shade men talked and trooped to wars;
Long afterward, nearby, a temple reared
Whose screen flashed moving films of battletides
Of puppet regiments on peaceful fields,
While o'er the roof the trees' great branches tossed

As though in anger at this hollow show,
And would recall from out the years a scene
To render pitiful this mimic fray,
When in the dust-clouds of retreating foes
Faded the royal hopes of high emprise.

Again beneath the lordly trees there swims
The crimson flag of England last descried
Fading afar above the sullen lines;
But now, allied in Freedom's holy cause,
On swirling motor cars the colors swim—
The starry banner and the Union Jack.

—*Thomas J. Murray.*

THE LIVING SEA*

How like the city is unto the sea:
The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats
In restless surges through the noisy streets,
Swayed by the master tide of energy.
How many derelicts, long morn to morn,
Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave—
The flotsam and the jetsam of the pave—
Deserted, rudderless and tempest-torn.
Here move great argosies with gold and bales,
Staunch ships that dare the cunning currents' might,
And through their long procession dart the light,
Swift pleasure craft with sun-emblazoned sails.
Yet, am I minded only of one thing—
How much—how much these smiling waters drown.
Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down,
Unhailed, unsignalled and unsignalling!

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

* From *Joy o' Life and Other Poems*, copyright 1909 by Mitchell Kennerley.

A CITY VOICE*

Outside here in the city the burning pavements lie,
There's heat and grime and blown black dust to help
the day go by,

There's the groaning of the city like a goaded, beaten
beast;—

I know a place where God's great trees go up to meet
His sky

Like an army green with banners; and a happy wind,
released,
Goes swinging like a merry child among the branches
high.

Outside here in the city there's a poison in the air—
The fevered, heavy hand o' heat that smites and may
not spare;

There's little comfort in the night—there's torment
in the day;—

I know a place where cool and deep the quiet lake lies
bare,

All day about its shaded brink the wild birds dart
and play,
And willows dip their finger-tips like dainty ladies
there.

O, the heart of me is hungering for my own, own place,
I'm tortured with the slaying heat, the dizzy headlong
race.

O, for the soft, cold touch of grass about my tired
feet,
The breath of pine and cedar blown against my weary
face,

* From *Earth Cry and Other Poems*, copyrighted 1909 by Mitchell Kennerley.

The lip-lap of the water like a little song and sweet,
And God's green trees and God's blue skies above me
for a space.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

THE IDEAL CITY

'Tis not in numbers that a city's great:
The population of the Attic town
Is quite forgotten now; but what came down
Is Sophocles portraying love and hate;
The life of Socrates and his sad fate;
Praxiteles bidding marble smile or frown;
Demosthenes denouncing Philip's crown;
And Plato's vision of the perfect state.

'Tis not for numbers that a town should cope:
For Babylon, not Athens, follows then,
And Babylon we know but by its fall;
No, not in numbers let us place our hope,
But in the large heart of the citizen
Who sacrifices self to succor all.

—*Albert E. Trombly.*

V. BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS

*"So the dreamer dreams, but there follows after
The mighty epic of steel and stone."*

—Berton Braley.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT*

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken
and black.

I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always
stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with
nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are
such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and
sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were,
I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes
of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a
scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should
be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living
inside.
If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid,
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and
spade.

* From *Poems, Letters and Essays*, by Joyce Kilmer, Copyright by
George H. Doran, Publisher, 1918.

I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give
it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window
and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block
in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad
and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never
known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a
house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and
his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his
stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your
eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and
looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the
shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house
with a broken heart.

—Joyce Kilmer.

OLD HOUSES

The gray old houses are hooded women peering
From sloping trowsled bonnets of garrets hung awry;
The gray old houses dream that they are hearing
Voices of their children in the years gone by.

With dim glazed eyes of windows they are staring,
Thinking of a father when broken was his pride;
And while they brood, they wonder where are faring
Lovers that kissed and the girls that cried.

What tales and Romances are dozing and are dreaming
About the broken hearth within the musty gloom?
What stories of loving and quarrelling and scheming
Huddle with their memories to crowd each room?

So hushed they stand, like hooded women peering,—
These worn old houses that always dream and sigh;
And like old mothers, they brood and stare at hearing
Voices of the vanished in the years gone by!

—*Louis Ginsberg.*

Grantwood.

THE OLD MILL

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door;
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

Passaic.

THE UNFINISHED WORK

The crowd was gone, and to the side
Of Borglum's Lincoln, deep in awe,
I crept. It seemed a mighty tide
Within those aching eyes I saw.

"Great heart," I said, "why grieve away?
The battle's ended, and the shout
Shall ring forever and a day,—
Why sorrow yet, or darkly doubt?"

"Freedom," I plead, "so nobly won
For all mankind, and equal right,

Shall with the ages travel on
Till time shall cease, and day be night."

No answer—then; but up the slope,
With broken gait, and hands in clench,
A toiler came, bereft of hope,
And sank beside him on the bench.

—*Joseph Fulford Fo'som.*

ONE OF OUR PRESIDENTS

He sits there on the low, rude, backless bench,
With his tall hat beside him, and one arm
Flung, thus, across his knee. The other hand
Rests, flat, palm downward, by him on the seat.
So Æsop may have sat; so Lincoln did.
For all the sadness in the sunken eyes,
For all the kingship in the uncrowned brow,
The great form leans so friendly, father-like,
It is a call to children. I have watched
Eight at a time swarming upon him there,
All clinging to him—riding upon his knees,
Cuddling between his arms, clasping his neck,
Perched on his shoulders, even on his head;
And one small, play-stained hand I saw reached up
And laid most softly on the kind bronze lips
As if it claimed them. These were the children
Of foreigners we call them, but not so
They call themselves; for when we asked of one,
A restless dark-eyed girl, who this man was,
She answered straight, "One of our Presidents."

"Let all the winds of hell blow in our sails,"
I thought, "thank God, thank God the ship rides
true!"

—*Wendell Phillips Stafford.*

LINCOLN STILL LIVES

This mask of bronze cannot conceal his heart;
The lips once eloquent here speak again;
The kindly eyes, where tears were wont to start,
Look out once more upon the haunts of men.

His image fits no dim cathedral aisle,
Nor leafy shade, nor pedestal upraised,
But here, where playful children rest awhile
Upon his knees, whom all the nations praised.

Great in his strength, yet winsome as a child,
Quick to his touch the childlike heart responds,
As when his mighty hands, all undefiled,
From little dark-hued limbs struck off the bonds.

O Death, unerring as your arrows be,
High as the hills your hecatombs of slain,
Against this Son of Immortality,
O shame-faced Death, you sped your shaft in
vain.

—*Charles Mumford.*

THE SILENT MESSAGE

City of throbbing wheels and marts,
Where thrive all nations and all arts,
What cheer, what cheer brings in this year,



Photo by Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark

THE BORGLUM LINCOLN, NEWARK

'This mask of bronze cannot conceal
his heart;
The lips once eloquent here speak
again.'

—Charles Mumford

This white commemorative year?
Is there a voice to reach men's hearts?
Old First's brown ancient spire alway
Points up from the soil

Where the Founders trod,
Points up from the moil

Where the myriads plod,
From the scenes of toil,

From the sacred sod,
And seems to say in a silent way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

O driven minds, O frantic feet,
O, surging throngs of shop and street,
Is ever hush upon your soul,
Is ever pause, to see life whole,
Or is this life, this feverish heat?
Lone spokesman of an older day,
That spire, like a finger of faith, alway
Points up from the soil

Where the Founders trod,
Points up from the moil

Where the myriads plod,
From the scenes of toil,

From the sacred sod,
And seems to say in a pleading way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

O ye who seek with purblind sight
The frantic day's more frantic night,
Why in your pleasure gleam so plain
The tense and pallid looks of pain
Beneath the incandescents white?
Lone spokesman of an older day,

Old First's dim looming spire away
Points up from the soil

Where the Founders trod,
From the scenes of toil,

From the sacred sod,
Points up from the moil

Where the myriads plod,
And seems to say in a warning way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

O little shadowy graveyard old,
Where lie the ancient true and bold,
Are these, long pent in dusty cell,
The very lives men loved so well,
Or is this but their bodies' mould?
Lone spokesman of an older day,
That spire, like a finger of faith, always
Points up from the soil

Where the Founders trod,
Points up from the moil

Where the myriads plod,
From the scenes of toil,

From the sacred sod,
And seems to say in a hopeful way,
"Remember God, remember God!"

—James H. Tuckley.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASQUE

The lights are out; the rainbow pictures fade;
Their magic beauty and their color-flow
And rhythmic grace no eye again shall know;
'Tis ended now, the lovely masquerade,

And those who, wondering, looked, and those who
 played,
Back to the busy commonplace they go,
To toiling life that moves so dull and slow;
And silent darkness cloaks the parkland glade.

The rainbow pictures fade; but still there gleams
The rainbow hope to hold us to our dreams;
And lowly toil grows beautiful and bright
As hearts urge forward to the coming light;
And men in lifelong memory will see
The vision of the city that shall be.

—*Leonard H. Robbins.*

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S

Where but so short a while before had stood
 The modest church in sacred silentness,
 Now ruins with their grim and blackened dress
Bear the unhappy sign of widowhood:
Smoke circles from a small charred cross of wood
 While altar cloths, strewn with the carelessness
 Of entrails from the sacrifice express
A sadness that no other ruin could.

Slowly the priest draws near God's house of prayer
 With eyes that tell what lips refuse to speak.
 A curious crowd breaks way to let him by
For in his face has come a great despair
 As if his hopes had turned as sere and bleak
 As that scarred cross mute pointing toward the
 sky.

—*George Bancroft Duren.*

FUIT ILIUM*

One by one they died,—
Last of all their race;
Nothing left but pride,
Lace, and buckled hose,
Their quietus made,
On their dwelling place
Ruthless hands are laid:
Down the old house goes!

See the ancient manse
Meet its fate at last!
Time in his advance,
Age nor honor knows;
Ax and broadax fall,
Lopping off the Past;
Hit with bar and maul,
Down the old house goes!

Seven score years it stood:
Yes, they built it well,
Though they built of wood
When that house arose,
For its cross-beams square
Oak and walnut fell;
Little worse for wear,
Down the old house goes!

Rending board and plank,
Men with crowbars ply,
Opening fissures dank,
Striking deadly blows.

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers.

From the gabled roof
How the shingles fly!
Keep you here aloof,—
Down the old house goes!

Holding still its place,
There the chimney stands,
Staunch from top to base,
Frowning on its foes.
Heave apart the stones,
Burst its iron bands!
How it shakes and groans!
Down the old house goes!

Round the mantelpiece
Glisten Scripture tiles;
Henceforth they shall cease
Painting Egypt's woes,
Painting David's fight,
Fair Bathsheba's smiles,
Blinded Samson's might,—
Down the old house goes!

On these oaken floors
High-shoed ladies trod;
Through those panelled doors
Trailed their furbelows;
Long their day has ceased;
Now, beneath the sod,
With the worms they feast,—
Down the old house goes!

Many a bride has stood
In yon spacious room;

Here her hand was wooed
Underneath the rose;
O'er that sill the dead
Reached the family tomb;
All that were have fled,—
Down the old house goes!

Once, in yonder hall,
Washington, they say,
Led the New Year's ball,
Stateliest of beaux!
O that minuet,
Maids and matrons gay!
Are there such sights yet?
Down the old house goes!

British troopers came
Ere another year,
With their coats aflame
Mincing on their toes;
Daughters of the house
Gave them haughty cheer,
Laughed to scorn their vows,—
Down the old house goes!

Doorway high the box
In the grass-plot spreads;
It has borne its locks
Through a thousand snows;
In an evil day
From those garden beds
Now 'tis hacked away,—
Down the old house goes!

Lo! the sycamores,
Scathed and scrawny mates,
At the mansion doors
Shiver, full of woes;
With its life they grew,
Guarded well its gates;
Now their task is through,—
Down the old house goes!

On this honored site
Modern trade will build,—
What unseemly fright
Heaven only knows!
Something peaked and high
Smacking of the guild;
Let us heave a sigh,—
Down the old house goes!

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

THE WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS

Morristown

What mean these cannon standing here,
These staring, muzzled dogs of war?
Heedless and mute, they cause no fear,
Like lions caged, forbid to roar.

This gun was made when good Queen Anne
Ruled upon Merry England's throne;
Captured by valiant Jersey men
Ere George the Third our rights would own.

Old Nat, the little cur on wheels,
Protector of our sister city,
Was kept to bite the British heels,
A yelping terror, bold and gritty.

That savage beast, the Old Crown Prince,
A British bull-dog, glum, thick-set,
At Springfield's fight was made to wince
And now we keep him for a pet.

Upon this grassy knoll they stand,
A venerable, peaceful pack;
Their throats once tuned to music grand,
And stained with gore their muzzles black.

But come, that portal swinging free
A welcome offers as of yore,
When, sheltered 'neath this old roof-tree,
Our patriot chieftain trod this floor.

And with him in that trying day
Was gathered here a glorious band;
This house received more chiefs, they say,
Than any other in our land.

Hither magnanimous Schuyler came,
And stern Steuben from o'er the water;
Here Hamilton, of brilliant fame,
Once met and courted Schuyler's daughter.

And Knox, who leads the gunner-tribes,
Whose shot the trembling foeman riddles,—
A roaring chief, his cash subscribes
To pay the mirth-inspiring fiddles.

The fighting Quaker, General Greene,
Helped Knox to foot the fiddler's bill;
And here the intrepid "Put" was seen;
And Arnold,—black his memory still

And Kosciusko, scorning fear;
Beside him noble Lafayette;
And gallant "Light-Horse Harry" here
His kindly chief for counsel met.

"Mad Anthony" was here a guest;
Madly he charged, but shrewdly planned;
And many another in whose breast
Was faithful counsel for our land.

Among those worthies was a dame
Of mingled dignity and grace;
Linked with warrior-statesman's fame
Is Martha's comely, smiling face.

But look around, to right, to left;
Pass through these rooms, once Martha's pride,
The dining-hall of guests bereft,
The kitchen with its fire-place wide.

See the huge logs, the swinging crane,
The Old Man's seat by chimney ingle;
The pots and kettles, all the train
Of brass and pewter, here they mingle.

In the large hall above, behold
The flags, the eagle poised for flight;
While sabres, bayonets, flint-locks old
Tell of the struggle and the fight.

Old faded letters bear the seal
Of men who battled for a stamp;
A cradle and a spinning-wheel
Bespeak the home behind the camp.

Apartments opening from the hall
Show chairs and desks of quaint old style;
And curious pictures on the wall
Provoke a reverential smile.

Musing, we loiter in each room
And linger with our vanished sires;
We hear the deep, far-echoing boom
That spoke of old in flashing fires.

A century has come and gone
Since these old relics saw their day;
That day was but the opening dawn
Of one that has not passed away.

Our banner is no worthless rag,
With patriot pride hearts still beat high;
And there, above, still waves the flag
For which our fathers dared to die.

—*Charles D. Platt.*

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

These halls, so venerable grown,
Once noble heroes trod,—
Their forms have vanished into dust,
Their spirits rest with God.

On this fair mount where Peace now reigns,
Throned on these verdant slopes,
In days of old, in dire distress,
Hung all our fathers' hopes.

This ground once trembled with the tread
Of patriots marching by,
For freedom's cause they suffered loss,
For freedom dared to die.

These cannon that with thunder shook,
The pulses of the land,
Now keeping watch, grim sentinels,
In silence waiting stand.

Here dwelt fair Freedom's peerless son,
Great leader of the free,
The father of our native land,
Hero of liberty.

At rest his valiant armies lie,
At rest, with glory crowned;
All Freedom's hosts now follow him,
His fame their praises sound.

Ye pilgrims to this sacred shrine
Who come from far and near,
Behold these relics of the past
That we have gathered here.

These blood-stained arms, these faded flags,
These drums that throb no more,
That did brave service for the right
In many a conflict sore;

These writings worn and dim with age,
That tell of liberty—
Wrecked fragments cast upon the shore
Of time's tempestuous sea!

Think you that Freedom too is dead
Like her mementos here?
Then let each freeman blush with shame
And for his country fear.

Before the lightning of her wrath
Her flying foes still yield;
Still the oppressed a refuge find
Beneath her mighty shield.

Immortal Freedom is not dead;
She liveth as of old;
And a curse still waits to blight his name
Who sells our rights for gold.

Forget not those who bled for us,
But true to freedom stand;
Remember God is Freedom's God
And this is Freedom's land.

—*Henry Nehemiah Dodge.*

AT TENNENT CHURCH

(Monmouth Battlefield)

As on the summer Sabbath that saw the roll
O'er Monmouth's fields the sulphurous battle
murk,
Down from its grassy, grave-engirdled knoll
Looks Tennent's ancient kirk.

They smote and open flung yon very door
To bear the wounded from the sanguine flood;
Still show—ah, glorious baptism—on the floor
Grim stains of patriot blood!

Along that undulant highway Washington
Rode up, the panic and defeat to quell;
Beyond that slope-crest where the cattle run
Is brave Moll Pitcher's well!

Again we see it all as here we stand,
The bitter travail and the strife profound;
To us whose birthright is this noble land
This spot is hallowed ground.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE TOWERS OF PRINCETON*

From the Train

There they are! above the green trees shining—
Old towers that top the castles of our dreams,
Their turrets bright with rays of sun declining—
A painted glory on the window gleams.

But, oh, the messages to travellers weary
They signal through the ether in the dark!
The years are long, the path is steep and dreary,
But there's a bell that struck in boyhood—hark!

The note is faint—but ghosts are gayly trooping
From ivied halls and swarming 'neath the trees.
Old friends, you bring new life to spirits drooping—
Your laughter and your joy are in the breeze!

* From *Bramble Brae*, copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

They're gone in dusk,—the towers and dreams are
faded,—

But something lingers of eternal Youth;
We're strong again, though doubting, worn, and
jaded;

We pledge anew to friends and love and truth!

—*Robert Bridges.*

IN THE OLD GRAVEYARD, PRINCETON *

Now to this quiet place the living come
To make their question of the faithful dead.
Eager each name and epitaph is read;
And many a deed recorded, like the drum
Before a battle, stirs the blood, and dumb
White marble speaks for spirits long since fled.
“I saved the state,” and “I for freedom bled,”
“I brought the word of God,” some say; and some
In humbler fashion served the lives of men.
But all of them have this as well to say:
“Let not our limits hold your ventures back!
Know that we came beyond the rest; and then
With higher aim upon the forward track
Leave us at greater distance every day . . .”

—*Francis Charles MacDonald.*

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE†

(*New Jersey, 1918*)

Its quiet graves were made for peace till Gabriel blows
his horn.

* By permission of the Princeton University Press.

† By permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Those wise old elms could hear no cry
Of all that distant agony—
Only the red-winged blackbird, and the rustle of thick
ripe corn.

The blue jay, perched upon that bronze, with bright
unweeting eyes,
Could never read the names that signed
The noblest charter of mankind;
But all of them were names we knew beneath our
English skies.

And on the low gray headstones, with their crumbling
weather-stains,
—Though cardinal birds, like drops of blood,
Flickered across the haunted wood,—
The names you'd see were names that woke like flowers
in English lanes.

John Applegate was fast asleep; and Temperance
Olden, too.
And David Worth had quite forgot
If Hannah's lips were red or not;
And Prudence veiled her eyes at last, as Prudence ought
to do.

And when, across that patch of heaven, that small blue
leaf-edged space
At times, a droning airplane went,
No flicker of astonishment
Could lift the heavy eyelids on one gossip's upturned
face.

For William Speakman could not tell—so thick the
grasses grow—

If that strange humming in the sky
Meant that the Judgment Day were nigh,
Or if 'twere but the summer bees that blundered to and
fro.

And then, across the breathless wood, a Bell began to
sound,

The only Bell that wakes the dead,
And Stockton Signer raised his head.
And called to all the deacons in the ancient burial-
ground.

“The Bell, the Bell is ringing! Give me back my rusty
sword.

Though I thought the wars were done,
Though I thought our peace was won,
Yet I signed the Declaration, and the dead must keep
their word.

“There’s only one great ghost I know could make that
'larum ring.

It’s the captain that we knew
In the ancient buff and blue,
It’s our Englishman, George Washington, who fought
the German king!”

So the sunset saw them mustering beneath their brood-
ing boughs,

Ancient shadows of our sires,
Kindling with the ancient fires,
While the old cracked Bell to southward shook the
shadowy meeting house.

—*Alfred Noyes.*



Photo by Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark

BIRTHPLACE OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
BORDENTOWN

‘Here stays the house, here stay
the self-same places;

.

And we, the only living, only pass.’

—Richard Watson Gilder

THE HOMESTEAD *

I

Here stays the house, here stay the selfsame places,
Here the white lilacs and the buttonwoods;
Here the dark pine-groves, there the river-floods,
And there the threading brook that interlaces
Green meadow-bank with meadow-bank the same.
The melancholy nightly chorus came
Long, long ago from the same pool, and yonder
Stark poplars lift in the same twilight air
Their ancient lonelinesses; nearer, fonder,
The black-heart cherry-tree's gaunt branches bare
Rasp on the same old window where I ponder.

II

And we, the only living, only pass;
We come and go, whither and whence we know not,
From birth to bound the same house keeps, alas!
New lives as gently as the old; there show not
Among the haunts that each had thought his own
The looks that partings bring to human faces.
The black-heart there, that heard my earliest moan,
And yet shall hear my last, like all these places
I love so well, unloving lives from child
To child; from morning joy to evening sorrow—
Untouched by joy, by anguish undefiled;
All one the generations gone, and new;
All one dark yesterday and bright to-morrow;
To the old tree's insensate sympathy
All one the morning and the evening dew—
My far, forgotten ancestor and I.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

* From Gilder's *Complete Poems*, Copyright 1908 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE NEW JERSEY MONUMENT

Build high the monument! we will remember
Those brave, true-hearted men,
Who caught the spark from freedom's dying ember,
And lit their camp-fires then.
Here, where the noble Delaware is flowing,
They crossed the frozen wave;
Here, where the field of waving grain is growing,
The patriot found a grave.
Can we forget them, who that dark December
Watched freedom's paling fires?
Up with the shaft! our children shall remember
Those hero-hearted sires.

—*Ellen Clementine Howarth.*

WASHINGTON AT TRENTON*

The Battle Monument, October 19, 1893

Since ancient Time began
Ever on some great soul God laid an infinite burden—
The weight of all this world, the hopes of man.
Conflict and pain, and fame immortal are his guerdon!

And this the unfaltering token
Of him, the Deliverer—what though tempests beat,
Though all else fail, though bravest ranks be broken,
He stands unscared, alone, nor ever knows defeat.

Such was that man of men;
And if are praised all virtues, every fame
Most noble, highest, purest—then, ah! then,
Upleaps in every heart the name none needs to name.

* From Gilder's *Complete Poems*, Copyright 1908 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Ye who defeated, 'whelmed,
Betray the sacred cause, let go the trust;
Sleep, weary, while the vessels drift unhelmed;
Here see in triumph rise the hero from the dust!

All ye who fight forlorn
'Gainst fate and failure; ye who proudly cope
With evil high enthroned; all ye who scorn
Life from Dishonor's hand, here take new heart of
hope.

Here know how Victory borrows
For the brave soul a front as of disaster,
And in the bannered East what glorious morrows
For all the blackness of the night speed surer, faster.

Know by this pillared sign
For what brief while the powers of earth and hell
Can war against the spirit of truth divine,
Or can against the heroic heart of man prevail.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

THE OLD STONE CHURCH

The Old Stone Church, time-worn and gray,
Survives, though since its natal day
A hundred years have passed away,—

Still stands, while those who planned and reared
Its walls have long since disappeared,
A sacred shrine, beloved, revered,

With hallowed memories running o'er,
With visions of the times of yore,
Dear to each heart forevermore.

And with them comes the kindly face
Of one, whose life we fondly trace—
A Pastor, full of heavenly grace,

A youth when, in those distant days,
He led the flock in Wisdom's ways,
With words of love and prayer and praise

And still, through half a century
Of sweet devotion, lived to be
A Father in God's ministry;

Till with the weight of years oppressed,
His mission closed, accepted, blest,
He tranquilly lay down to rest.

And re-united now with those
Whom, gathered here, these graves enclose,
The Pastor and his flock repose.

—*Francis De Haes Janvier.*

THE MARSH-HOUSE

Far out upon the great green sedge it stands.
The winds sweep round; all year the restless sea,
That cannot reach, yet will not let it be,
Beats at the beach outside with its dull hands.
At flood-tide still the sea-crabs' furtive bands
Seek food beneath its green and rotting floor;

The wild birds nest, unfeared, in its blank door;
Outsea the ships glide, past the tumbling sands.

It is the habitation of my mind,
Remote from ravaging and senseless seas,
With such smooth tides and such half-tempered wind
As might not raze it, even in centuries;
Yet slow-dissolving, useless, at the blind
Instance of things full merciful as these.

—*James E. Richardson.*

BEYOND THE MEADOWS OF JERSEY

Over the meadows and far away,
 Is my snug little home in Jersey.
The meadows, I'll own it, are far from gay,
No fragrant odor of new-mown hay,
No browsing kine, and no lambs at play,
No babbling brook on its purling way,
 Adorn the meadows of Jersey.

I traverse the meadows every day
 From my neat little home in Jersey.
In place of the lambs and the grazing kine,
Great flocks of freight cars browse in line;
Instead of a brook, pellucid, fair,
The dark Passaic stains the air;
In lieu of the hay, an odor brown
Assails my nerves on the way to town
 From my neat little home in Jersey.

And they who in Manhattan dwell,
Talk of mosquitoes, and swamps, and smell.

They joke of the meads of Asphodel,
And laughingly point to Jersey.
They heap derision and hurl abuse,
And I might resent it, but what's the use,
For what do they know of Jersey!
'Tis little I care what the people say,
When over the meadows and far away
Is my home in the hills of Jersey.

Over the meadows and far away
Wine-red are the hills of Jersey.
There are peaceful farms, and the wholesome sod,
And winds that carry the gifts of God;
There are blazing skies when the day grows old,
With the crests of the ridges dipped in gold;
There are woods aflame, and banks agleam,
And set in the midst of that color scheme
Is my snug little home in Jersey.

—*William W. Rock.*

VI. HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE

"They have long life who do the will of God,
They who, in youthful ardor, place their all
At fearful hazard, glad to heed the call
And tread the paths of old by heroes trod."

—*Louis Bevier, Jr.*

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK *

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down,
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest, and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

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A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain
The rider grasps his steed again.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

ELIZABETH HADDON *

"Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!

In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest

Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,

Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamp-light;

Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,

As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor,

By the window she sat with her work, and looked on the landscape

White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,

By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.

Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing

Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:

"Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers.

If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the
ceiling.

But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as
we saw it

Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the
Borough,

Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and
going;

Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow
on their branches.

There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph
tomorrow,

Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and
oxen; and then, too,

How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-
Day?"

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly
reproving;

"Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow he
sayeth,

Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth, he is it
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-
frost."

So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and
fastened the shutters,

Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and
placed there

Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf,
and the butter

Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand
with a holder,

Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and
shimmering kettle,
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen
teapot,
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful
figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.
I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of
clothing

For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is
Joseph;

In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and
willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah
the housemaid

Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed
her tongue, and was silent,

While her mistress went on: "The house is far from
the village;

We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that
in passing

Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their
coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the
thrifty, the frugal:

"Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a
tavern;

Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like
the pigeons

In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the
hayloft,

Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking them-
selves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth
answered:

“All I have is the Lord’s, not mine to give or with-
hold it;

I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his
people

Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his
service.

His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make
them

Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in
the clearing;

Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was
my guidance,

Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge,
then, to others

Even the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from
our table.”

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

A BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD

“Come, launch my longboat, comrades three,
And lower my chest of gold;
If I must die by the king’s decree,
I’ll die like a pirate bold.

“And fend my treasure forward and back
With boxes darkly spread,
For a pall of black, as if one—alack!—
Lay there in a coffin, dead.

"We'll run Hell-gate, be the devil in wait,
And we'll hazard the Kill van Kull.
In the muck and the reeds of the Newark-town meads
I'll bury my chest, crammed full.

"And who shall have guessed that I buried my chest
So far from the open sea?
Who lifts that lid will be Captain Kidd,
Or one of his comrades three."

They lowered away at the break of day
And they rowed till the day was spent.
It was Jemmie the Lascar, and Pede Madagascar,
And Moe, and the Captain, that went.

And they took four spades, and they took four blades,
And they took four pistols trim,
And they took four flasks of rum in a case,
And they laughed in the face of the whole human race,
As they ran their gauntlet grim.

The craft shone white to the left and the right
In each little bight on the way,
And they stared like eyes at the Captain's prize,
In its black disguise as it lay;
But no one knew either cargo or crew,
So they came safe through to the bay.

The sun went down o'er Elizabeth-town,
And a hill to the starboard stood,
Where the moon uprolled with its misty gold
Over fold on fold of wood,
And a towering bark sprang forth from the dark
And boded their hearts no good.

They started, abashed, as a lantern flashed,
And they paused in the lantern's glare,
While a uniformed wight hove into their sight
And cast them a cold bad stare.

"O ye bear four spades, and ye bear four blades,
And ye bear four pistols trim,
And heaven knows what in the case ye've got,
But ye have the hue of a pirate crew,
And a pirate aspect grim."

They groaned four groans, and they moaned four moans.
And each man shed a tear.

"We're bringing our mate to the burying ground
In Newark-town hard by here."
And each took a swig as he eyed that brig,
And the king's man big and near.

"They are saints, I'm told, with harps of gold
That walk in Wakeman's town,
And they've no grave for a murdered knave
Nor room for a rascal brown.

"Ye go to the kirk with pistol and dirk,
And ye mourn full knavishly,
But who ever knew of a pirate crew
So far from the open sea?"

He suffered them in with a shrug and grin,
As the rarest freak of time;
But they gave up hope as they entered there,
For they choked in the dead marsh-odored air,
And they hated an inland clime.

The misty light on Newark's bight
To them was a hellish noon,
And they who could beard strong men were afeared
Of the mild mysterious moon,
And the starlight thin, and the lamps, miles in,
And the crazy far-off croon.

Night creatures all kept carnival
Upon the gloomy flats,
Both creeping things and flying wings,
Mosquitoes, bugs, and bats;

And stories passed on lips aghast,
Half legend and half rum,
Of an Indian chieftain, Oraton,
A wise old Delaware, dead and gone,
Who looks for kingdom come

In paint and feathers, primed for war,
Stirring once more on the night-veiled shore
His tribal ashes cold;
Lying in wait for Dutchmen late,
As in the wars of old.

They touched on a reach that they took for a beach
And forth leapt each, waist-deep,
But a drowned ravine yet lay between
With a slope unseen and steep.

They laid firm hold of the chest of gold,
Each lifted a corner up,
And forward plunged and sideward lunged
On the brink of the watery slope.

One loosed his grasp with a painful gasp,
Sharp-stung by an insect swarm,
And broke their footsteps' well-poised aim.
Ah! his was the blame, and his was the shame,
For he loosed his steadying arm.

They lost all hold of the chest of gold
And swore as it rolled away,
And they searched and sought, and they fumed and
fought,
But it lies there to this day.

For as they groped where the sand-bar sloped
And wildly hoped at last,
A whoop rang clear from the meadows near
And hurtled away far over the bay,
Like Gabriel's trumpet-blast!

So they took four spades, and they took four blades,
And they took four pistols trim,
And they rowed pell-mell, to escape that yell,
In the moonlight soft and dim.

'Twere hard to say they were frightened away
By the king's man following far,
And one were loath to record an oath
To the Indian's whoop of war.

But if eyes have faith, they can see that wraith—
'Mid the rats and the cans and the reeds—
And the stealthy step that scorns the ground,
And the glance that darts like a serpent's round,
In the muck and the ruck of the meads.

When daylight dies, the faint fireflies
Transpierce the reedy shadows.
Mosquitoes on the night-wing rise
And circle the spot where the lost gold lies
Among the misty meadows.

The shining coins of a score of lands,
Warmed by thousands of throbbing hands,
Storied with hopes and fears,
Are one with the drowned and buried sands
And the forgotten years.

And Moe is cold, and the captain bold
Was hanged by the king's decree,
And Jemmie the Lascar and Pedé Madagascar
Were lost in the lone South Sea.

Neither delve nor dredge, where the wind-blown sedge
At the water's edge waves free.
Who lifts that lid will be Captain Kidd,
Or one of his comrades three.

—*James H. Tuckley.*

JOHN WOOLMAN *

Only in the gathered silence
Of a calm and waiting frame,
Light and wisdom as from Heaven
To the seeker came.

Guided thus, how passing lovely
Is the track of Woolman's feet!
And his brief and simple record
How serenely sweet!

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O'er life's humblest duties throwing
Light the earthling never knew,
Freshening all its dark waste places
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,
All which sainted Guyon sought,
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
Half-unconscious taught:

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
Living warmth and starry brightness
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
Not a poet's dream alone,
But a presence warm and real,
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter
Moulders with the steel it swung,
When the name of seer and poet
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather
Round that meek and suffering one,—
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel
Standing in the sun.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THOMAS POTTER

Lone watcher for the light, sleep well!
The coming years shall tell
Thy simple story:
How thy purpose never altered,
How thy courage never faltered;
How, the Spirit's whisper heeding,
Thou, obedient to His leading,
Didst await the coming glory;
How the light
Burst upon thy sight!
How thou didst rejoice
When at last a voice,
Sent of God,
That heralded the Morning Star,
Rising all the world to lighten,
Rising man's dark lot to brighten,
Love Divine proclaimed as Master. . . .

Prophet of light, sleep well!
Thy spirit shall not sleep,
But, onward marching, keep
Our souls aflame,
And to thy name
Shall love's soft requiem swell
Above the sod
Where lies this patient seeker after God.

—*Henry Nehemiah Dodge.*

WITHERSPOON *

Bear with us then a moment, if we turn
From all the present splendours of this place,—

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, Copyright 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The lofty towers that like a dream have grown
Where once old Nassau Hall stood all alone,—
Back to that ancient time, with hearts that burn
In filial reverence and pride, to trace

The glory of our Mother's best degree,
In that "high son of Liberty,"
Who like a granite block
Riven from Scotland's rock
Stood loyal here to keep Columbia free.

Born far away beyond the ocean's roar,
He found his fatherland upon this shore;
And every drop of ardent blood that ran
Through his great heart was true American.
He held no weak allegiance to a distant throne.
But made his new-found country's cause his own;

In peril and distress,
In toil and weariness,
When darkness overcast her
With shadows of disaster,
And voices of confusion
Proclaimed her hope delusion,
Robed in his preacher's gown,
He dared the danger down;
Like some old prophet chanting an inspired rune,
Through freedom's councils rang the voice of
Witherspoon.

And thou, my country, write it on thy heart:
Thy sons are they who nobly take thy part;
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,
Wherever born, is born a son of thine.
Foreign in name, but not in soul, they come
To find in thee their long-desired home;

Lovers of liberty, and haters of disorder,
They shall be built in strength along thy border.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

WELCOME TO WASHINGTON

Welcome, mighty Chief! once more
Welcome to this grateful shore—
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the hostile blow—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
They for thee triumphant bowers
Build, and strew thy way with flowers—
Build for thee triumphal bowers
And strew their hero's way with flowers.

—*Richard Howell.*

JERSEY BLUE

To arms once more our hero cries,
Sedition lives and order dies.
To peace and ease then bid adieu,
And dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue,
Dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue,
Jersey Blue, Jersey Blue,
And dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue.

Since proud ambition rears its head,
And murders rage, and discords spread,

To save from spoil the virtuous few,
Dash over the mountains, Jersey Blue.

Roused at the call, with magic sound
The drums and trumpets circle round;
As soon the corps their route pursue,—
Dash over the mountains, Jersey Blue.

Unstained with crimes, unused to fear.
In deep array our youths appear
And fly to crush the rebel crew,
Or die in the mountains, Jersey Blue.

Tho' tears bedew the maiden's cheeks,
And storms hang round the mountain peaks,
'Tis glory calls, to love adieu,
Then dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue.

Should foul misrule and party rage
With law and liberty engage,
Push home your steel, you'll soon review
Your native plains, brave Jersey Blue,
Jersey Blue, Jersey Blue,
And dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue.

—*Richard Howell.*

HAIL COLUMBIA

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 But, armed in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

—*Joseph Hopkinson.*

DEFEAT AND VICTORY *

Through the clangor of the cannon,
 Through the combat's wreck and reek,
 Answer to th' o'ermastering Shannon
 Thunders from the Chesapeake:
 Gallant Lawrence, wounded, dying,
 Speaks with still unconquered lip
 Ere the bitter draught he drinks:
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!
 Still that voice is sounding o'er us,
 So bold Perry heard it call;
 Farragut has joined its chorus;
 Porter, Dewey, Wainwright—all

* By permission of Fleming H. Revell Company.

Heard the voice of duty crying;
Deathless word from dauntless lip
That our past and future links:
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

—Wallace Rice.

THE GRAVE OF LAWRENCE *

(Trinity Churchyard, New York)

Morn and noon of day and even, human ebb and flow;
Overhead, the stars of midnight,—scarce the faintest
glow,—

Shrunk into misty marsh-fires be the city's glare;
Here he sleeps, our sailor hero,—pause and hail him
fair!

Here he sleeps where jostling Wall Street merges in
Broadway,
And the roar is as a legion leaping to the fray.

Out from Trinity's dim portal floats the chanting choir;
Matchless midst the girdling granite lifts the graceful
spire.

Many slumberers around him, men of church and state;
Here he sleeps, our sailor hero, great among the great!
Simple lines to mark his slumber; how the letters
speak!

“Lawrence (hark, ye money getters!) of the Chesapeake!”

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Stone may call in clearer accents than the loudest lip.
Just a name! What does it cry you? "Don't give up
the ship!"

Aye, there's something more than millions,—a far
nobler aim!

Here he sleeps, our sailor hero, nothing but a name!
Yet (and who can pierce the future?) this may one
day be

As a burning inspiration both on land and sea.

—Clinton Scollard.

BENJAMIN LUNDY

The Early, Steadfast, Intrepid Leader of Emancipation

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned,
Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed,
As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed!
Leonidas thy courage could not boast;
Less numerous were his foes, his hand more strong;
Alone, unto a more than Persian host,
Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
Nor shall thou singly wage the unequal strife;
Now to thy aid with spear and shield I rush,
And freely do I offer up my life
And bid my heart's blood find a wound to gush!
New volunteers are trooping to the field—
To die we are prepared, but not an inch to yield.

—William Lloyd Garrison.



Photo by Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark

JAMES LAWRENCE

‘Our sailor hero, great among the great!’
—Clinton Scollard

EVENING

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

—*George Washington Doane.*

COOPER *

Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show
He's as good as a lord: well, let's grant that he's so;
If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than bays;
But he needs take no pains to convince us he's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud
That one of his novels of which he's most proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew

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Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to
 mince,

He has done naught but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat
(Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have slipped the old fellow away underground).
All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,
The *derniere chemise* of a man in a fix
(As a captain besieged, when his garrison's small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall);
And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character's wanted, he goes to the task
As a cooper would do in composing a cask;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden and empty.

Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities;
If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
The men who have given to *one* character life
And objective existence are not very rife;
You may number them all, both prose-writers and
 singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE GRAVE AT GLIMMERGLASS

O haunted lake, from out whose silver fountains
The mighty Susquehanna takes its rise;
O haunted lake, among the pine-clad mountains,
Forever smiling upward to the skies,—

Thrice blest art thou in every curling wavelet,
In every floating water-lily sweet,—
From the old Lion at thy northern boundary,
To fair Mount Vision sleeping at thy feet.

A master's hand hath painted all thy beauties;
A master's mind hath peopled all thy shore
With wraiths of mighty hunters and fair maidens,
Haunting thy forest glades forevermore.

A master's heart hath gilded all thy valley
With golden splendor from a loving breast;
And in thy little churchyard, 'neath the pine-trees,
A master's body sleeps in quiet rest.

O haunted lake, guard well thy sacred story,
Guard well the memory of that honored name!
Guard well the grave that gave thee all thy glory
And raises thee to long-enduring fame.

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

BEN BOLT

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;

But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE

No, not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where Fashion assembles her glittering crowd,
Where all is in beauty and splendor arrayed,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,—
By the altar, the mitre-crowned bishop and book,
Where oft in her jewels stands proudly the bride,
Unawed by those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, but sacred to One
Who heeds the deep worship that utters no tone;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her white satin hood:
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom half uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,
And the low murmured words were recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was
 poured;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire, in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep furrowed
 cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's—"Until death I am thine!"

—Elizabeth Clementine Kinney.

TO THE BOY

(Who Goes Daily Past My Windows Singing)

Thou happiest thing alive,
 Anomaly of earth!
If sound thy lineage give,
 Thou art the natural birth
 Of affluent Joy—
Thy mother's name was Mirth,
 Thou little singing boy!

Thy star—it was a sun!
Thy time the month of May,
When streams to music run,

And birds sing all the day:
Nature did tune
Thy gushing voice by hers;
A fount in June
Not more the bosom stirs;
A freshness flows
Through every bubbling note,—
Sure Nature knows
The strains Art never wrote.

Where was the human curse,
When thou didst spring to life?
All feel it less, or worse,
In pain, in care, in strife.
Its dreadful word
Fell from the lips of Truth;
'Tis but deferred,
Unconscious youth!
That curse on thee
Is sure some day to fall;
Alas, more heavily
If Manhood takes it all!

I will not think of this,—
It robs me of my part
In thy outgushing bliss:
No! keep thy glad young heart
Turned toward the sun;—
What yet shall be,
None can foresee:
One thing is sure—that thou hast well
begun!

Meantime shall others share
Wild minstrel-boy,
As I, to lighten care,
The music of thy joy,—
Like scents of flowers,
Along life's wayside passed
In dreary hours,—
Too sweet to last;
Like touches soft
Of Nature, on those strings
Within us, jarred so oft
By earth's discordant things.

—*Elizabeth Clementine Kinney.*

A MOTHER'S PICTURE *

She seemed an angel to our infant eyes!
Once, when the glorifying moon revealed
Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled,—
Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy skies
Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise,—
We looked to see the pinions half concealed.
The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
And since have little known her, but have grown
To see another mother, tenderly
Watch over sleeping children of my own.
Perchance the years have changed her: yet alone
This picture lingers; still she seems to me
The fair young angel of my infancy.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

* From Stedman's *Complete Poems*, Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE BROWN-EYED GIRLS OF JERSEY

Before my bark the waves have curled
As it bore me thrice around the world;
And for forty years have met my eyes
The beauties born under wide-spread skies.
But though far and long may be my track,
It is never too far for looking back;
And I see them,—see them, over the sea,
As I saw them when youth still dwelt with me,—
The brown-eyed girls of Jersey!

They are Quakers, half,—half maids of Spain;
Half Yankees, with fiery Southern brain;
They are English, French,—they are Irish elves;
They are better than all, in being themselves!
They are coaxing things,—then wild and coy;
They are full of tears,—full of mirth and joy.
They madden the brain, like rich old wine:
And no wonder at all if they've maddened mine,—
The brown-eyed girls of Jersey!

Some day, when distant enough my track,
To the Land of the Free I shall wander back;
And if not too gray, both heart and hair,
To win the regard of a thing so fair,—
I shall try the power of the blarney-stone
In making some darling girl my own,—
Some darling girl, that still may be
Keeping all her beauty and grace for me,—
Some brown-eyed girl of Jersey!

—Henry Morford.

DIES IRÆ

Day of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,
Evil done nor evil plotted,
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
Vengeance then no more deferring.

What shall *I* say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Lest I endless fire inherit.

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy sheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When the accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

—*Abraham Coles.*

OUR SOLDIERS *

O Soldiers, who stood for the Flag of our Nation!
Columbia's children can never forget
How you, through the grace of your sacred oblation,
Her honor and glory invincible set.

Behold the proud Banner of Liberty streaming!
The Flag of our Union, the Red, White, and Blue!
Its stripes all undimmed and its Stars ever beaming,
Baptized in the blood of the brave and the true.

You marched and were weary, you fought and were
wounded,
You fell in the battle, you sank in the storm;
But out of your sacrifice Heaven has rounded
The hope of the ages to beauteous form.

Across the scarred fields of your struggles immortal,
In rev'rent reviewing the hosts of the free
Shall trace the red paths which you trod to Fame's
portal,
And sacredly pledge, through the years that will be,

To follow unswerving your feet of devotion,
Inspired by your holy and generous deeds;
And, filled with a pure and a patriot emotion,
Be true in their Country's imperative needs.

* From *Abraham Lincoln*, by Lyman Whitney Allen. Courtesy of
G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

Upon the firm granite the marvelous story
Of valor, with chisel of love, is engraved;
The ages shall read, and exalt to new glory
The crimson-stained banner you gallantly saved.

Around the green mounds where your forms lie
a-sleeping,
The People shall gather again and again;
And, blessing your memories, place in your keeping
The palms of thanksgiving, the laurels of pain.

All quickened by Duty's ensanguined libation,
A Nation's new flower has bloomed from the clay;
The sweet asphodel of a fresh consecration,
Sprung out of the graves of the Blue and the Gray.

Pass on, O our Soldiers, to heavenly capture!
We follow swift after beneath your renown;
Pass on to the bivouac of rest and of rapture!
Behind you our freedom, before you your crown.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen.*

BOY BRITTAN *

I

Boy Brittan—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,
In his uniform,
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort
Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla—
Into the battle storm!

* By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers.

II

Boy Brittan is master's mate aboard of the Essex—
There he stands, buoyant and eager-eyed,
By the brave captain's side;
Ready to do and dare. *Aye, aye, sir!* always ready—
In his country's uniform.
Boom! Boom! and now the flag-boat sweeps, and now
the Essex
Into the battle storm!

III

Boom! Boom! till river and fort and field are over-
clouded
By battle's breath; then from the fort a gleam
And a crashing gun, and the Essex is wrapt and
shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam!

IV

But victory! victory!
Unto God all praise be ever rendered,
Unto God all praise and glory be!
See, Boy Brittan! see, boy, see!
They strike! Hurrah! the fort has just surrendered!
Shout! Shout! my boy, my warrior boy!
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy!
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours;
And "Victory!" "Victory!" "Victory!"
Is the shout.
Shout—for the fiery fort, and the field, and the day
are ours—

The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, boy, like thee!

The day is ours—the day is ours!
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee—

The day is ours—the day is ours—

Forever!

Glory and Love for one and all; but—but—for thee—
Home! Home! a happy “Welcome—welcome home”
for thee!

And kisses of love for thee—

And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's
bridal wreath of flowers—

For thee!

V

Victory! Victory! . . .

But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam,
the Essex

Slowly drifted out of the battle's storm;
Slowly, slowly down—laden with the dead and the
dying;

And there, at the captain's feet, among the dead and
the dying,

The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying—

There is his uniform!

VI

Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee!

Laurels of light, moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart of the nation's loving heart,

And blest by the balmy breath of the beautiful and
the true;
Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the singing
spheres
And the nation's starry tears!
And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start
Of the universal music of the heart,
And all deep sympathy.
Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee—
Laurels of light and tears of love forevermore—
For thee!

VII

And laurels of light, and tears of truth,
And the mantle of immortality;
And the flowers of love and of immortal youth,
And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth—
And the everlasting victory!
And the breath and bliss of Liberty;
And the loving kiss of Liberty;
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
And the over-calm of God's canopy;
And the infinite love-span of the skies
That cover the valleys of Paradise—
For all of the brave who rest with thee;
And for one and all who died with thee,
And now sleep side by side with thee;
And for every one who lives and dies,
On the solid land or the heaving sea,
Dear warrior-boy—like thee.

VIII

O the victory—the victory
Belongs to thee!

God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—
He gives it now to thee!

O young and brave, and early and thrice blest—
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!

The country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee—gently—gently to her breast;
And whispers lovingly, “God bless thee—bless thee
now—

My darling, thou shalt rest!”

—*Forceythe Willson.*

1862

So many years in his dreamless sleep!

For me—the weary watch to keep;

The ache to hide, the tears to weep,

Alone—in the twilight dreary.

I see him in the May agone,

Gallant, and fair to look upon—

Marching down through the village street,

While hearts kept time with the drum’s sad beat,

In a hopeless throb, and weary.

How sweetly drooped the flowers of May,

A voiceless prayer, as he rode away,

Into the smoke, the din, and the fray,

Shoulder and shoulder together.

For him—the march—the battle-cry,

For him—to fight, and nobly die;

For me—to wait with numbing dread
The coming of my gallant dead,
In the golden autumn weather.

—*Emilie Fichter Cadmus.*

HEART'S TREASURE

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

—*Ellen Clementine Howarth.*

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES *

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and
Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

* From Stedman's *Complete Poems*, Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose
highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak
and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and
nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our
ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign;
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the
louder.
“There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole
line!”

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade
brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or
pine?
“Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!”

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!

Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's
pride!

Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drum-
mer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole
line.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

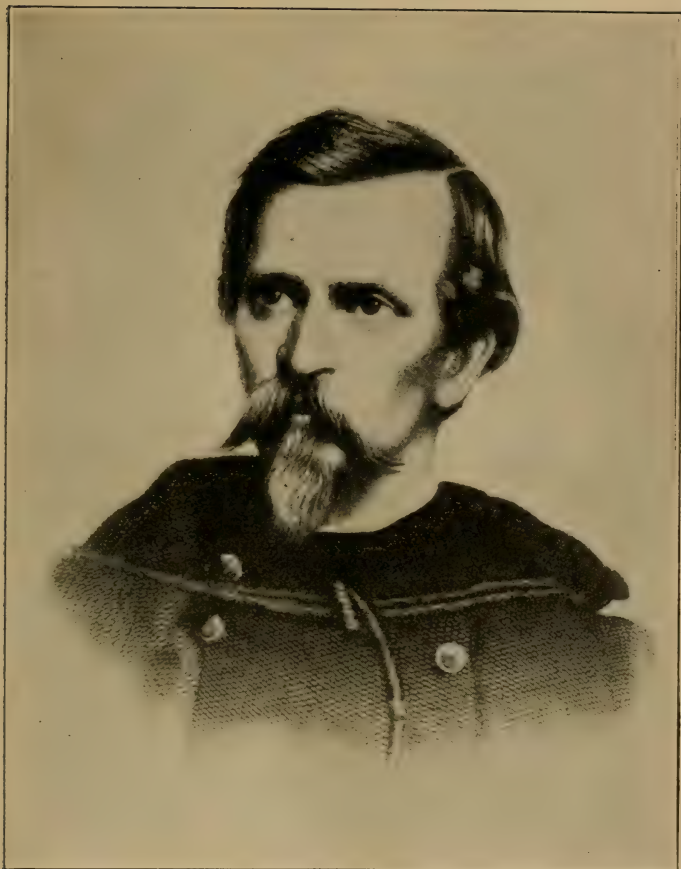


Photo by Wm. H. Broadwell, Newark

PHILIP KEARNY

‘And the word still is “Forward!”
along the whole line.’

—Edmund Clarence Stedman

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

—George Henry Boker.

PHILIP KEARNY

Though they summon forth the people
By the bells in spire and steeple—
Though their guardsmen proudly come,
Timing tread to beat of drum—
Though in sunlight flashes steel,
And the brazen cannon peal—
Though are uttered in his praise
Sounding words and polished phrase—
Though his form in bronze they bare
To the sunlight and the air—
Fitter is the tribute when
Some one of his former men,

Dwelling on the hero's fame,
Slow and reverent breathes his name—
Kearny! At the well-known word
All around are thrilled and stirred:
Then, in silence absolute,
Voice through depth of feeling mute,
To the soul these tokens speak,
Flash in eye and flush on cheek,
Volumes of their loving pride
In the hero grand who died
On thy fatal field, Chantilly.

When with laurels we adorn him,
Dead, our hero, who shall mourn him?
Who for Kearny drops a tear
Let his footsteps come not here.
Tears are only shed for those
Who their lives ignobly close;
But for one who undismayed
Drew within a cause his blade,
And, at Honor's potent call,
Fell when duty bade him fall,
Loudly let your voices ring,
Garlands for his statue bring,
Keep his memory green for years;
But for him no tears—no tears!
So we honor Kearny now—
Kearny of the open brow,
Peer of Roland and the Cid
In the daring deeds he did;
Who the battle carried through
Single arm, but heart of two,
And, on that immortal day,

Like a meteor flashed his way
O'er thy bloody field, Chantilly.

For this soldier, cool and fearless,
In the storm of battle peerless,
Honor, loving such as he,
Shaped his glorious destiny,
Gave him in her beams to bask,
Gave him all that brave men ask,
Favors never ceased to pour
Till his cup of fame ran o'er,
Then, with nothing more to give,
Bade her favorite cease to live.
Though in mould the soldier sleep,
Earth may well his body keep;
Bury his faults there too; on those
Let the ground forever close;
But his nobler qualities,
Death has naught to do with these.
Heart attuned to any fate,
Should it come through love or hate;
Soul disdaining all things mean;
Sense of honor sharp and keen,
Lofty spirit, courage high—
These at least could never die
On thy storied field, Chantilly.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

NEWARK AND PHILIP KEARNY

City that sits where calm Passaic's tide
Curves, in a shining sickle, toward the sea,

Wearing upon thy radiant brow the pride
Of fifty lustrums, from thy seaward door
Outlooking with unclouded eyes and wide
Upon the future and on destiny,
Many thy heroes from years gone before!—
Many thy heroes of unswerving will,
But none so valiant, score on dauntless score,
As Philip Kearny, our brave "fighting Phil!"

Although to mother him it was not thine,
Yet fond adoption links him to thy name;
Born of a virile and a valorous line,
A line wherein were blended Gael and Gaul,
Whose sons, like stars, in living luster shine
Upon the illimitable scroll of fame,
His was the luster fairest of them all!
Within his veins whatever blood there ran,
By birth, by love, till his untimely fall,
From first to last he was American.

I viewed in faithful bronze but yesterday
His figure upon thy memorial square,
Girdled about with greenery of the May,
Martial, and in his gaze the scorn of fear;
A later Bayard, eager for the fray,
A rapt, adventurous, chivalrous air
Mantling him, as authority the seer.
Inspiring words seemed poised upon his lip,—
The spirit of a paladin without peer;
Happy the city with such guardianship!

And going back through all his checkered days,
I followed him, as one would trace the flight

Of some swift planet journeying through the ways
Ethereal, by impetuous impulse sped;
I saw him 'mid the hot and shimmering maze
Of desert sands Algerian face the might
Of banded tribes by frenzied Islam led,—
The fierce, fanatical, free-booting hordes,—
And while the blazing sun burned overhead,
I marked his blade amid the flashing swords.

I heard his voice ring as the clarion rings
Through Cherubusco's lanes of battle fire,
A spot whereto his quenchless ardor clings
As Roland's clings to Roncesvalles yet;
In Italy I traced the tireless wings
Of his endeavor, and when civil ire
Stirred his own land, and her dear sod was wet
With kindred blood, I watched him stand her shield
And bulwark till,—oh, pitiful regret!—
The night and death closed o'er Chantilly's field.

City that sits by calm Passaic's side,
Give us another Kearny at our need
To spur our faltering, and to stem the tide
Of sloth and dalliance, lest we lose the old
Reverent reliance!—down the lines to ride
With "forward! forward!" nor the foeman heed!
Should the hour come (and what may be foretold,
With clouds of menace and with threats of ill?)
Give us another leader staunch and bold,
Give us another fearless "fighting Phil!"

—Clinton Scollard.

DIVIDENT HILL

Pause here, O muse! that Fancy's eye
May trace the footprints still,
Of men that, centuries gone by,
With prayer ordained this hill;
As lifts the misty veil of years,
Such visions here arise,
As when the glorious past appears
Before enchanted eyes.

I see, from 'midst the faithful few,
Whose deeds yet live sublime—
Whose guileless spirits, brave as true,
Are models "for all time,"
A group upon this height convened—
In solemn prayer they stand—
Men, on whose sturdy wisdom leaned
The settlers of the land.

In mutual love the line they trace
That will their homes divide,
And ever mark the chosen place
That prayer hath sanctified;
And here it stands—a temple old,
Which crumbling Time still braves;
Though ages have their cycles rolled
Above those patriots' graves.

As Christ transfigured on the height,
The tree beheld with awe,
And near, His radiant form, in white,
The ancient prophets saw;

So, on this summit I behold
With beatific sight,
Once more our praying sires of old,
As spirits clothed in light.

A halo crowns the sacred hill,
And thence glad voices raise
A song that doth the concave fill—
Their prayers are turned to praise!
Art may not for these saints of old
The marble urn invent;
Yet here the Future shall behold
Their heaven-built monument.

—*Elizabeth Clementine Kinney.*

THE BALLAD OF SETH BOYDEN'S GIFT

*High in the Square his statue stands,
INVENTOR carved beneath:
But he who crimsoned the lips of Spring
Might wear a Poet's wreath.*

Old Newark sat in its bosky streets,
Tidy and prim and serene;
Prankt with posies and orchard sweets
To the fringe of its marshes green.

'Twas after the fighting of 1812
Seth Boyden came to town;
He'd licked the British,—and they'd licked him,—
And he wanted to settle down.

Old Newark called to him potently,
Though none but himself could hear

That clashing summons as it clanged
On his prophetic ear:

None but himself see that clean blue sky
With its white little chubby clouds,
Grimed with the reek of his chimneys tall,
Grim with his black smoke-shrouds.

"Thou hast lent me talents ten, Lord God,"
To his Maker deep he prayed:
"An Thou prosper me, I will give them back
Tenfold increased," he said.

Long with his cunning hands he wrought,
Long with his seething brain,
That God might not require of him
His usury in vain.

He watched the hedgerow'd village lanes
Where tinkling cows browsed home
Herded by whistling barefoot lads,
Great thoroughfares become:

Stone-paven streets where clicked the heels
In castanetted tune
Of all new Newark's gentlefolk,
Shod with his shining shoon.

Malleable to his iron will,
He bent earth's iron bars:
The lightning Franklin had lured down,
He flashed back to the stars.

A thousand men he kept at work,
A thousand ships at toil,
A thousand ways of increase he
Wrought out upon the soil.

At length in life's cool afternoon,
He paced his garden-place:—
A garden clipt from Newark's youth,
Gay with its old-time grace.

Outside his gates he heard the growl
Of labor chained to the wheel,
The roar of his captured genii bound,
The shriek of his tortured steel.

He thought of old Newark's bosky streets,
Tidy and prim and serene,
Prankt with posies and orchard sweets
To the fringe of its marshes green.

He said: "I have had my work to do
Thy lendings to increase,
Lord God:—to pay Thee back Thy loan
Before my days should cease.

"Now, ere my death-hour strike, I would
I might just pleasure Thee!
Give Thee and Newark some quaint gift
All free from merchantry."

.

Up from the garden-sward there breathed
An exquisite bouquet:
Fresh, faint, and fragrant as a wine
For faries on Mayday.

And glancing down, Seth Boyden saw
The wonder at his feet:
Wild strawberries like elfin cups
Brimmed with ecstatic sweet:

Too frail for aught save dryades
To taste with leafy lips,
Yet aromatic as the juice
That Puck in secret sips.

Seth Boyden smiled: with careful skill
He culled the perfect plants.
Through patient moons he wove his spells
Till knowledge conquered chance.

He fed and watered, pruned and plucked,
Till from his garden-sod,
There blazed a berry fit to feed
A hero or a god!

This was the gift Seth Boyden gave
To all his world for boon;
That Heaven might smile and Newark feast
From April on through June.

For the great epic of his toil
Heaped laurels are his meed:
And garlands for the loveliness
Of that last lyric deed.

*High in the Square his statue stands,
INVENTOR carved beneath:
But he who invented strawberries,
Might wear a Poet's wreath.*

—Alice Reade Rouse.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHT OF SCHOOL *

For the Inauguration of a Public School, Camden, 1874

Only a lot of boys and girls?

Only the tiresome spelling, writing, ciphering classes?

Only a public school?

Ah more, infinitely more;

(As George Fox raised his warning cry, "Is it this pile
of brick and mortar, these dead floors, windows,
rails, you call the church?

Why this is not the church at all—the church is living,
ever living souls.")

And you America,

Cast you the real reckoning for your present?

The lights and shadows of your future, good or evil?

To girlhood, boyhood look, the teacher and the school.

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE SOBBING OF THE BELLS *

Midnight, Sept. 19-20, 1881

The sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news every-
where,

The slumberers rouse, the rapport of the People,
(Full well they know that message in the darkness,
Full well return, respond within their breasts, their
brains, the sad reverberations),

The passionate toll and clang—city to city, joining,
sounding, passing,

Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night.

—*Walt Whitman.*

PRESIDENT GARFIELD *

"E Venni dal Martirio a Questa Pace"

These words the poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,
In the true faith was living in that sphere
Where the celestial cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;
And set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls maganimous, that knew not fear,
Flashes their effulgence on his dazzling eyes.
Ah me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense,
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

DAREST THOU NOW O SOUL†

Darest thou now O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to
follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in
that land.

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† By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

I know it not O soul!
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,—
All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible
land.

Till when the tie is loosened,
All but the ties eternal, Time and space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bound-
ing us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space O soul! prepared for them,
Equal, equipped at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them
to fulfill O soul!

—*Walt Whitman.*

GOOD-BYE MY FANCY *

Good-bye my Fancy!
Farewell dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you
again,
So Good-bye my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—Good-bye my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really
blended into one;

Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what
happens,
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn some-
thing,
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true
songs, (who knows?)
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turn-
ing—so now finally,
Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.

—*Walt Whitman.*

WALT WHITMAN

Thy soul hath revelled in the forests green;
The solemn purple plains;
The immense far range of hills whose summits hoar
Mix with the eternal blue; the ceaseless roar
Of rivers swollen by Titanic rains:
Somewhat thy soul hath gathered of the might
Of thine America; by day, by night,
Watching, thy gaze hath won
A measured glimpse of what man's eyes shall see;
While Europe's slaves to kings have bent the knee
Thou, yokeless, hast been vassal of the sun:
Thou, scaling thought's untrodden mountain-sides,
Hast felt the heart of Freedom like a bride's
Against thine own heart beat;
While the old world struggled, cramped by prison-bars,
Thou, seeking Freedom's palace lit by stars,
Didst pass the heights where storms and the eagles
meet.

—*George Barlow.*

TO WALT WHITMAN *

Bold innovator in the realm of thought;
Strong-sinewed Titan fighting for the right,
And wresting from the panoplies of night
The glories that the patient stars have caught
From an evanished sun; brave teacher, taught
By Nature's lips to see with Nature's sight,
And so to shed day's fair, unsullied light
Upon the work thy rugged hands have wrought,
Thou stand'st serene upon thy mountain crag,
Unmindful of the shallow hum which fills
The valleys with derision. Thou canst wait,
And, waiting, find thine own, when prescient Fate
Shall grant thee justice, and unfurl the flag
Of Innocency on a thousand hills.

—*Francis Howard Williams.*

WALT WHITMAN

March 26, 1892

Darkness and death? Nay, Pioneer, for thee
The day of deeper vision has begun;
There is no darkness for the central sun
Nor any death for immortality.
At last the song of all fair songs that be,
At last the guerdon of a race well run,
The upswelling joy to know the victory won,
The river's rapture when it finds the sea.
Ah, thou art wrought in an heroic mould,
The modern man upon whose brow yet stays

A gleam of glory from the age of gold,—
A diadem which all the gods have kissed.
Hail and farewell! flower of the antique days,—
Democracy's divine protagonist.

—*Francis Howard Williams.*

W. W.*

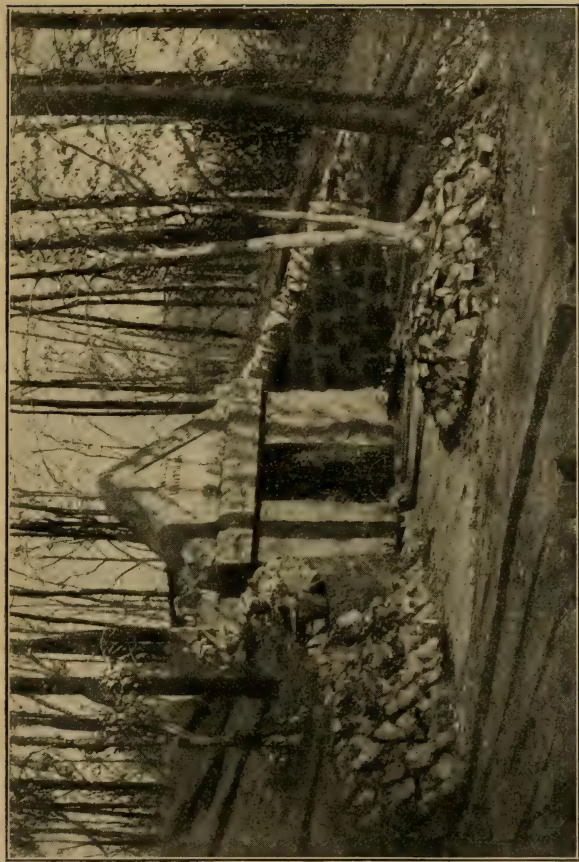
Good-bye, Walt!
Good-bye, from all you loved on earth—
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman—
To you, their comrade human,
The last assault
Ends now; and now in some great world has birth
A minstrel, whose strong soul finds broader wings,
More brave imaginings.
Stars crown the hill-top where your dust shall lie,
Even as we say good-bye,
Good-bye, old Walt!

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

WALT WHITMAN

He was in love with Truth and knew her near—
Her comrade, not her suppliant on the knee:
She gave him wild melodious words to be
Made music that should haunt the atmosphere.
She drew him to her bosom, day-long dear,
And pointed to the stars and to the sea,
And taught him miracles and mystery,
And made him master of the rounded year.

* From Stedman's *Complete Poems*, Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company.



Courtesy of Wm. T. Innes and Anne M. Traubel

WALT WHITMAN'S TOMB, CAMDEN

‘Darest thou now, O Soul?’

—Walt Whitman

Yet one gift did she keep. He looked in vain,
Brow-shaded, through the darkness of the mist,
Marking a beauty like a wandering breath
That beckoned, yet denied his soul a tryst:
He sang a passion, yet he saw not plain
Till kind earth held him and he spake with death.

—*Harrison Smith Morris.*

ON THE FERRY: WHITMAN

He passed amid the noisy throngs,
His elbow touched with theirs;
They grumbled at their petty wrongs,
Their woes and cares.

They asked if "Princeton stood to win,"
Or what they should invest;
They told with gusto and with grin
Some idle jest.

They jostled him and passed him by,
Nor slacked their eager pace;
They did not mark that noble eye,
That noble face.

So carelessly they let him go,
His mien they could not scan,—
Thinker whom all the world would know,
Our greatest man.

—*Max J. Herzberg.*

I TRACK UPSTREAM THE SPIRIT'S CALL*

I track upstream the spirit's call.
Far, far I go, past all the seasoned ways,
Challenging the cautious calendars and towns.
I track upstream the spirit's call:
Where it will take me I do not know,
But my soul sees that all is all right and that we are
not being deluded,
And my feet follow my soul, often tardily, but the soul
keeps on.

I linger with a last apology, I play with toys,
I make light of what is off there for what I can here
put into my palm,
I delay all farewells until the farewell of departure,
And finally when leaving shed tears of genuine regret.
I track upstream the spirit's call,
Not daring now to disobey my dream.
I am swept with the living current on and on:
Into whatever storm I contentedly go, into whatever
peace.

—*Horace L. Traubel.*

JAMES McCOSH

Young to the end through sympathy with youth,
Gray man of learning,—champion of truth!
Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind,
He felt his kinship with all humankind,
And never feared to trace development
Of high from low,—assured and full content
That man paid homage to the Mind above,
Uplifted by the "Royal Law of Love."

* Courtesy of Anne M. Traubel.

The laws of nature that he loved to trace
Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face;
The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls
Will miss his presence, and the stately halls
His trumpet voice. And in their joys
Sorrow will shadow those he called "my boys"!

—*Robert Bridges.*

THE GRAVE OF STEPHEN CRANE

What does it matter now? November's sere
Rests on his grave, and the sad leaves, shook down,
Hither and thither by the winds are blown,
And whisper low the dirge, "He is not here."

The distant towered city was his sphere,
Where his ambition struggled for renown,
Scarce won before his restless soul is flown
Out of the real to ghostly atmosphere.

What matters now—a stone in Evergreen,
Some scattered books his generation read,
And reminiscences of light and shade?—
And yet—this matters; in it all is seen
The image of ourselves, who in his stead
Still keep the field before the twilight fade.

—*Joseph Fulford Folsom.*

BEFORE THE GRAVE OF THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

I stood before the poet's grave,
And on the stone I read
This mighty truth, "The poet lives
Long after he is dead."

His song—you know it well, I ween,
You've sung it o'er and o'er;
Each time its music sweeter seemed
And tend'rer than before.

It breathes the sentiment of all;
And each heart knows it best;
A charm that sinks into our soul,
As love by love caress'd.

Our thoughts in song he made them speak—
A silver melody—
With magic hand he touched the bud
That we its bloom might see.

He's perish'd—but the flower remains
As fresh, and all perfume,
To be his coronet of fame,
Though he lies in the tomb.

Ben Bolt, ah! he is with thee now,
And Alice, fair and sweet!
Our tribute to him be the song
Our children shall repeat.

—*Frederick A. Earle.*

TO E. C. S.*

Poet and friend of poets, if thy glass
Detects no flower in winter's tuft of grass,
Let this slight token of the debt I owe
Outlive for thee December's frozen day,
And, like the arbutus budding under snow,

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Take bloom and fragrance from some morn of May
When he who gives it shall have gone the way
Where faith shall see and reverent trust shall know.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

EDMUND CLARENCE STEADMAN†

Life laid upon his forehead a caress
And, smiling, gave him for his birthright dower,
Humor and judgment, passion, purpose, power,
And gifts of vision, pure and limitless:
Then,—for she ever tempers man's success,
Nursing the canker in Earth's fairest flower,—
She added pain; and taught him, hour by hour,
To know that only blessed which doth bless!

So, following the Gleam from early youth,
He lent a strengthening hand, and gave his heart,
And aided feet, less sure than his, to climb:
He sacrificed not others to his art,
But worshipped beauty with unselfish truth,
And lives, the well-beloved of his time!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN*

Oh, quick to feel the lightest touch
Of beauty or of truth,
Rich in the thoughtfulness of age,
The hopefulness of youth,

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† From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, Copyrighted 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

POEMS OF NEW JERSEY

The courage of the gentle heart,
The wisdom of the pure,
The strength of finely tempered souls
To labour and endure!

The blue of springtime in your eyes
Was never quenched by pain;
And winter brought your head the crown
Of snow without a stain.
The poet's mind, the prince's heart,
You kept until the end,
Nor ever faltered in your work,
Nor ever failed a friend.

You followed, through the quest of life,
The light that shines above
The tumult and the toil of men,
And shows us what to love.
Right royal to the best you knew,
Reality or dream,
You ran the race, you fought the fight,
A follower of the Gleam.

We lay upon your folded hands
The wreath of asphodel;
We speak above your peaceful face
The tender word *Farewell!*
For well you fare, in God's good care,
Somewhere within the blue,
And know, to-day, your dearest dreams
Are true,—and true,—and true!

—Henry van Dyke.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Upyearning yet earth anchored as the hills
Etern was he,
And musically vocal as the rills'
Glad minstrelsy.

He stood as straight and steadfast as the trees,
Yet as the wind
That stirreth them to wondrous symphonies
Was unconfined.

He was as buoyant hearted as the flowers,
Fruitful as fields,
Warm sun and wind have urged, and summer showers,
To tenfold yields.

Now he, bold mariner, is gone before
To "Shadowland;"
And we, who may not yet that way explore,
Pause on the strand—

And, gazing o'er Eternity's wide wave,
Hear, faint but sure,
His calm, familiar voice beyond the grave:
"Dear hearts, endure!"

—*Edward N. Teall.*

STARS AND THE SOUL *

To Charles A. Young, Astronomer

"Two things," the wise man said, "fill me with awe:
The starry heavens and the moral law."

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, Copyright 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Nay, add another wonder to thy roll,—
The living marvel of the human soul!

Born in the dust and cradled in the dark,
It feels the fire of an immortal spark,
And learns to read, with patient, searching eyes,
The splendid secret of the unconscious skies.

For God thought Light before He spoke the word;
The darkness understood not, though it heard:
But man looks up to where the planets swim,
And thinks God's thoughts of glory after Him.

What knows the star that guides the sailor's way,
Or lights the lover's bower with liquid ray,
Of toil and passion, danger and distress,
Brave hope, true love, and utter faithfulness?

But human hearts that suffer good and ill,
And hold to virtue with a loyal will,
Adorn the law that rules our mortal strife
With star-surpassing victories of life.

So take our thanks, dear reader of the skies,
Devout astronomer, most humbly wise,
For lessons brighter than the stars can give,
And inward light that helps us all to live.

—Henry van Dyke.

CLEVELAND

Grandly through all the changing years
That write contempt on worldly fame,
His name, like God's eternal spheres,
Will shine with undiminished flame.

For like some myriad-minded sage
Of old renowned in classic climes,
He gleamed the wisdom of the age—
A Socrates of modern times.

His sovereign will did ne'er unbend
To fickle fancy's transient sway,
But found the means to gain the end
Of justice in a righteous way.

He sought to mold the minds of men,
For higher thoughts and nobler deeds;
And won the praise of lip and pen,
Despite the clash of human creeds.

With fearless zeal he served the state,
Full-armed to triumph over wrong;
And linked with all that's good and great,
He walks with Heaven's immortal throng.

—*David Banks Sickles.*

GROVER CLEVELAND

1837-1908

Bring cypress, rosemary and rue
For him who kept his rudder true;

Who held to right the people's will,
And for whose foes we love him still.

A man of Plutarch's marble mold,
Of virtues strong and manifold,
Who spurned the incense of the hour,
And made the nation's weal his dower.

His sturdy, rugged sense of right
Put selfish purpose out of sight;
Slowly he thought, but long and well,
With temper imperturbable.

Bring cypress, rosemary and rue
For him who kept his rudder true;
Who went at dawn to that high star
Where Washington and Lincoln are.

—Joel Benton.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER *

In Memoriam

Soul of a soldier in a poet's frame,
Heart of a hero in a body frail;
Thine was the courage clear that did not quail
Before the giant champions of shame
Who wrought dishonour to the city's name;
And thine the vision of the Holy Grail
Of Love, revealed through Music's lucid veil,
Filling thy life with heavenly song and flame.

Pure was the light that lit thy glowing eye,
And strong the faith that held thy simple creed
Ah, poet, patriot, friend, to serve our need

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, copyright 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.



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GROVER CLEVELAND

‘A man of Plutarch’s marble mold,
Of virtues strong and manifold.’

—Joel Benton

Thou leavest two great gifts that will not die:
Above the city's noise, thy lyric cry,—
Amid the city's strife, thy noble deed!

—*Henry van Dyke.*

(*November, 1909*)

TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Now to his name I give this book
Reverent, as placing on an altar-stone
A gift; though slight, not all unmeet—since he
Served all his years a Soldier of the light:
From those first days when the brave gentle boy,
In passion of service for the land he loved,
Stood by the thunderous guns of Gettysburg,
To those last days of service not less true
In the loud streets and swarming human hives,
The clangor and flare, and all the civic stress
Of his beloved city,—his and ours,
Where such as he may rear the City of Light.

—*Helen Gray Cone.*

MY CREED

I do not fear to tread the path that those I love have
long since trod;
I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before the
living God.
In this world's fight I've done my part; if God be good,
He knows it well;

He will not turn His back on me, and send me down to
blackest Hell
Because I have not prayed aloud and shouted in the
market place.
'Tis what we do, not what we say, that makes us worthy
of His grace.

—*Jeannette Leonard Gilder.*

TO HENRY VAN DYKE *

Music! yea, and the airs you play—
Out of the faintest Far-away
And the sweetest, too; and the dearest here,
With its quavering voice but its bravest cheer—
The prayer that aches to be all expressed—
The kiss of love at its tenderest.
Music—music with glad heart-throbs
Within it; and music with tears and sobs
Shaking it, as the startled soul
Is shaken at shriek of the fife and roll
Of the drums;—then as suddenly lulled again
By the whisper and lisp of the summer rain.
Mist of melodies, fragrance fine—
The bird-song flicked from the eglantine
With the dews where the springing bramble throws
A rarer drench on its ripest rose,
And the wingéd song soars up and sinks
To a dove's dim coo by the river brinks,
Where the ripple's voice still laughs along
Its glittering path of light and song.
Music, O poet, and all your own

* From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

By right of capture, and that alone—
For in it we hear the harmony
Born of the earth and the air and the sea,
And over and under it, and all through,
We catch the chime of the Anthem, too.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

IN MEMORIAM

(*Borden P. Bowne*)

The gates of time swing to: Our wisest head,
Our soundest heart, our loftiest soul is dead.
But death like this, crowning a long success,
Gives exaltation to our helplessness,
Repeating, louder than all vain lament,
'Gainst death itself the one great argument—
Even this: A man so disciplined in truth,
In freedom, labor, courtesy, and ruth,
So disciplined, amid earth's age-old wars,
To see even here the light of all the stars,
Must be, wherever God will have him come,
With the eternal anywhere at home.

—*William Ellery Leonard.*

THE FOUNDERS

Here where a giant city's pulses throb,
Where falls the tread of ever-hurrying feet
Thronging the broad Rialto of to-day,
Here where triumphant industry and thrift

Have reared their monumental towers on high
And where upon a thousand tides are launched
The argosies of genius, labor, skill,—
Here, bid the Past arise from mists of time,
Here, sweep away the pageant of To-day;
The throngs of hurrying men, the city's life,
The garnered fruits of husbandry and wealth,
Yea, sweep away the progress and the pride
And all the triumphs of man's toil and sweat
That centuried time has builded in our midst,
And in the charm of virgin innocence
Behold the commonwealth where now we stand
Bride of the solitude and wilderness.

O fair young bride, how simply art thou busked
Here in thy dwelling by the blue Passaic!
Green meadows eastward to the river's verge,
And westward, upland slopes and forest glades
To mountain solitudes, the scattered homes
Of men, the vagrant lanes that stole away
And fled into the wilderness beyond;
The village church, a fortress and a shrine,
The burial ground, the common and the school,
The planted fields, the low of grazing herds,
The shining river winding to the bay,
The green and level meadows washed with brine,
And far away the wandering Hackensack,
A glint of glittering silver in the sun.

And they who made a habitation here,
Who dared the rigors of a wilderness
And met the red man in his native wilds,
Who hewed the forest, planted fertile fields
And built the sacred altar fires of home,

Shall these, the builders of a common-wealth,
The founders of a city, know no fame,
Nor claim the tribute of posterity?

Brave band of sturdy men, heroic souls!
Not heraldry but virtue made thee great,
Plodding the path of humble duty, still
Ye wrought, and builded greater than ye knew,
Yea, on foundations of integrity
Ye laid the civic glory of to-day.

And what a dower of valor, virtue, faith
Is ours. A heritage to guard and keep,
Yea, ours to build upon the prestiged past
Far loftier temples than our fathers dreamed,
'Tis ours to build a city of the soul,
And rising from life's sordid things to know
That men of virtuous lives and noble aims
Alone can build the perfect commonwealth,
For though our trade, our skill, our wealth increase,
We still may be a shame—for doubt not this:
A city's glory is her citizens.
Remembering this, great may our city grow,
Each man a partner in prosperity,
Each man a brother to his fellow-man,
Sharing the gains of labor and of skill,
Rich in the spirit's fruits beyond all else,
Proud of his fellow-man, proud of himself,
Proud of his home, the city beautiful.

—*David Maclure.*

THE BUILDERS

Never a jungle is penetrated,
Never an unknown sea is dared,
Never adventure is consummated,
Never a faint new trail is fared,
But that some dreamer has had the vision
Which leads men on to the ends of earth,
That laughs at doubting, and scorns derision,
And falters not at the cynic's mirth.

So the dreamer dreams, but there follows after
The mighty epic of steel and stone,
When caisson, scaffold and well and rafter
Have made a fact where the dream was shown;
And so with furnace and lathe and hammer,
With blast that rumbles and shaft that gleams,
Her factories crowned with a grimy glamour,
Newark buildeth the dreamers' dreams.

Where the torrent leaps with a roar of thunder,
Where the bridge is built or the dam is laid,
Where the wet walled tunnel burrows under
Mountain, river and palisade,
There is Newark's magic of nail or girder,
Of spikes and castings and posts and beams,
The need and wants of the world have spurred her,
Newark—city that builds our dreams.

She has fashioned tools for the world's rough duty,
For the men who dig and the men that hew,
She has fashioned jewels for wealth and beauty,
She has shod the prince and the pauper, too;

So the dreamer dreams, he's the wonder waker,
With soul that hungers and brain that teems,
But back of him toils the magic-maker,
Newark—city that builds his dreams.

—*Berton Braley.*

EDISON *

A thousand leagues on the Arctic sea
A ship went down through the frozen floe.
Captain and crew they watched her go:
They ran her colors free;
They cheered her lustily;
And far peoples shouted her praise with them
Where a phonograph from her plunging stem
Pealed to the stars her requiem.

A thousand leagues through the Afric wood
A man went looting the jungle's wealth.
Leopard nor lion could stay his stealth,
Nor sleeping-death, nor flood:
He drew not the monsters' blood,
But he led them alive through the scorching day
By a tape of moving film, to play
With the wondering children of Broadway.

A thousand leagues or a thousand years
Are motes in the gaze of the seeking mind:
By its own radiance thought can find
Its way to ultimate spheres,
Dark, till its beam appears
To blazon them. So on that beam hath run
Round Arctic moon and Afric sun
The electric mind of Edison.

* From Percy MacKaye's Poems. Used by permission of the Macmillan Company, Publishers.

Through delicate engine and disk and reel
He quickens the elemental Cause,
Kindling the lightnings of its laws
Till atoms of jelly and steel
Are made to stir and feel,
And mortals that long have ceased to be
Live on, for the world to hear and see,
In a semblance of immortality.

The throbbing ticker resounds his fame
With its ominous pulse, and the mart responds,
Selling his magic in stocks and bonds;
But they, who toss his name
With gold in their mighty game,
Behold not the soul of the mightier One
Who sits in the brain of an Edison
And weighs the dreams, when all is done.

For all that the millions sell and buy
And wrangle for, is a dreamful thing
Wrought of a lone imagining:
Tower'd cities, that top our sky,
Loomed first on the pensive eye
Of brooding architects; the glories
Of art and science, their sounding stories,
Have birth from silent laboratories.

So out of his visioning silences
The great inventor reveals to us
New pathways of nature, perilous
With unknown skies and seas,
For new astronomies
To chart, and each dim discovered trail
Is lit by the gleam of a lurid grail
With the legend: What shall the search avail?

What at last shall avail our invention? Yea,
What avails our soul its cunning brain
If our paths be hatred, our goal be pain?
Brain searches in cloud and clay,
But our soul must point us the way
Through cloud to a star, through clay to God's breath,
Or else it were wiser to welcome death
On the star-lit road to Nazareth.

But they *shall* avail—both—brain and soul;
They avail us now in him who has won
Earth's wondering homage—Edison:
For his mind has held as its goal
The good of a world made whole,
And his spirit girds it with lightning span—
The planetary American
Whose master-thought is the joy of man.

—Percy MacKaye.

THE ENGINEER *

The seven steel-ribbed coaches
Draw smoothly to the shed,
And you and other passengers
Now hurry home to bed;
You've done your easy hundred miles
In ninety minutes clear—
Then thank the man who brought you,
The old gray engineer.

Your hope, your love, your children,
The prayers that you have prayed,

* From *The Rocking Horse*, by Christopher Morley, Copyright 1919
by George H. Doran Company, Publisher.

Lie in his faithful fingers
On trestle, curve and grade;
By crossing, draw and culvert
His leaping engine roars,
And clear as altar lamps he sees
The green-lit semaphores.

Unthanked and unremembered,
He holds your life secure;
His service does not falter,
His hand and eye are sure;
A thousand tons go flashing
Along that ribbon slim;
The roar of his tall driving wheels
Is very like a hymn.

His miracle of power
Is terrible and swift;
Farewells and lovers' meetings
Are equally his gift;
In starlight or in snowstorm,
A priest of creed austere,
He brings you home in safety—
The old gray engineer.

—*Christopher Morley.*

OLD NASSAU

Tune every heart and every voice!
Bid every care withdraw;
Let all with one accord rejoice
In praise of Old Nassau!

In praise of Old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Her sons will give, while they shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau.

Let music rule the fleeting hour,—
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her power,
In praise of Old Nassau!

No flow'ry chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!

And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of Old Nassau!

Till then with joy our songs we'll bring.
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing—
Long life to Old Nassau!

—*Harlan P. Peck.*

RUTGERS COLLEGE HYMN

We pray the founders' prayer—that here may rise
A temple planted on a mountain crest,
To catch the first glow of the eastern skies.
Oh sun of righteousness, illumine our west!

Enrich these halls with science' goodly store,
The ages' toil-worn treasure, time's bequest;
Man's knowledge turn to wisdom more and more.
Oh sun of righteousness, illumine our west!

Fulfill the golden dreams of ardent youth;
Add to our manhood's prime a keener zest,
In glad devotion to the search for truth.
Oh sun of righteousness, illumine our west!

Crown the land's wealth with a diviner creed,
Service and stewardship at God's behest;
Dispel the night of selfishness and greed.
Oh sun of righteousness, illumine our west!

Lo, the day dawns! The deepening color soars;
The first rays redden on the mountain's crest,
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors;
The sun of righteousness illumines our west.

—Louis Bevier, Jr.

A COLLEGE

A college is a group of halls
Dotting a campus here and there,
With rooms rectangular and bare,
And gracious ivy-mantled walls.

A college is a crowd of boys
Of ardent spirits still untaught,
Whose half-formed purposes are fraught
With endless griefs and endless joys.

A college is a band of men,
Of vision clear, in love with truth,
Ripe manhood leading eager youth
To fields of thought beyond their ken.

A college is a life-long mood
Of love and loyalty and hope,
A mystic bond of boundless scope
To form a royal brotherhood.

A college is a holy shrine
Beneath whose central cella's dome
Is found a consecrated home
For what in man is most divine.

—*Louis Bevier, Jr.*

THE LEADER *

This is the man they deemed of languid blood,
A schoolman versed in books, who, Hamlet-like,
Showed but heat-flashes powerless to strike—
His resolution blighted in the bud.

They knew him not—nor we, who trusted him.
See! how his brooding purpose, taking form,
Falls like swift lightning from long-gathered storm,
While fateful thunder shakes the round world's rim.

His country, stirred by him to lofty strife,
Sharing his vision, with high passion thrills;
It climbs, renouncing minor goods and ills,
And stands beside him at the crown of life.

* By permission of the Yale University Press.

To a new knighthood he ordains the brave,
To be soul-worthy of a freeman's birth—
Not for our wrongs alone, but that on earth
None shall be master, none shall be a slave.

But yesterday a secret of his heart,
His welcome message floods the globe like light;
It cheers the farthest darkness by its might;
Its boldness makes the undiscepted start.

Where it has spread, by sea or mountain side
Or by the bivouac of the caravan,
The lowliest feels a part of Heaven's plan
And stands erect with newly wakened pride.

Beleaguered Liberty takes heart again,
Hearing afar the rescuing bugles blow;
And even in the strongholds of the foe
His name becomes the whispered hope of men.

—Robert Underwood Johnson.

April 6, 1917.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE*

(National Arts Club's Prize War Poem)

Thank God our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to France!
To France—the trail the Gurkhas found!
To France—old England's rallying ground!
To France—the path the Russians strode!
To France—the Anzac's glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran

* By permission of the National Arts Club.

To fight and die for God and man!
To France—with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah France—how could our hearts forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
At last, thank God! At last we see
There is no tribal Liberty!
No beacon lighting just our shores!
No Freedom guarding but our doors!
The flame she kindled for our sires
Burns now in Europe's battle fires!
The soul that led our fathers west
Turns back to free the world's oppressed!

Allies, you have not called in vain!
We share your conflict and your pain!
“Old Glory,” through new stains and rents,
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments!
Into that hell his will creates
We drive the foe; his lusts, his hates!
Last come, we will be last to stay—
Till Right has had her crowning day!
Replenish, comrades, from our veins,
The blood the sword of despots drains,
And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely-rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free!
See, with what proud hearts we advance—
To France!

—Daniel Henderson.

PRINCETON *

(1917)

He dropped his book; he left his task;
He cast his gown away,
Hearing a great cry in the wind:
"It is The Day—The Day!"
Out of the river and under the hill,
His ship went down the bay.

God knows the rose grew tall and fair
In Flanders' fields, and Picardy;
And bird-songs once filled all the air
From meadow grass, and swaying tree;
God knows the children's dreams were sweet
As any dream could be.

He rose at the first bugle-note,
Putting his youth away,
With morning light upon his face
And a high heart and gay.
I think that God hath blessed the ground
Where he lies to-day.

—Charles W. Kennedy.

TO MY MOTHER†

There fell a flood of devastating flame
On half the world, and all its joy was dead.
The sky was black, the troubled sea was red,
And from all mouths a lamentation came.

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† From *Trees and Other Poems*, by Joyce Kilmer, Copyright George H. Doran Company, Publishers, 1914.

But you, in calm and hurricane the same,
Went with gay lips, brave heart and unbowed head.
What was the charm, from which all danger fled?
What did you say, what cabalistic name?

It was my love that sent its quickening breath
On all the waves that bore your ship along.
My love held out, against the flying death,
That clove the sea, a shield than steel more strong,
Bringing you back, where no war harrieth,
Stars in your eyes, and in your heart a song.

—Joyce Kilmer.

A POET ENLISTS *

And all the songs that I might sing—
Madness to risk them so, you say?
How is it such a certain thing
That I can sing them if I stay?

The winds of God are past control,
They answer to no human call,
And if I lose my living soul,
That is—for me—the end of all.

Better to shout one last great song,
Dying myself, to dying men,
Than crawl the bitter years along
And never sing again.

—Amelia Josephine Burr.

* From *The Silver Trumpet*, by Amelia J. Burr. Copyright 1918.
George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

JOYCE KILMER*

Strength without stint we gave to Liberty
When she leapt forth to shatter earth's last chains!
Greatly with soul and brawn and wealth wrought we,
Girding her spirit, shielding her rich veins!
Now comes her triumph! Broken in their wars,
Tyrants are groveling at her shining hem!
Now comes her crowning hour! Heaven's farthest
stars
Cluster to form her deathless diadem!
Shall we exult, who toiled in her great host?
Nay, for this thought is bludgeoning our pride:—
We lived for Freedom to our uttermost,
But for her cause—he died!

—Daniel Henderson.

LONG LIFE

They have long life who do the will of God,
They who, in youthful ardor, place their all
At fearful hazard, glad to heed the call
And tread the paths of old by heroes trod.

At the world's cry for help, their feet they shod
With wingéd sandals, sped to make a wall
Of flame invincible. Even those who fall
Are victors, though they lie beneath the sod.

They live as long as freedom lives, as long
As memories of sacrifice endure,

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JOYCE KILMER

‘Better to shout one last great song,
Dying myself, to dying men,
Than crawl the bitter years along
And never sing again.’

—Amelia J. Burr

Our substance and our souls we pledge to keep it
undefiled.

Of old it was our heritage—to-day it is our child.

—*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

THE MATCHLESS FLAG

The flag that ripples on the breeze,
With melting stripe and trembling star,
No foeman's hand shall basely seize,
Nor traitor's blade its beauty mar.

Our lives in its defense we pledge
With love that ever thrills and thrills,
To guard it at the rampart's edge,
And keep it waving on the hills.

We hail it when the morning breaks,
And cheer it through the azure day;
The kindling hope its sight awakes
Not even death shall snatch away.

The starry field shall light the world,
The lines run out to all mankind,
That where the colors be unfurl'd.
The brave and free may refuge find.

Then ripple, ripple in the blue,
Bright ensign of a sovereign race,
High God with swelling hearts we sue
To guard with us thy matchless place!

The flag that ripples on the breeze,
With melting stripe and trembling star,
Shall yet invade a thousand seas
To publish liberty afar.

—*Joseph Fulford Folsom.*

THE CLASSROOM REOPENS

(In Memoriam Francis B. Gummere)

Across the fields the scent of autumn days,
The bronze and russet hills, the dim blue haze,
The stir and laughter of regathered youth,
The rustle of dead leaves along the ways.

Once more the old familiar classrooms fill;
The clustered feet come trampling o'er the sill,
But vanished is the well-remembered face
That waited by the desk. We see him still.

This was his lecture room, and when he spoke
Ah, what a vision on our senses broke;
We saw the pageantry of human mind
And all the sense of wonder in us woke.

The freight of human passion that endears
Our language, echoed to us down the years;
We laughed with Chaucer on the pilgrims' road,
Saw Juliet leaning in a mist of tears.

And every haunted music English bore
From out the heart of man, seemed in his store;
How like the clang of swords his voice could
bring
The blood and anger of the ballad lore!

In this his room it never was his plan
To stint his teaching to a narrow span—
And most of all, we learned by watching him
How Nature blends a scholar and a man.

What humor, and what charm! We all and each
Adored him for his gracious gift of speech;

In him his favorite line was born again—
“And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.”

—*Christopher Morley.*

SPIRIT OF THE EVERLASTING BOY *

O spirit of the everlasting boy,
Alert, elate,
And confident that life is good,
Thou knockest boldly at the gate,
In hopeful hardihood,
Eager to enter and enjoy
Thy new estate.
Through the old house thou runnest everywhere,
Bringing a breath of folly and fresh air,
Ready to make a treasure of each toy,
Or break them all in discontented mood;
Fearless of Fate,
Yet strangely fearful of a comrade's laugh;
Reckless and timid, hard and sensitive;
In talk a rebel, full of mocking chaff,
At heart devout conservative;
In love with love, yet hating to be kissed;
Inveterate optimist,
And judge severe,

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, copyright 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In reason cloudy but in feeling clear;
Keen critic, ardent hero-worshipper,
Impatient of restraint in little ways,
 Yet ever ready to confer
On chosen leaders boundless power and praise;
Adventurous spirit burning to explore
Untrodden paths where hidden danger lies,
And homesick heart looking with wistful eyes
Through every twilight to a mother's door;
Thou daring, darling, inconsistent boy,
 How dull the world would be
Without thy presence, dear barbarian,
And happy lord of high futurity!
Be what thou art, our trouble and our joy,
Our hardest problem and our brightest hope!
And while thine elders lead thee up the slope
Of knowledge, let them learn from teaching thee
That vital joy is part of nature's plan,
And he who keeps the spirit of the boy
Shall gladly grow to be a happy man.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

WORK *

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, copyright 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry van Dyke.

ONE WAY OF SPRING *

The Spring came to this street with spinning tops,
And marbles rolling where the yards were bare,
With parti-coloured bonnets in the shops,
And young girls' laughter on the sterile air.
Through open windows and from stair to stair,
Went women's voices, calling each to each,
And in the cramped and crowded little square,
The ancient hush of soft and tender speech.

For all the lack of green things coming in,
The magic that was marbles in the street,
That swept the stairs, and moved the tops to spin,
Was wine and music, potent still and sweet,
As when it swayed those graceful girls of Troy,
And set to dreaming many a Trojan boy.

—David Morton.

* From *Ships in Harbour*, by David Morton. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

BEAUTY

O beauty that I can not spell!
O glory that I can not tell!
My little self against the great,
My poor words all inadequate,
Yet to thy galleries I come,
O Art a wanderer and dumb
Thy hallways will I never leave.
Let in my soul the ocean heave,
The ocean of my love to you,
And die a clinging lover true,
And wait for an eternity
To set my prisoned accents free,
Then sing eternities away,
Until fit measure I repay.

—*Clarence A. Sharp.*

MY BROTHER

Dear brother, hast thou kept the faith with me?
Full many years are gathered to the past;
The hope-light of my hope is overcast
With gloomy clouds of doubt that will not flee.
Love, genius, and resolve—thou hadst these three—
And are they all of no avail at last
To break this silence so profound, so vast,
That holds thee captive in eternity?

Through many a vigil of the drowsy night
Have I sent out my soul in search of thine;
Striving to rend the bond that held me tight
Within this clay-built castle, to divine

Thy presence for one instant of delight.
In vain, in vain. Thou madest not one sign.

Thrice blest is he whom God hath made so sweet
That, with a charm to Midas all unknown,
The hearts he touches, though as cold as stone,
Are turned to radiant orbs of sacred heat;
And such a man thou wert; my wandering feet
Not yet have brought me to thy peer; alone
Thou art enshrined within the central zone
Of deep affection; beautiful; complete;

Tender and brave; with courtesy and grace
Descended from some ancestor remote
Who sought the Holy Land with sword and mace
And led the charge when rang the wild war note
Of Coeur de Leon's trumpets, or was found
Among the knights of Arthur's table round.

—*William Hooper Howells.*

A SONG OF LIFE

Bloom, Easter lilies fair!
Out of the dust arisen,
From the deep darkness under the sod
Quickened to life by the touch of God,
Oh! tell it abroad with your fragrant breath,
Life is forever victor of death.

Ring, happy Easter bells!
Ring from each temple tower;
Tell it again where the story is old,
Tell it afar where it never was told,

Oh! tell it abroad with jubilant breath,
Life is forever victor of death.

Sing, grateful soul of mine!
Sing till they hear in heaven;
Song sweeter than that of blossom or bell,
For joy beyond all that angels can tell,
How the Life Divine with quickening breath
Hath made thee forever victor of death.

—*Mrs. J. H. Knowles.*

ONLY ONE

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

—*George Cooper.*

THE MOTHER

I am the faith of little lives
That make my thoughts their own.
The spoken word, perhaps half heard,
Rests not with me alone,
But into circles widening ever shall have grown.

I am the joy of little hearts,
And who more proud should be?

They love to rest upon my breast
And stand beside my knee:
Like cherubs of the masters old, they turn their
eyes to me.

I am the hope of little souls,
And who should be more brave?
Fron. reefs ahead that all hearts dread
The mother-love must save,
For else my little ones may sink beneath life's
stormy wave.

—*Louise Beecher Chancellor.*

A TRINITY OF MOTHERHOOD

A mother's love—its meaning who can measure,
Or who such depths of hallowed mystery sound?
Outside the heart of God so rich a treasure
Has never yet been found!

A mother's face—all radiant and resplendent
Where memory guards the shrine with watchful
care!
What master hand e'er wrought with touch trans-
cendent
A thing so wondrous fair?

A mother's kiss—O how its impress lingers,
Through all the change that o'er one's soul may
creep!
It thrills me now as these poor trembling fingers
The chords of memory sweep!

—*Fred Clare Baldwin.*

RESURRECTION

I know not whether—watching you
Roam through the hills with me—
Persephone brought back the Spring,
Or Spring, Persephone—

Whether the wind-flowers in the wood
From snowy hollows start
In fragile radiance, answering
The wind-flowers in your heart,

Or through the beauty of your years,
With swift awakening,
The sweet, eternal youth of you
Returns to meet the Spring.

—Hazel B. Poole.

INDEMNITY

I prayed for fame; it seemed my very heart
And soul cried out for utterance; and fast
In dreams, I wrote my surging thoughts, aghast
At all the glory soon to be my part.
But while I dreamed, Love came—whose self thou
art—

Filled my rebellious hands with homely tasks,
And for the fame and glory I did ask,
Laid curly, nestling heads against my heart.

"What word of pen," said Love—thy self again—
"Could equal just one glint of fairy gold
"From her fair hair? What than his smile could
hold
"For all the world, a gift so free from stain?"
So now, I write my book from day to day,
On little hearts, impressionable, as clay.

—Anne Tredway.

THE WIFE

The little Dreams of Maidenhood—
I put them all away
As tenderly as mother would
The toys of yesterday,
When little children grow to men
Too over-wise for play.

The little dreams I put aside—
I loved them every one,
And yet since moon-blown buds must hide
Before the noon-day sun,
I close them wistfully away
And give the key to none.

O little Dreams of Maidenhood—
Lie quietly, nor care
If some day in an idle mood
I, searching unaware
Through some closed corner of my heart,
Should laugh to find you there.

—Theodosia Garrison.

SLEEP SWEET

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou! whoe'er thou art;
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet,—good night! good night!
—*Ellen M. H. Gates.*

THE GOOD CAUSE

Round the old house where lilacs bloomed and died,
Armed with the mimic bow my father gave,
A boy I marched and dreamed of coast and cave
And bears descending from the mountain side;
Or down dusk vistas of the arbor, wide,
And cool with scent of grapes, I sped to save
Fair ladies lost in woods, for I was brave
And sought adventure equal to my pride.

That house is down; the high hour never came;
The boy remembered but in tale and jest,
Yet the good cause, O Life, is still the same;
I see the days, the scope, of East and West;
The shapes I see are of heroic name—
Scorn, poverty, disease—and this is best.

—*William Ellery Leonard.*

TO THE VICTOR

Man's mind is larger than his brow of tears:
This hour is not my all of Time; this place
My all of Earth; nor this obscene disgrace
My all of Life; and thy complacent sneers
Shall not pronounce my doom to my compeers
Whilst the Hereafter lights me in the face,
And from the Past, as from the mountain's base,
Rise, as I rise, the long tumultuous cheers.

And who slays *me* must overcome a world:
Heroes at arms, and virgins who became
Mothers of children, prophecy and song;
Walls of old cities with their flags unfurled;
Peaks, headlands, ocean and its isles of fame—
And sun and moon and all that made me strong.

—*William Ellery Leonard.*

MARCH ON, MARCH ON FOR JERSEY

(Tune, *Lancashire*; see page 419)

March on, march on for Jersey,
And sing a loyal song,
And let the winds of Jersey
Transport our praise along;
We love her faithful rivers,
Her templed mountains free,
We love the Jersey meadows
That greet the rolling sea.

March on, march on for Jersey,
With hearts and voices high,

For on the soil of Jersey
True heroes dared to die;
The faith that blazed at Trenton
Filled all the land with light,
And crowned the Blue of Jersey
A leader for the right.

March on, march on for Jersey,
Be glad in toil and play,
With strength of hills and heroes
March on and win to-day;
From Jersey comes our courage,
From Jersey, faith to stand,
And we will live for Jersey
With head and heart and hand.

—*Eugene R. Musgrove.*

FOUR THINGS *

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

* From Dr. van Dyke's *Collected Poems*, Copyright 1911 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

OVER THE HILLS OF JERSEY

Over the hills of Jersey
The happy highways wind,
Over the hills of Jersey,
And leave the world behind.
Along the verdant avenue
The Jersey grass is wet with dew;
And Jersey skies are always blue,
And Jersey folks are kind.

Over the hills of Jersey,
So climbs the singing car,
Over the hills of Jersey
A bird that flies afar—
A bird along the roadway wings
The merriest of flying things,
And from the highest mountain flings
A greeting to a star.

Over the hills of Jersey
The purple sunset dies;
Over the hills of Jersey
We watch the moon arise,
And over all the Jersey hills
A shower of silver light she spills
That covers all earth's hurts and ills
And hides them from men's eyes.

Over the hills of Jersey,
By rill and rock and pond,
Over the hills of Jersey
Life waves a fairy wand,

And all the world of work and care
Is lost and left behind somewhere—
I guess that heaven is over there
The Jersey hills beyond!

—*Douglas Malloch.*

NOTES

(All references are to *New Jersey*, except where other states are mentioned or clearly implied.)

Page 1. NEW JERSEY. From the *Newark Evening News*.

I. POEMS OF NATURE

Page 6. IN MAPLE VALLEY. The poem refers to the old Cooper homestead in Cooper's Glen, Wantage township.

Page 8. GREENWOOD LAKE. Herbert: Henry William Herbert, whose pen name was Frank Forester; see Biographical Index.

Anthony: Anthony's Nose, on the Hudson.

Shawangunk: A mountain range in Orange and Sullivan counties, New York.

Page 9. GREEN POND. Written in August, 1878, while the author was mayor of New York City.

Page 14. THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP. A fine description of the Gap will be found in Barber and Howe's *Historical Collections of the State of New Jersey*, pp. 508-510.

Page 15. POHOQUALIN. The word means "Delaware."

Page 16. THE DELAWARE. Written in 1845. "Suggested on viewing the Delaware one beautiful summer evening from Hill-Top, Bordentown."—Author's note. A long poem on the same subject in blank verse by Thomas Ward, a native of Newark, will be found in Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey*, 1906.

Page 18. THE DELAWARE. Written at Burlintgon, where Dr. English had spent a part of his boyhood.

Page 19. THE PEAKS. From *War is Kind*, 1899.

Page 20. THE GATES OF THE HUDSON.

Magi: Median priests, usually synonymous with the wise men who came to worship the infant Christ.

Page 22. A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON. Written in 1834, at Castle Point, Hoboken, near the present site of Stevens Institute.

Page 23. TO AN ORIOLE. Written at Bayonne, 1877.

Page 23. THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC. Written in Newark, 1815. Based upon a legend about the origin of the falls which was current among the Indians. The falls are fifty feet in height.

Page 25. ROCK OF THE PASSAIC FALLS. From *Minto and Other Poems*, 1888.

Warriors: Washington and Lafayette, who together visited the falls while their troops were stationed at Totowa, now Paterson, in the winter of 1780.

Page 29. BY THE PASSAIC. From *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1857.

Page 30. SONNET TO A BUTTERFLY. Written in Newark, 1855.

Page 32. MEMORIES.

Thames, Dee: rivers in England.

Page 35. THERE'S A WEDDING IN THE ORCHARD. Written in Newark, 1877.

Page 36. THE WHISPERING WOOD. From *America and Other Poems*, 1912.

Page 38. TWO OF A TRADE. Written in Bloomfield, 1867.

Page 39. RAIN. From *Contemporary Verse*.

Page 39. THE BLUET. Written in Montclair. From *In the Dawn and Other Verses*, 1905.

Page 40. FROM EAGLE ROCK. Written especially for this anthology, May, 1922.

Page 41. APRIL. From *The Joy o' Life and Other Poems*, 1909.

Page 43. ODE TO THE RARITAN RIVER. Written while visiting at Somerville, and published in the *London Review*, May, 1806.

Page 45. CHANGE. Written, in 1920, "about the swallows on the Raritan river in front of my house."—Author. Cf. the author's delightful prose sketches in *The Raritan*, 1916.

Page 47. THE BOBOLINK. Written in New Brunswick, July, 1880. From *In the Woods and Elsewhere*, 1888. Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* (1899) has a New Brunswick setting.

Page 49. MENDHAM. Stanzas from a long poem entitled *Carol in Christian Ballads*, 1840. Bishop Coxe's best known poem is doubtless the hymn beginning "O where are kings and empires now?"

Page 50. IN A WHEAT FIELD. From *Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution*, 1896. "Near Morristown, on the old Wick farm, where the American army had a hospital and a burying-ground in the Revolutionary War. The stone chimneys of several of the huts referred to may still [1896] be seen in the woods on the hill overlooking Leddell's pond."—Author's note.

Page 52. THANKSGIVING IN SOMERSET.

Landseer: Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, celebrated English animal painter.

Page 53. FISHING. From *A Book of Princeton Verse*, 1919, edited by Henry van Dyke and others.

Page 55. THE SONG SPARROW. From *The Builders and Other Poems*, 1897.

Page 56. SALUTE TO THE TREES. From *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1921.

Page 58. A DAWN IN SPRING. This poem and the next are from *A Book of Princeton Verse*, 1916, edited by Alfred Noyes.

Page 60. THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE. "The best poem written in America before 1800."—Prof. Charles F. Richardson. "In delicacy of feeling and felicity of expression at least the equal of Bryant's *To the Fringed Gentian*."—Prof. W. C. Bronson. The poem was probably composed as early as 1784, when Burns was writing in Scotland and several years before Wordsworth began to write nature lyrics. The text, however, is from the 1795 edition, which bears this title: "Poems written between the years 1768 and 1794, by Philip Freneau, of New Jersey. Monmouth, N. J.: Printed at the press of the author, at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point; MDCCXCV."

Page 61. IN THE DARK. Written at Perth Amboy, 1860.

Page 61. SEPTEMBER. Written near Red Bank, 2862.

Page 63. THE PINELANDS OF MONMOUTH. From *Vagrom Verses*, 1916.

Page 65. GLEN GILDER. Written at 77, Brunswick street, Newark, not far from the office of the *Morning Register*,

founded and edited by Mr. Gilder and edited later by Dr. English. At the Brunswick street home, also, the poet's sister, Jeannette, did much of her early literary work.

Page 67. ROBIN REDBREAST. Written in Burlington.

Page 68. THE SOURCE. Written near Brown's Mills. From *Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems*, 1912.

Page 70. GLOUCESTER SPRING. The first two and the last two stanzas of a long poem, published in 1772 in a volume edited by William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and reprinted in 1844 in Isaac Mickle's *Reminiscences of Old Gloucester*.

Page 71. THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD. Published in Greenwich, 1844.

Page 72. THE PYXIDANTHERA. Written at Vineland and published in *The Web of Life and Other Poems*, 1895.

Page 73. UNITY. From *A Reed by the River*, 1902.

Page 74. THE HEART OF THE TREE. Written for an Arbor Day ceremony at Nutley, 1892.

Page 75. TREES. From *Trees and Other Poems*, 1915. First published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, 1913.

II. THE JERSEY COAST

Page 79. THE SEA. Written at Ocean Grove, July, 1900.

Page 80. THE MARSHLANDS. From *Vagrom Verses*, 1916.

Page 81. THE JERSEY MARSHES. From *Alice of Monmouth*, 1863, XII, 1.

Page 82. SQUALL OFF SANDY HOOK. All the selections from Mr. Chittenden are from his *Ranch Verses*, 1893.

Page 83. NEVERSINK. Printed at the press of the author at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, 1795. In his note to the poem *On the British Blockade*, beginning "Old Navesink, with bonnet blue," Freneau says: "The highlands, a little southward of Sandy Hook; being a tract of bold high country, several thousand acres in extent, to the southward of which there is no land that may be termed mountainous, on the whole coast of the United States to Cape Florida. The real aboriginal name of this remarkable promontory was Navesink." The word "Navesink" meant "good fishing place." Mt. Mitchel, the highest land, has an altitude of 282 feet. This poem has been

called Freneau's farewell to the ocean, which he followed in both peace and war.

Page 85. FANCIES AT NAVESINK. Cf. Whitman's *On the Beach at Night*, 1871, and *With Husky-Haughty Lips*, 1884.

Page 88. THE CARGO BOATS. "Suggested by a view from the Highlands."—Author. From *Songs of Sea and Sail*, 1899.

Page 91. MY BRIGANTINE. From *The Water-Witch*, 1830. "Lust in Rust," the famous colonial mansion where Cooper laid some of the scenes in his novel, was on the north slope of the highlands overlooking Sandy Hook Bay.

Page 92. A WRECK IN SHREWSBURY INLET. "The Liverpool packet-ship *North America*, wrecked in Shrewsbury Inlet about 1842, remained many years in sight. Some of her timbers were rediscovered in 1875 or 1876."—Author's note.

Page 97. SONG OF THE SHELL. From *Christus Victor*, 1901.

Page 97. LONG BRANCH. Written in 1859, and published in *Rhymes from Time to Time*, 1901. Bishop Doane's best known poem is the hymn *Ancient of Days*, written in 1886 and first sung at the laying of the corner-stone of the cathedral in Albany, N. Y.

Page 101. THE LIPS OF THE SEA. This and the following poem are from a volume entitled *From the Lips of the Sea*, 1911, written entirely at Asbury Park.

Page 102. HARRO. Written at Asbury Park. Read *Surf-Music* and *Moonlight and Music* in Sherman's Complete Works.

Page 104. CAMP-MEETING SUNDAY AT OCEAN GROVE. From *All Quiet Along the Potomac and Other Poems*, 1879. See note to *Ocean Grove Hymn*, page 390.

"Coronation": The tune of the famous hymn beginning "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Page 106. NEW JERSEY. From the *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1898.

Page 108. ON BARNEGAT SHOALS.

Squan: the beach stretching from Point Pleasant to Barnegat Inlet.

Madras: city in India.

In 1848 Dr. William A. Newell, member of Congress, secured an appropriation of \$10,000 "for the protection of life and property from shipwreck on the coast between Sandy Hook

and Little Egg Harbor." In January, 1850, the *Ayrshire* was wrecked on Squan Beach and two hundred persons were rescued by the newly installed life car, the only passenger lost being one who tried to swim ashore. The United States Life Saving Bureau was organized in 1871.

Page 109. THE WRECKER'S OATH ON BARNEGAT.

Desdemona: wife of Othello in Shakespeare's *Othello*, smothered by her jealous husband at the instigation of Iago.

"Wedding-Guest": the person to whom Coleridge's "ancient mariner" recites his awful tale.

Page 114. OFF BARNEGAT. The poem is a faithful picture of the scenes attending the destruction of the three-masted schooner *Tolck* on Barnegat bar; see author's note in *All Quiet Along the Potomac and Other Poems*, 1879.

Page 117. PATROLING BARNEGAT. The earliest description of Barnegat Bay is found in the log of Henry Hudson's *Half Moon*. After getting out to sea from Delaware Bay, Hudson sailed northeasterly, making land September 2, 1609, probably near Great Egg Harbor. Two days later he dropped anchor inside the Hook, and on the twelfth passed through the Narrows and discovered the river which bears his name. Read F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Tides of Barnegat*, 1906.

Page 118. THE SEA-BORN. From *The Joy o' Life and Other Poems*, 1909.

Page 119. MARINERS. From *Ships in Harbour*, 1921.

Page 120. ON THE SAND DUNES. From *On the Romany Road*, 1909.

Page 120. SEA BIRDS, WILD SEA BIRDS! From *The Princeton Poets*, 1879, edited by Mr. Hageman.

Page 122. THE SURF-MAN'S TALE. Suggested by a sunken vessel off Cape May Beach; written especially for this anthology, April, 1922.

III. THE REVOLUTION

Page 127. THE JERSEY BLUES. Read before the Society of the Cincinnati at Trenton, Feb. 23, 1891. Cf. *Jersey Blue*, page 283.

Pathway: an allusion to New Jersey as "the war-path of the Revolution."

Aphrodite: Greek goddess of love, the "foam-born."

Page 128. **THE BALLAD OF DANIEL BRAY.** Reaching the Delaware early in December in his retreat across New Jersey after the disastrous battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, Washington wished a fleet of boats assembled, not only to prevent the British under Cornwallis from following him into Pennsylvania, but also to use again himself in his famous re-crossing. To Daniel Bray, a captain in the second regiment of the Hunterdon County militia, Washington assigned the duty of gathering all the craft on the river from Phillipsburg down. Disguised as hunters, Bray and two companions worked for ten nights, collecting twenty-five boats, which they hid behind Malta, a heavily wooded island opposite Lambertville. Bray was born in Baptistown in 1750; he died in 1809 and was buried in the Rittenhouse cemetery, Trenton.

Page 133. **ACROSS THE DELAWARE.** With Howe and Cornwallis overconfident and absent from their troops at Christmas celebrations in New York, Washington crossed the Delaware in a blinding snowstorm on Christmas night, 1776, and, with the loss of only two men frozen to death and three wounded, routed the Hessians, who lost eighteen killed and retreated in disorder, leaving their sick and wounded and much equipment behind them.

Read *The Battle of Trenton*, in Rufus W. Griswold's *Curiosities of American Literature*, 1843. In Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey* will be found two long poems on the same subject—*The Surprise of Trenton*, by Henry William Herbert, of Newark, and *The Battle of Trenton*, by Henry Kollock How, of New Brunswick and Trenton; also *The Retreat of Seventy-Six*, a still more comprehensive poem by Dr. Thomas Ward, of Newark. Read also in this connection Gilder's *Washington at Trenton*, page 262.

Page 134. **ASSUNPINK AND PRINCETON.** From *The Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics*, 1885. When Cornwallis reached Trenton, January 2, 1777, he found Washington and his army on the banks of the Assunpink. Here the Americans repelled two assaults; but, with the enemy in front and the ice-filled Delaware behind, Washington, as the result of a council of war held in the old Douglass House, Trenton, left his campfires burning and set out toward Princeton, resolved to attack the British there and at New Brunswick. Reaching the Stony Brook bridge, three miles from Princeton, at sunrise January

3, he detached Gen. Mercer to destroy the bridge on the main road to Princeton and went himself by a shorter way. Mercer was mortally wounded and his troops were in retreat when Washington, displaying the greatest personal gallantry, drove the enemy back. On the approach of Cornwallis, however, he withdrew and took up a strong position at Morristown.

This battle forced the British to retire and left New Jersey in the possession of the Americans. "Great as were Washington's later achievements," says Von Moltke, the great Prussian strategist, "and remarkable indeed was his conduct of the whole war, he never surpassed his early feats of strategy. Of these the affair at Princeton was the climax." See also Stryker's *Battles of Trenton and Princeton*, 1898.

It is also interesting to recall that the first legislature under the new constitution was held at Princeton in August, 1776, electing William Livingston, of Elizabethtown, governor; that Congress met in Nassau Hall from June, 1783, to November, receiving there on October 31 the news of the signing of the treaty of peace with England; and that at Rocky Hill, not far away, Washington wrote his farewell address to his army. See V. Lansing Collins's *Guide to Princeton*, 1919.

St. Clair: Arthur St. Clair (1734-1818), a native of Scotland, whose gallant service at Trenton and Princeton led to his appointment as major general in command at Ticonderoga in 1777.

Mercer: see note below.

Page 138. A BALLAD OF PRINCETON BATTLE. Read by Dr. van Dyke at the dedication of the Princeton Battle Monument, June 9, 1922, when President Harding was given the honorary degree of LL. D. The inscription on the monument is as follows: "Here memory lingers to recall the guiding mind whose daring plan outflanked the foe and turned dismay to hope when Washington with swift resolve marched through the night to fight at dawn and venture all in one victorious battle for our freedom." The Latin inscription may be translated thus: "The ages pass away. We, too, are hurried on. O Thou who guidest the ages, stay to guard our land."

Mawhood: Lieut. Mawhood, whose brigade had been quartered in Princeton the previous night.

Page 140. **GENERAL MERCER AT PRINCETON.** From *Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution*. Gen. Hugh Mercer, a native of Scotland, was a distinguished American general. In 1755 he fought under Braddock. Severely wounded at Fort Duquesne, he traveled on foot to Fort Cumberland, more than one hundred miles distant. He commanded the column of attack at Trenton and advised the night march to Princeton, where he led the advance and was mortally wounded at day-break, January 3, dying January 12 at "Tom Clark's house," mentioned in the preceding poem.

Bayonet-pierced: According to Custis, Mercer "exonerated his enemies from the accusation of having bayoneted a general officer after he had surrendered his sword and become a prisoner of war, declaring that he only relinquished his sword when his arm had become powerless to wield it."

Page 141. **THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.** Written at Bordentown, January 12, 1778, and first published in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, March 4, 1778. "This ballad was occasioned by a real incident [January 5]. Certain machines in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river."—Author's note. The machines, which exploded on coming in contact with anything, were constructed by David Bushnell, of Connecticut, inventor of the American torpedo, who in 1787 sent a letter to Thomas Jefferson discussing the matter. The ballad was widely sung by the soldiers to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and was very popular with Washington's army—"worth as much in tonic and inspiration as the winning of a battle." See O. G. Sonneck's *Francis Hopkinson, the First American Poet-Composer*; also *Historical Collections of the State of New Jersey*, Barber and Howe. In Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey* will be found Francis Hopkinson's interesting allegorical poem, *The Birds, the Beasts, and the Bat*, in which the beasts are the British, the birds are the Americans, the eagle is Washington, and the bat the time-serving turncoat, who claims to be bird or beast, according to who is winning.

Sir William: Sir William Howe, British commander.

Mrs. Loring: wife of Joshua Loring, notorious commissary of prisoners.

Sir Erskine: Sir William Erskine.

Page 144. THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH. Written in Newark; first printed in the *Northern Monthly*, Newark, July, 1867, later included in *The Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics*, 1885. Gen. Howe, after indecisive skirmishes at Boundbrook, Middlebrook, and Rocky Hill, and after being harassed at Rahway and Perth Amboy in his attempt to march to Philadelphia, finally gave up the land route and went by sea. Soon afterwards came the American defeats at Brandywine and Germantown, Pa., the loss of the Philadelphia forts, and the winter at Valley Forge. But meanwhile the American victory at Saratoga, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1777, brought France into the conflict on the American side; and fearing an attack by the French fleet, Sir Henry Clinton, succeeding Howe as commander in June, 1778, began a retreat across New Jersey, intending to concentrate his forces in New York. The result was the Battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778. Here Gen. Charles Lee, in command of the advance guard, ordered a retreat, but Washington, rebuking Lee, rallied the troops and, with Greene, Wayne, and Stirling, forced the British to withdraw. Though the battle was not decisive, still the Americans held the field, and the British retreated to Sandy Hook and remained inactive the rest of the summer.

The Monmouth Battle Monument was unveiled Nov. 13, 1884. In 1903, on the 125th anniversary of the battle, Will Carleton read a poem entitled *The Longest Battle* at exercises in Freehold.

Knyphausen: Baron Wilhelm Knyphausen, in whose honor Fort Washington was renamed and who commanded in New York during the absence of Sir Henry Clinton, 1779-80.

Lee: General Charles Lee (1731-1780), who had fought with Braddock in 1755 and later served the Portugese and the Poles. Coming to America in 1773, he was appointed in 1775 major-general, next in rank to Washington. Dec. 13, 1776, delaying his retreat across New Jersey, in disregard of Washington's orders, he was captured at Basking Ridge, near Morristown, and taken to New York. There he betrayed the American plans to the British; but his treason not being suspected by Washington, he was exchanged. For his conduct at

Monmouth he was tried by court marshal and convicted of disobedience and disrespect and suspended for a year; and soon afterwards, as the result of an impudent letter to Congress, he was dismissed from the service.

Scott: Charles Scott (1733-1813), who had distinguished himself at Trenton and been made brigadier-general in April, 1777.

Wayne: "Mad Anthony" Wayne (1745-1796), hero of Stony Point on the Hudson, July 16, 1779. In Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey* will be found a long ballad entitled *The Cow-Chace* (after the old English ballad *Chevy Chace*), written by Major John Andre at Elizabethtown, August 1, 1780, and narrating the attempts of Wayne, a tanner by trade, to steal cattle at Bergen Neck, Jersey City, and incidentally lampooning three Jersey heroes, Rev. James Caldwell, "Light-Horse" Harry Lee, and Maj.-Gen. Lord Stirling.

Knox: Henry Knox (1750-1806), brigadier-general of artillery, who had served with great distinction at Trenton and Princeton. He became major-general in 1781, and in 1783 was delegated by Washington to receive the surrender of New York. From 1785 to 1795 he was Secretary of War. He was a native of Boston.

Captain Molly: see the following poems.

Monckton: Lieut.-Col. H. Monckton, commander of the royal grenadiers, who was killed at Monmouth and buried there.

Other New Jersey poems by Dr. English, besides those in this collection, include *Jack the Regular* and *The Raid on Ramapo*, both dealing with John Berry, the notorious loyalist of Bergen County.

Page 150. THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH. Written in the centennial year, 1876, under the title *The Spur of Monmouth, or Washington in Arms*.

Long Island: The defeat in the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, had compelled Washington's retreat across New Jersey. See note to *The Ballad of Daniel Bray*, page 377.

Page 153. THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH. From *Poems, Lyric and Dramatic*, 1900. See *At Tennent Church*, page 256.

Wayne, Monckton: see notes above.

Assyrian Army: the army of Sennacherib, whose destruc-

tion in one night is narrated in II Chron. 32; see Byron's short poem, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*.

John Trumbull's *McFingal* (1774, revised 1782) contains a satirical description of the Battle of Monmouth.

Page 156. MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH. Published in *Ballads, Songs, and Poems*, 1875. "Molly Maguire," or by another version Mary Ludwig, was the maiden name of "Molly Pitcher"; see notes to following poems.

Greene: Gen. Nathaniel Greene (1742-86), who distinguished himself at Trenton and Princeton, commanded the right wing at Monmouth, defeated Sir Henry Clinton at Springfield, June 23, 1780, and later was in command of the southern army in the Carolinas.

Page 159. MOLLY PITCHER. From the title page of the sheet music by Arthur W. Korteheuer; the words are slightly different in the music itself. The "Molly Pitcher" incident at Monmouth probably equals Washington's rebuke of Lee in dramatic interest. In the intense heat of an unusual June day Mary McCauly—for that was her real name—carried water in a pitcher to her husband, and when he fell she sprang to his place and fought the gun through the engagement. After the battle Gen. Greene presented her to Washington, who praised her for her gallantry and, according to unverified reports, made her a sergeant. Certain it is that after the war she was pensioned with sergeant's pay both by Congress and by the state of Pennsylvania, where she passed a happy old age and died in 1833. Her monument at Carlisle, Pa., bears the following inscription: "Mollie McCauly, renowned in history as Mollie Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth, died January, 1833, aged 79 years. Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County, July 4, 1876."

In W. L. Stone Jr.'s *Burgoyne Ballads* (1893) will be found several poetic tributes to another heroine, Jane McCrae, a native of Bedminster, now Lamington, who, in love with an officer of Burgoyne's army, was murdered by her Indian guide near Glens Falls, N. Y., in 1777, aged 23, and whose tragic death "was to the people of New York what the Battle of Lexington was to the New England colonies."

New Jersey also had her heroines in the home, among them Rhoda Farrand, of Parsipany, near Morristown, who superintended her neighbors in knitting a cartload of stockings for

Washington's soldiers at Morristown. See *Rhoda Farrand*, in Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey*; the author, Eleanor A. Hunter, of Indiana, is a granddaughter of the heroine.

Page 161. MIDDLEBROOK. From *Lyrics of the Revolution*, 1899. After the Battle of Monmouth, Washington wisely refused to follow Clinton's retreating forces to Sandy Hook, but instead went into camp at White Plains. November 28 he set out for Middlebrook, in Somerset County, where he arrived December 11. His winter home there was in the Wallace House, the history of which is related in Andrew D. Mellick's *Story of an Old Farm*. Mr. Jones's collection includes poems on Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth, and also *Mrs. Washington in Camp*, which refers to both Middlebrook and Morristown.

Aaron's rod: the budding rod which signified Aaron's authority; see Numbers 17.

Delphian shrine: an allusion to the ancient shrine of Apollo at Delphi, Greece.

Page 163. LIGHT-HORSE HARRY AT PAULUS HOOK. This and all other poems by Mr. Platt in this collection are from his *Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution*, 1896. Maj.-Gen. Henry Lee (1756-1818), nicknamed "Light-Horse Harry," was a native of Virginia and a graduate of Princeton. The capture of the British fort at Paulus Hook, now the center of Jersey City, was "one of the most brilliant exploits of the war." Paulus Hook was a marshy island about 65 acres in extent, between which and the mainland a ditch and a draw-bridge had been constructed. Assisted by the valiant Capt. Allen McLane, of Delaware, Lee stormed the fort in the early hours of Aug. 19, 1779, and captured it and 159 prisoners before the men were literally awake. In recognition of this daring exploit, Congress gave Lee a gold medal (one of six during the whole war) and distributed \$15,000 among his men.

Gen. Greene, under whom Lee served in the southern campaign as an officer of cavalry, wrote to Lee: "Everybody knows that I have the highest opinion of you as an officer. . . . No man in the progress of the campaign had equal merit with yourself." Lee was governor of Virginia, 1792-95. In his famous funeral oration for Washington he first charac-

terized him as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His son, Robert E. Lee, became the famous Confederate chieftain in the Civil War (see John E. Cook's *Song of the Rebel*, in W. C. Bronson's *American Poems*, for an interesting allusion to "Light-Horse Harry"); and a grandson, Fitz-Hugh Lee, won fame during the Spanish-American War. Light-Horse Harry's father, Henry Lee, was a first cousin of Richard Henry Lee, who introduced into Congress in 1776 the measure declaring the colonies free and independent.

In George H. Farrier's *Memorial of the Centennial of the Battle of Paulus Hook*, 1879, will be found a poem, *The Lay of Paulus Hook*, by Mr. Farrier.

The following winter Washington spent at Morristown; see poems and notes on Washington's Headquarters, pp. 251 ff and 393 ff.

Page 166. CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD. Rev. James Caldwell, a native of Virginia and graduate of Princeton, was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Elizabethtown. He was a chaplain in Washington's army, and thirty-six of his parishioners were commissioned officers; and the British called him the Fighting Parson and the Rebel High Priest.

In June, 1780, in Springfield, the Americans checked two attempts of the British to march from Staten Island against Morristown. During the first expedition under Gen. Knyphausen, June 7, Caldwell's wife was shot while at prayer in her bedroom. The poem tells how the parson got his revenge during the second battle, June 23, commemorated by a tablet in front of the church at Springfield corner, which says in part: "The Americans under Gen. Greene . . . checked the enemy, who in their retreat burned the church and village. From this church Parson Caldwell took psalm-books during the fight and flung them to the Americans for wadding, crying, 'Put Watts into 'em, boys.'"

Caldwell was killed in Elizabethtown Nov. 24, 1781, by an American sentry, who was convicted and executed.

Dr. Thomas Ward's *The Martyr*, published in Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey*, deals with Joseph Hedden, Jr., of Newark, imprisoned in New York in 1780, but released shortly before his death.

Page 167. PARSON CALDWELL, OF SPRINGFIELD. Cf. *Parson Chapman, of Orange*, in Mr. Platt's *Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution*.

Page 169. CARMEN BELLICOSUM. "The Old Continentals." Although not definitely localized by the poet himself, this poem applies significantly to the New Jersey campaign. It first appeared in *Knickerbocker's Magazine*, 1849.

St. George: Patron saint of England.

Unicorn: The British flag bears the unicorn and the lion on the coat of arms.

IV. CITIES AND TOWNS

Page 175. VOICES. Written in the Orange mountains; published in *Challenge*, 1914.

Page 179. WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN. Written August 20, 1898—eight days after a protocol had been signed and hostilities had ceased between America and Spain.

Page 181. THE MIDNIGHT FERRY. From *The Lyric Year*, 1913.

Page 184. ON THE RIVER: AN IMPRESSION.

Dome: the dome of the World Building, which then dominated the sky line.

Page 185. WEEHAWKEN. Stanzas 94-99 of *Fanny*, 1819.

Page 186. WEEHAWKEN.

Her favored son: Alexander Hamilton, killed in a duel by Aaron Burr in 1804. Hamilton fought valiantly at Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and Yorktown; wrote many of the *Federalist* papers in support of the proposed Constitution, and became the first American Secretary of the Treasury.

The duelling ground was on the Jersey shore nearly opposite Forty-second street, New York. A few rods south of it, also on the Jersey side, Henry Hudson dropped anchor before sailing up the river in 1609.

Page 190. PORT NEWARK TERMINAL. A delightful use of Kipling's meter in *The Road to Mandalay*.

Page 192. CELEBRATION ODE. The official ode of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Newark, May-October, 1916; read by the author at the introductory ceremonies in Proctor's Theater, May 1.

Robert Treat: founder of Newark. Born in England in

1622, Robert Treat was one of the first settlers of Wethersfield, Conn., and later settled in Milford, becoming judge and magistrate there. In May, 1666, with about thirty families from Milford and New Haven, he made the first settlement in Newark, buying one-half of the present area of Essex County from the Indians for \$740 worth of goods and wampum. The following year another company came from Guilford and Branford, Conn., under the leadership of Rev. Abraham Pier-son, who became the first pastor of the Old First Presbyterian Church and who, having been ordained in Newark, England, named the new settlement Newark.

The memoria^l tablet at the southeast corner of Broad and Market streets, Newark, reads in part: "Robert Treat, the dominant spirit in the settlement of Newark, 1666, chose this site for his home. 'The neighbours from Milford freely gave way that Captain Robert Treat should chuse eight acres for his home lott.' . . . In 1672 he returned to Connecticut and later won honor on the field of battle in King Philip's War. He was governor for thirteen years, and was one of that dauntless company who refused to surrender the company's charter and concealed it in the Charter Oak. In a large degree it was his wisdom in council and forcefulness in administration that made the 'town on the Pesayack' the worthy forerunner of the greater Newark." Robert Treat died in Milford, Conn., in 1710.

The population of New Jersey in 1666 was probably less than 3,000.

Ironsides: Cromwell's soldiers, who won victories at Marston Moor and Naseby in 1644 and 1645 respectively.

Great retreat: see note, page 377.

"Old First": see note to *The Silent Message*, page 392.

"The Hunter and the Hounds": Archer Gifford's tavern, at the northeast corner of Broad and Market. "Jolly Archer Gifford," in the days of the stage-coaches and fox-hunts, was one of the finest men in New Jersey. His tavern was known throughout the States. In 1834, shortly after President Jackson made Newark a port of entry, Gifford was appointed collector of the port.

Cockloft Hall: The occasional residence of Washington Irving between 1800 and 1824 and the scene of some of the *Salmagundi Papers*. "With Newark," wrote Irving many years

later, "are associated in my mind many pleasant recollections of early days and of social meetings at an old mansion on the banks of the Passaic." In this old mansion, which was built by his cousin Christopher's grandfather, and which still stands at the corner of Mt. Pleasant avenue and Gouverneur street, the "lads of Kilkenny"—Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding and others—had many a happy time. The Newark Causeway of *Salmagundi*, it will be remembered, extending across the meadows from Jersey City to Newark, reminded Paulding of Christopher Cockloft's stories because "one sees the end from the distance of several miles."

With the vicinity of Cockloft Hall several authors are associated. Immediately opposite, on Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Ray Palmer, who had written the famous hymn, *My Faith Looks Up to Thee*, many years before in New York City, died in 1887. Not far away, on Summer Avenue, was the home of Amanda M. Douglas, author of *A Little Girl in Old New York* and many similar books. At "The Cedars," at the northeast corner of Mt. Pleasant cemetery, Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester") wrote twenty-three of his hundred or more books, including nine volumes on field sports. In the other direction, in the Ogden mansion, formerly at the corner of Broad Street and Belleville Avenue, Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, was once a guest, and later, it is said, wrote his love lyric "Come o'er the sea" with an Ogden miss in mind.

Combs: Moses N. Combs, shoe manufacturer, the first to send shoes outside of Newark. "He had the courage of his convictions, was very charitable, and educated many poor boys and started them in business."

Boyden: Seth Boyden, "father of Newark's industries"; see note to *The Ballad of Seth Boyden's Gift*, page 409.

Lincoln: Lincoln passed through Newark on his way to the White House, February, 1861.

See David L. Pierson's *Narratives of Newark*, 1916.

Page 199. THE SMITHY OF GOD. First prize poem, Newark Anniversary Poetry competition, 1916.

Page 203. THE CITY OF HERITAGE. Second prize poem, Newark Anniversary Poetry competition, 1916.

Lenni-Lenape: the Delawares, who numbered less than two thousand in 1666.

Page 209. THE COAL YARD. This and the two following poems are from *The Attic of the Past*, 1920.

Brontosaurus: a gigantic animal the fossil remains of which are found in Wyoming.

Page 211. PROMETHEUS IN JERSEY.

Prometheus: the founder of civilization by bringing man-stolen celestial fire.

Page 213. ELIZABETH. Written for the 250th anniversary celebration, 1914. Elizabeth was settled in 1664 by a company from Long Island and was called Elizabethtown. Four years later the general assembly of New Jersey convened there. It was the capital of the colony from 1755 to 1757. See Hatfield's *History of Elizabeth*, 1868.

Page 214. THE TOWN. From *Ships in Harbour*, 1921.

The literary and historical associations of Morristown are important. Bret Harte lived there from 1873 to 1876, and the scene of his *Thankful Blossom* (1876) is laid there in 1779. Francis R. Stockton, after living in Rutherford, where he wrote *Rudder Grange* (1879) and *The Lady or the Tiger* (1884), lived between Morristown and Madison and there wrote many stories, including *The Great Stone of Sardis* (1897), which has its setting in the hills nearby. Stockton's *Stories of New Jersey* (1896) contains interesting narratives of Lord Stirling, Tempe Wick, and the Morristown "ghosts" of 1788. Lord Stirling of Basking Ridge did gallant service at the Battle of Long Island, commanded the artillery at Monmouth, assisted General Greene in checking the British at Springfield in their attempt to march on Morristown, and became one of the founders and the first governor of Columbia University, New York. (See John W. Palmer's *The Maryland Battalion* in Stevenson's *Poems of American History* and Walt Whitman's *The Centenarian's Story*.) Tempe Wick, a clever maid living between Morristown and Mendham, saved her riding pony from Washington's soldiers by hiding him in her bedroom. At Summit for many years was the home of Hamilton Wright Mabie (1846-1916), essayist of nature, literature, and the spiritual life. At the Speedwell Iron Works, just north of Morristown, the telegraph was developed (see note to Edison, page 414. See also J. H. Colles's *Writers and Authors Associated with Morristown* (1893), Dr. Theodore Wolfe's *Literary Rambles* (1900), W. J. Mills's *Historic*

Houses of New Jersey (1902), and the two poems on Washington's Headquarters in this collection, pages 251 and 254.

Page 217. BOONTON. A stanza from *Places in Flame and Shadow*.

Page 218. MAIN STREET. A picture of the poet's boyhood street in New Brunswick.

Page 219. THE CANAL-BOAT PILOT, RETIRED. From *A Book of Princeton Verse*, 1916, edited by Alfred Noyes.

The Delaware and Raritan canal, connecting New Brunswick and Bordentown, was completed in 1838. The Morris Canal, from Phillipsburg to Jersey City, was completed two years earlier.

Page 220. PRINCETON. From *A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems*, 1908.

Page 220. GIFTS. PRINCETON—1912. This poem and the next are from *A Book of Princeton Verse*, 1916, edited by Alfred Noyes.

Page 222. PRINCETON—1917. Originally published in *The Outlook*, under the title *Princeton in War-Time*. "The first four lines of this poem were written for inscription on the first joint memorial to the American and British soldiers who fell in the Revolutionary War. This memorial was recently dedicated at Princeton."—Author's note, 1919.

"*Princeton, The Old Meeting-House* [printed in this collection], *The Humming Birds*, and *The Last of the Snow* were directly suggested by New Jersey and written there, as in fact *Mountain Laurel* was also."—Author, 1922.

Mercer: see note, page 379.

Page 224. PRINCETON. From the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, Feb. 8, 1922.

Page 225. THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND. Written in 1788. In the 1788 edition of Freneau's poems the title was *Lines Occasioned by a Visit to an Old Burying Ground*. "The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, etc., and (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomahawks, and other military weapons."—Author's note. "*The Dying Indian* and *The Indian Burying-Ground* sum up what is essentially poetic in Indian legend and all that is pathetic in the fate of the vanishing race. Poetry, if it is to confine itself to the truth, can do little more for the Indian."—Fred Lewis Pattee, *Poems of Philip Freneau*, I, cxi.

In connection with *The Indian Burying-Ground* read Longfellow's *Burial of the Minnisink*, page 269, and Whittier's *Funeral Tree of the Sokokis* and *The Grave by the Lake*.

The Dying Indian was composed on the Freneau estate at Mt. Pleasant, now Freneau. The poet's grave at Freneau is near a tree in the shade of which he wrote many poems.

The Matawan Journal, attempting to fix the pronunciation of Freneau in the popular mind, published in 1909 the following limericks:

Though poor Philip was lost in the snow,
His townsmen most surely should know
That they spoil his good name,
Which indeed is a shame,
When they accent the "Fre," not the "no."

Now, if honor you seek to bestow
On the poet called Philip Freneau,
His fame to hand down
In the name of your town,
Please pronounce it to rhyme with "below."

The hunter and the deer a shade: This line was appropriated by Thomas Campbell in *O'Connor's Child*, 1812.

Page 227. MONMOUTH. From *Alice of Monmouth* (1864), III. This extract is followed by a pleasing picture of strawberry picking.

Page 229. OCEAN GROVE HYMN. Sung at the conclusion of Dr. Stokes's address at the sixth anniversary exercises of the Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting Association, 1875. President Ulysses S. Grant was the guest of honor.

Page 232. JUBILEE SONG. The first two stanzas of a hymn written for the fiftieth anniversary exercises of Atlantic City, June, 1904. From *Atlantic City in Picture and Poem*, 1906. Cf. Henry Cuyler Bunner's satirical poem *Atlantic City* in the *Yale Book of American Verse*.

Page 233. THE TREES OF HADDONFIELD. From the *New York Times*, March 23, 1919. On two large buttonwood trees in Haddonfield are the following inscriptions: "The British army passed under these trees after evacuating Philadelphia, June, 1778." "This street was laid out and surveyed in 1681 by order of the Representatives of the King of Eng-

land and called 'Ye King's Highway'." Another famous tablet, at the historic old Tavern House, reads: "Within this building, then a tavern-house, the Council of Safety for New Jersey was organized March 18, 1777. Here also in September of the same year the legislature unanimously resolved that thereafter the word 'state' should be substituted for 'colony' in all public writs and commissions." Dorothy Payne, who married James Madison after he had wooed in vain the sister of Philip Freneau at Mt. Pleasant, made frequent visits to her Uncle Creighton at this tavern-house, then the Creighton Tavern. See the official souvenir of *The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Haddonfield*, 1913; also note to *Elizabeth Haddon*, page 398.

Page 234. THE LIVING SEA. From *The Joy o' Life and Other Poems*, 1909.

Page 235. A CITY VOICE. From *Earth Cry and Other Poems*, 1910.

Page 236. THE IDEAL CITY. The second of three sonnets comprising *Newark—1916*, which received third prize in the Newark Anniversary Competition, 1916.

Attic town: Athens.

Sophocles: Athenian tragic poet, 495-406 B. C.

Socrates: celebrated Greek philosopher, 469-399 B. C.

Praxiteles: Greek sculptor, fourth century B. C.

Demosthenes: celebrated orator, 384-322 B. C.

Philip: King of Macedonia, who became master of Greece 338 B. C.

V. BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS

Page 239. THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT. Written at Mahwah, 1914.

Page 242. THE UNFINISHED WORK. Published in Osborn H. Oldroyd's *The Poets' Lincoln*, 1915. Gutzon Borglum's famous statue of Lincoln, in front of the Essex County courthouse, Newark, was unveiled May 30, 1911, when Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt delivered the address. It was the gift of Amos H. VanHorn, who died in 1908, setting aside \$25,000 for a memorial to Lincoln, to be dedicated in memory of Lincoln Post, No. 11, Dept. of N. J., G. A. R., of which he was a charter member.

Page 243. ONE OF OUR PRESIDENTS. Published in the Oldroyd *Lincoln*, mentioned above.

Page 244. LINCOLN STILL LIVES. Published in Mary Wright Davis's *Book of Lincoln*. "At almost any hour of the day children may be seen at play on Borglum's Statue of Lincoln in Newark."—Author's note.

Mighty hands: Read Stedman's *The Hand of Lincoln*. Other famous Lincoln poems by New Jersey poets are *Lincoln's Pew*, by Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen (see Allen in Biographical Index), and *On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln*, by Richard Watson Gilder. Whitman's famous elegies were written before the poet moved to New Jersey.

Page 244. THE SILENT MESSAGE. This poem won a prize in the Newark Anniversary Poetry competition, 1916.

The Old First Presbyterian Church, on Broad street near Market, has had a distinguished history. It is practically coeval with the city itself. The first formal pastor, Rev. Abraham Pierson, was leader of the second company who settled on the Passaic in 1667, following Robert Treat, who had come the previous year; and he it was who named the new settlement Newark. See note to Robert Treat, page 385.) The second pastor, Rev. Abraham Pierson, Jr., became the first president of Yale College in 1701. The seventh pastor, Rev. Aaron Burr, was also second president and virtual organizer of Princeton College while it was in Newark, from 1748 to 1756. To the old parsonage, at the corner of William street, he brought his bride, Esther Edwards, daughter of Johnathan Edwards, and there Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States, was born. (See W. J. Mills's *Historic Houses of New Jersey*, 1902). The present pastor is Dr. William J. Dawson, preacher and author of international reputation, who has served the church since 1905.

Page 246. THE MESSAGE OF THE MASQUE. From the Newark *Evening News*. The poem commemorates the historical pageant and masque at the 250th anniversary celebration held in Weequahic Park in 1916.

Page 247. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S. From *Written in Sand*, 1921. "The priest returns to find his house of worship a smoking ruin."—Author's note.

Page 248. FUT ILIUM—"Ilium has been." Written in Elizabeth, 1869. Antiquarians differ as to the particular house alluded to in this poem, and it is possible that the poet, during a brief residence in Elizabeth, saw only the remodeling of

an ell and not the demolition of "Washington's headquarters"; yet the spirit of the lines makes a strong appeal.

Egypt's woes: the famines, plagues, and floods of the Old Testament.

David's fight: the slaying of Goliath; see 1 Sam. 17.

Bathsheba: wife of David.

Samson: blinded and imprisoned, he pulled down the pillars of the temple; see Judges 16, 21 ff.

Page 251. THE WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS. Washington had two headquarters in Morristown. In the winter of 1777, after the victory at Princeton, he took up his residence at Arnold Tavern, now used as a hospital, on the corner of the village green. In the winter of 1779-80, however, he occupied the handsome Ford mansion, built by Col. Jacob Ford in 1772 and universally known as "Washington's Headquarters" and second only to Mount Vernon in national interest. It was here that Washington received Hamilton, Gen. Greene, Pulaski, Kosciusko, Light-Horse Harry Lee, Israel Putnam, Baron Steuben, Lord Stirling, Mad Anthony Wayne, and many other leaders. Among the many curios here are Washington's original commission as commander, dated June 19, 1775, and signed by John Hancock, then president of the Continental Congress; a marble bust of Washington by the French sculptor Houdon, and many household articles, including the old clock that ticked the time for Washington. See A. H. Heusser's *In the Footsteps of Washington*, 1921.

Captured by valiant Jersey men: in 1780, near Perth Amboy; presented by Woodbridge township, 1874.

Old Nat: furnished by Nathaniel Camp to Washington for the protection of Newark against the British; presented by Bruen H. Camp of Newark.

Old Crown Prince: the largest of the three cannon west of the building; captured at Springfield.

Chiefs: "The list of the officers of the Revolutionary army mentioned in the poem is taken from a printed placard which hangs in the hall of the Headquarters."—Author's note.

Schuyler: Philip Schuyler (1733-1804), who was noted for his patriotism and devotion to duty in the Saratoga campaign, and who, after the war, was one of the leaders of the Federalist party and a representative in Congress from New York.

Steuben: Baron Steuben, who abandoned his position of

aide to Frederick the Great in 1778 to assist America. Joining the army at Valley Forge in February, 1778, he was made instructor-general of the continental army with the rank of major-general. He reorganized and trained the army, and rendered valuable service at Monmouth and later in Virginia. The author preserves the official pronunciation, with accent on the second syllable.

Hamilton: see note, page 385.

Knox: see note, page 381. "The reference to the fiddler is based upon an old subscription paper defraying the expenses of a 'dancing assembly,' signed by several persons, among them Nathaniel Greene and H. Knox. . . . Knox is called a roaring chief because, when crossing the Delaware with Washington, his 'stentorian lungs' did good service in keeping the army together."—Author's note.

"Put": Gen. Israel Putnam (1718-1790), hero of Bunker Hill, Long Island, Princeton, and West Point.

Kosciusko: the distinguished Polish patriot, who rendered great service at Saratoga, was chief engineer in constructing the fortifications at West Point, and served valiantly under Gen Greene in the South.

Lafayette: the celebrated French general and statesman (1757-1834), whose love of freedom brought France into the conflict on the American side. See note on page 402.

Light-Horse Harry: see note, page 383.

"Mad Anthony": see note, page 381.

Martha: see *A call on Lady Washington* in the author's *Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution*, 1896.

Page 254. WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS. Read by the author February 22, 1895, before the Washington Association of New Jersey.

See W. J. Mills's *Historic Houses of New Jersey*, 1902, and *The Story of Fort Nonsense* in F. R. Stockton's *Stories of New Jersey*, 1896. Read also *An Old Mirror*, anonymous, and *Fort Nonsense*, by Charles D. Platt, in W. C. Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey*.

Page 256. AT TENNENT CHURCH. The old Tennent church, west of Freehold, and just over the line in Manalapan, was, according to some authorities, used by Washington as a field hospital during the battle of Monmouth. The church was built in 1759. Its predecessor was a Scotch meeting-

house, built in 1692 by Scotchmen who had been wrecked in the *Caledonia* at South Amboy about 1687.

William Tennent (1705-1777), son of the William Tennent of "Log College," the forerunner of Princeton College (see note, page 416), was pastor of this church from 1733 until his death. Although he was a man of great influence in the Presbyterian denomination, he is chiefly remembered for an attack of fever at New Brunswick, during which he lay for three days in a trance, and on awaking gave a description of what he saw in heaven. A full account of his extraordinary experience was published by Elias Boudinot.

Rev. Frank R. Symmes's *History of Old Tennent* contains the following acrostic to "William Tennant," written "by one of the oldest members of that church":

"When all our hopes of life were fled
In the dark mansions of the dead;
Light yet through faith to us arise,
Look, he is gone above the skies.
In praising God with Saints above,
All full of joy and sincere love;
Mourn now no more for our dear friend
Turn here and view his happy end:
Ever while here, belov'd was he,
Never more faithful man could be;
Noble in life, to death resigned
And died a friend to all mankind;
Never forget his righteous ways,
Turn now to God, and add your praise."

Page 258. IN THE OLD GRAVEYARD, PRINCETON. Among the "spirits long since fled" are Jonathan Edwards, John Witherspoon, and James McCosh.

Page 258. THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE. The old meeting-house stands at the edge of the old burying-ground of the preceding poem.

Temperance Olden: mother of Charles Smith Olden, Governor of New Jersey 1860-63.

Stockton Signer. John Witherspoon (see note, page 379), a signer of the Declaration, was buried in the old Presbyterian burying-ground; Richard Stockton (1730-1781), the dis-

tinguished Princeton lawyer, and also a signer of the Declaration, was buried in the Friends' burial ground.

The other three signers for New Jersey were Francis Hopkinson, of Bordentown (see Biographical Index), Abraham Clark, of Elizabethtown, and John Hart, of Hope^{well}.

Richard Stockton's grandson, Robert F. Stockton (1795-1866), planned the steam sloop of war *Princeton* and became its commander; with Fremont conquered California in 1847, and represented New Jersey in the United States Senate. F. R. Stockton (1834-1902), author, and Richard Stockton were descended in different lines from Richard Stockton, who settled in Burlington county, New Jersey, in 1680.

Page 261. **THE HOMESTEAD.** The homestead in which the poet was born is situated about half a mile from Bordentown on the Crosswicks road. See *Glen Gilder*, page 65, and *The Two Valleys*. Other New Jersey poems by Gilder include *Great Nature is an Army Gay*, written on the train between Philadelphia and Atlantic City; *The Celestial Passion*, introductory sonnet, written at Lake Hopatcong; *The Birds of Westland*, in appreciation of Grover Cleveland; and *On the Bay*, a description of New York city from the Jersey shore.

Among Bordentown's historic houses are the Hopkinson Mansion, home of Francis Hopkinson, signer of the Declaration of Independence and author of *The Battle of the Kegs* (see page 141), and later the home of his son, Judge Joseph Hopkinson, author of *Hail Columbia* (see page 284), who entertained the Irish poet Thomas Moore there, as well as at his Philadelphia home; the Bonaparte House, where Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte and former king of Naples and of Spain, lived in state, receiving Lafayette, Clay, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Napoleon III, and other distinguished visitors, refusing the crown of Mexico, and yet "sincerely loved" by the townspeople; New Bellevue, where Thomas Paine, the reformer, constructed the model of his famous iron bridge, and where in 1783 he received a letter from Washington written at Rocky Hill and conveying the first real recognition of his services for American independence. (See W. J. Mills's *Historic Houses of New Jersey*, 1902, and *A Jerseyman and His Royal Crown* in F. R. Stockton's *Stories of New Jersey*, 1896. See also Paine's poem, *Liberty Tree*, in Stevenson's *Poems of American History*.)

Page 262. THE NEW JERSEY MONUMENT. From a poem in *A Wind Harp and Other Poems*, 1864. Another poem in the same volume, *The Men of '76*, "helped to rear Gilder's Battle Monument." Written at the Bridge street house, a mile south of the Battle Monument, where the poet spent much of her sad, heroic life, and where she was visited by Gilder, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Julia Ward Howe, and other prominent writers. Mrs. Howe's poem *A Visit to C. H.*, in *Later Lyrics* (1866), says in part:

"A presence I feel in the God-lightened air,
The spell of the art I have followed so long:
In your calico garment and rough-twisted hair
Let us speak of your queendom, poor sister of song."

In this house Mrs. Howarth wrote *Watching the Stars* and *Thou Wilt Never Grow Old*, the latter addressed to her child whom she saw trampled to death in front of the house. (See Dr. Theodore Wolfe's *Literary Rambles*, pages 115-118, and note to *Heart's Treasure*, page 407.)

Page 262. WASHINGTON AT TRENTON. The Trenton battle monument, which marks the exact spot where Washington stood while directing the movements of his troops during the battle, is surmounted by a statue of Washington and bears a tablet presented by the New Jersey chapter of the Society of the Cincinnati which reads: "This monument is erected by the Trenton Battle Monument Association to commemorate the victory gained by the American Army over the forces of Great Britain in this town on the 26th day of December, Anno-Domini, 1776." The monument was dedicated Oct. 19, 1893. (See note to *Across the Delaware*, page 377.)

Page 263. THE OLD STONE CHURCH. From a poem written for the centennial of the church at Fairton, 1880. The old stone building was completed in 1780 and used till 1850, when another building was erected nearby. Rev. Ethan Osgood, hero of the poem, was born in 1758, graduated from Dartmouth, was with Washington crossing the Delaware, and was pastor of the Old Stone Church for 55 years, from 1789 to 1844, dying in 1858 in his 100th year.

Page 264. THE MARSH-HOUSE. The scene of the poem is Silverton, near Toms River.

Page 265. BEYOND THE MEADOWS OF JERSEY.
From the *Montclair Times*.

VI. HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE

Page 269. BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK. One of Longfellow's earliest poems; written in 1825, in his senior year at Bowdoin College, and published in *The Atlantic Souvenir*. "From the northwest and the southwest, the Indians of the remoter tribes came to the Navesink region by two principal paths—called the Minnisink Path and the Burlington Path. The first named started at Minnisink on the upper Delaware, and passing thence southeasterly through the present counties of Sussex, Morris, Union, and Middlesex, crossed the Raritan River at a fording place about three miles above its mouth, from which point it ran to the site of the village of Middletown, Monmouth County, and thence to Clay Pit Creek and to the mouth of the river at the Navesink highlands."—*Monmouth County History*, page 50. Along the shore trail from the Raritan River through South Amboy, Morgan, Marquis Creek, Cliffwood, Keyport, Union, and Keansburg, and on to Navesink large shell heaps have been found. Smith's *History of New Jersey*, pages 446-483, describes fully the Minnisink or Pompton Indians. Cf. Freneau's *The Indian Burying-Ground*, page 225, and the poems there cited.

Page 271. ELIZABETH HADDON. The opening lines of *Elizabeth*, the theologian's tale in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, part 3. Elizabeth Haddon's father had purchased a large tract of land in what is now Haddonfield, but did not come himself to claim it; instead he yielded to the pleading of Elizabeth to come to America and look after the estate. She arrived in 1701, with her two servants, Joseph and Hannah. They brought with them seed for planting, household furniture, and farming implements. Elizabeth's fine old mansion house, near the center of Haddonfield, was the very soul of hospitality in the social sense of those times, and she also exerted a mighty influence in the religious life of the community, being clerk of the women's meeting for fifty years. "Her long life influence was something in the nature of a patronship. She was not the first settler, but there was no community life until she came with her retinue and equip-

ment. She was as much the founder of the village as William Penn was the founder of Philadelphia and in much the same way on a smaller scale." The memorial tablet near Elizabeth's grave in Haddonfield reads as follows: "In memory of Elizabeth Haddon, daughter of John Haddon of London, wife of John Estaugh. She was founder and proprietor of Haddonfield, New Jersey. Born 1680, emigrated 1701, married 1702, died 1762. Originator of the Friends' Meeting here established in 1721. A woman remarkable for resolution, prudence, charity."

Great white sheet: the sheet containing clean and unclean animals; see Acts 10, 9-16.

Delft: an old town in the Netherlands noted for its earthenware called Delftware.

See *The Trees of Haddonfield*, page 233, and notes, page 390.

Another early New Jersey heroine, Penelope Stout, is the subject of a long poem by A. F. Jamieson in the Newark *Evening News* March 9, 1907. Wrecked on Sandy Hook in 1624, Penelope was "horribly mangled" by Indians, but lived to the age of 110, dying in 1712, when her offspring had numbered 502 souls. Penelope and her husband, Richard Stout, founded Middletown. Her maiden name was Van Princis.

Page 274. A BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD. Suggested by the tradition that Capt. Kidd visited the Jersey shore. "Kidd's pine-tree" at Sandy Hook is only one of several places where the famous pirate "buried his treasure."

Wakeman: pastor of the Old First Presbyterian church in Newark, 1699-1704.

Page 279. JOHN WOOLMAN. Stanzas from *To ———; With a Copy of Woolman's Journal*, 1840. Woolman, preacher and social reformer, was born at Northampton, now Mt. Holly, in 1720. He spent practically his whole life preaching from Virginia to Massachusetts, supporting himself by his work as a tailor. He died at York, England, in 1772.

Woolman, says the old *New Jersey Gazetteer*, was "distinguished for purity of heart and benevolence of principle, one of the genuine nobility of the human race." Charles Lamb, the famous English essayist, wrote "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." Whittier, the Quaker poet, who reedited the famous *Journal* of Woolman in 1871, wrote of

him: "He believed that love could reach the witness for itself in the hearts of all men through all entanglements of custom and every barrier of pride and selfishness. . . . The event justified his confidence; wherever he went, hard hearts were softened, avarice and love of power and pride of opinion gave way before his testimony of love."

Hermon: a mountain in northern Palestine.

Pascal: a celebrated French philosopher, mathematician, and author, 1623-62.

Guyon: Madame Jeanne Guyon (1648-1717), a French mystic, one of the founders of quietism, imprisoned and banished for her religion.

Rahel: wife of Varnhagen von Ense (died 1858), a noted German prose writer, who published the correspondence with his wife.

Goethe: the greatest German poet and dramatist, 1749-1832.

Shelley: English lyric and dramatic poet, 1792-1822.

Page 281. THOMAS POTTER. From *Resurgat* in *John Murray's Landfall* (1899), a long poem in hexameters with frequent lyrics. "Closely identified with the great religious movements of the close of the eighteenth century, broken-hearted by his excommunication from the church and by domestic affliction, John Murray fled from England in 1770, that he might bury his grief in the wilderness of the New World. Driven by stress of weather upon the Jersey coast, near the little hamlet known as Good Luck, he was astounded at the warm welcome of Thomas Potter, who with his own hands had built a meeting-house and was waiting for 'the preacher whom God would send.' How this fisherman-farmer, this heroic man of faith, arrested the flight of the fugitive, insisting that he deliver the message intrusted to him, and what came of it, is quaintly told in John Murray's autobiography."—Author's note.

John Murray was the father of Universalism in America. His first sermon at Good Luck was preached Sept. 30, 1770. Later he preached in New England, and was pastor in Boston from 1793 to 1815, when he died. Potter's grave is in the little cemetery near the old church.

Three other great preachers deserve mention here: John Whitefield, Calvinistic Methodist, who preached at many points in the Atlantic states in 1740 and later, addressing immense

audiences at Philadelphia, Burlington, Lawrenceville, New Brunswick, Elizabethtown, and Newark, and enlisting the active support of Rev. Gilbert Tennent (see note, page 416) and the superlative praise of Benjamin Franklin; Francis Asbury, first Methodist bishop in America, who preached at the old White homestead at Shark River, at Long Branch, and elsewhere on the Jersey coast, and after whom Asbury Park was named; and David Brainerd of Connecticut, missionary to the Indians along the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. A poem on the death of Bishop Asbury in 1816 contains the following stanza:

“His soul expands with love of God and men;
It fills his life, and guides his active pen;
A town, a city cannot fill his heart;
A continent, a world he would convert.”

Page 281. WITHERSPOON. From stanza 9 of *The Builders*, an ode read by the author at the 150th anniversary of Princeton College, Oct. 21, 1896. John Witherspoon (1722-1794) was an eminent divine, educator, author, and patriot. He was a native of Scotland and a lineal descendant of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer. In 1768 he became president and professor of divinity at Princeton, numbering among his pupils James Madison, Aaron Burr, “Light-Horse Harry” Lee, Morgan Lewis, and Philip Freneau. He signed the Declaration of Independence, was for six years a delegate to the Continental Congress, and was in constant correspondence with the poet Robert Burns. He died in Princeton in 1794. “He was bold and influential as an agitator; active with his pen and his voice; one of the foremost of the party of action; not only ready for a declaration of independence, but earnest in his advocacy of it.”—DeWitt.

Page 283. WELCOME TO WASHINGTON. Sung at the Triumphal Arch in Trenton, April 21, 1789.

The ovation at Trenton was one of the most spectacular in Washington's triumphant journey from Mount Vernon to New York (then the national capital) to assume his duties as president. The arch, spanning the bridge over the Assunpink, where following his famous victory at Trenton he had eluded Cornwallis and started the night march to Princeton (see note, page 377), was supported by thirteen columns and bore

the inscription "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters." As Washington passed under the arch, matrons and their little daughters strewed flowers in his path and sang the song.

The author of this song had been with Washington when he crossed the Delaware, and it was in his house that a party of men had met on their way to burn the Greyhound's tea at Greenwich.

When Lafayette visited Newark Sept. 23, 1824, immediately after his reception in Jersey City, the following song was sung:

"Welcome, Freedom's favorite son!

Welcome, friend of Washington!

For, though his sun's in glory set,

His spirit welcomes Lafayette.

Welcome, friend in adverse hours!

Welcome, to fair Freedom's bowers!

Thy deeds her sons will ne'er forget,

Ten millions welcome Lafayette!"

The following year, after laying the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument, he visited Hoboken, Hackensack, Paterson, Morristown, Springfield, Madison, Elizabethtown, Princeton, and Bordentown.

Page 283. JERSEY BLUE. Written at Bedford, Pa., Oct. 23, 1794, by Gov. Richard Howell, and enthusiastically sung by his New Jersey troops on their way to suppress the Whisky Rebellion in western Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia also furnished troops, and the whole expedition was commanded by Governor "Light-Horse Harry" Lee of Virginia (see note, page 383).

"The expression *Jersey Blue* as applied to a Jerseyman is of Revolutionary origin and dates from the year 1776. The British garrison stationed at Newark by Lord Howe in November, 1776, as he was pursuing the Americans across the Jerseys, committed so many outrages on the inhabitants of Essex county that a company of volunteers was organized under Capt. Eliakim Littell in order to prevent and punish their depredation. The patriotic ladies of the community furnished these volunteers with frocks and trousers of tow, home-spun,

home-made, and dyed a bright blue. The name of this distinctive Jersey uniform became in this way associated with the most sacred memories of our State, and has ever since been proudly retained."—Armstrong's *Patriotic Poems of New Jersey*.

Cf. *The Jersey Blues*, page 127.

New Jersey governors before Richard Howell were Wm. Livingston, a native of Albany, N. Y., resident of Elizabethtown, who served from 1776 to 1790, and who signed the Constitution, and Wm. Paterson, a native of Ireland, and resident of Trenton, Princeton, and Somerville, who served from 1790 to 1793.

Page 284. HAIL COLUMBIA. This, the earliest of our national songs, was written in April, 1798, by Judge Joseph Hopkinson of Bordentown—possibly at the Hopkinson mansion in Bordentown, but more probably at his Philadelphia home. It was first sung in a Philadelphia theater April 25, instantly welding the two political parties into a unit for the possible war with France. To George Washington, who had been called from retirement in Mount Vernon to command the American troops in case of actual war, the author wrote May 9: "As to the song, it was a hasty composition with very little extrinsic merit—yet I believe its public reception has at least equalled anything of the kind. The theaters here [Philadelphia] and in New York have resounded with it night after night; and men and boys in the streets sing it as they go." The music was written in 1789 by a German music teacher named Feyles and was called *The President's March*.

The Irish poet Thomas Moore, who had been a guest of Judge Hopkinson both in Philadelphia and in Bordentown, addressed his *Lines on Leaving Philadelphia* to Mrs. Hopkinson.

Page 286. DEFEAT AND VICTORY. James Lawrence, a naval officer of great bravery, was born at Burlington in 1781. He served under Commodore Decatur in the Mediterranean and was afterwards appointed successively commander of the *Vixen*, the *Wasp*, the *Argus*, and the *Hornet*. In 1813 he captured the *Peacock* from the British and was soon afterward made commander of the frigate *Chesapeake*. June 1, 1813, in a battle with the British ship *Shannon*, he was mortally wounded, but until the last kept crying from the cock-

pit, "Keep the guns going! Fight her till she strikes or sinks!" and as he was carried from the ship, just before its surrender to the British, he uttered the words which have since been the slogan of the American navy, "Don't give up the ship!"

Perry: Oliver H. Perry (1785-1819), hero of the Battle of Lake Erie.

Porter: David D. Porter (1813-1891), who cooperated with Gen. Grant in the capture of Vicksburg in 1863, and who was promoted to the rank of admiral upon the death of Farragut in 1870. His father, David Porter, had distinguished himself in the navy during the war of 1812.

Dewey: George Dewey (1837-1917), victor over the Spanish squadron at Manila, May 1, 1898.

Wainwright: Richard Wainwright, commander of the Gloucester during the destruction of the Spanish squadron near Santiago, Cuba, July 3, 1898.

The Constitution, which later called forth Holmes's poem *Old Ironsides*, was in command of William Bainbridge, a native of Princeton, when it captured the British frigate *Java* in 1812. Lawrence had been a lieutenant on the *Constitution* in 1808. The military forces of New Jersey during the war of 1812 were in command of Joseph Bloomfield, governor, 1801-12.

In Stevenson's *Poems of American History* will be found a poem entitled *How We Burned the Philadelphia*, narrating how a party of seventy-five, led by Lieutenants Decatur and Lawrence and Midshipman Bainbridge, entered the harbor of Tripoli, Feb. 15, 1804, boarded the *Philadelphia*, drove the Turkish crew overboard, set fire to the ship, and escaped without losing a man, having performed what Lord Nelson called "the most daring act of the age."

See F. R. Stockton's *Stories of New Jersey* (1896) for interesting accounts of Jersey's part in the Barbary War and the War of 1812.

Page 288. BENJAMIN LUNDY. In his sonnet the famous New England abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, acknowledges the leadership of this sturdy son of Jersey in the anti-slavery struggle.

Benjamin Lundy (1789-1839) was born in Hardwick, near the Kittatinny mountains. In 1819 he went to Missouri, where he wrote papers opposing the admission of the territory as a

slave state. Losing nearly all his property, he returned to Ohio and began the publication of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Mount Pleasant, moving to Baltimore in 1824. The same year he visited Haiti in the interests of the blacks. In 1827 he was brutally assaulted in Baltimore. The following year he journeyed on foot through the eastern states, making forty-three public addresses. In 1829 Garrison joined him. "The two were alike in their hostility to slavery," says the *International Encyclopedia*, "but Garrison was an advocate of immediate emancipation on the soil, while Lundy was committed to schemes of colonization abroad." In 1838 most of Lundy's possessions, as well as many books and papers belonging to the poet Whittier, then editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, were destroyed when a mob burned Pennsylvania Hall (see Whittier's poem, *Pennsylvania Hall*, 1838). Lundy died in 1839 at Lowell, Ill., and was buried in the Friends' graveyard at Clear Creek, Ill.

See *Benjamin Lundy, the Founder of American Abolitionism*, a paper read by William C. Armstrong at Rutgers College, Oct. 21, 1897, and Earle's *Life of Benjamin Lundy*, 1847.

A society for the abolition of slavery was formed in New Jersey in 1786; an act passed for its gradual abolition, 1804; act of abolition, 1846.

Leonidas: defender of the narrow pass of Thermopylae against the Persians, 480 B. C., when he and his three hundred Spartans fell, fighting, to a man.

Page 289. EVENING. Written at Riverside, near Burlington, August, 1824. Sung to the tune of Gottschalk's "The Last Hope," or the tune "von Weber," it is one of the best known of all American hymns. The hymn, as originally written, contains a fourth stanza. Bishop Doane's popular hymn, *Fling Out the Banner* (1848), was also written at Riverside.

Page 289. COOPER. From *A Fable for Critics*, 1848.

Natty Bumppo: Leather-Stocking, the hero of Cooper's pioneer romances.

Long Tom Coffin: Cooper's fine sailor character in *The Pilot*.

Adams the parson: in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*.

Primrose the vicar: Dr. Primrose in Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

"Cooper created, developed, and completed, in Leather-

Stocking, one of the most natural and significant and attractive characters in the fiction of all lands. . . . He displayed the literary powers of a leader on the land and a veritable master on the sea."—Prof. Charles F. Richardson, *History of American Literature*, II, 320.

Cooper's birthplace in Burlington was next door to that of James Lawrence, on whose *Wasp* Cooper was a subaltern officer in 1809. Another famous house in Burlington was the Bradford mansion, erected by the famous Elias Boudinot about 1798, and long the home of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Bradford, early associate of Washington, Lafayette, and Hamilton.

In Burlington also lived William Franklin, son of Benjamin Franklin and colonial governor of New Jersey; but "Franklin Palace" in Perth Amboy was the scene of the father's vain pleading with the son to espouse the American cause. Before Trenton was made the state capital in 1790, the legislature met alternately at Burlington and Perth Amboy, and it was at Burlington, in June, 1776, that "the Convention of the State of New Jersey" declared New Jersey independent of royal authority.

Page 291. **THE GRAVE AT GLIMMERGLASS.** From a descriptive essay in *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1871. Cooper's grave is at Cooperstown, New York, at the foot of Otsego Lake, the "Glimmerglass" of *The Deerslayer*.

Page 291. **BEN BOLT.** Published in Willis's *New York Mirror*, 1843. This old favorite was not esteemed by the poet himself, who was much disturbed by the fact that steamboats, race horses, and household pets were named after it. (See Dr. Theodore Wolfe's *Literary Rambles*, page 52.)

Page 293. **THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.** Written at Plainfield, 1839.

Page 294. **TO THE BOY.** Written in Newark, 1866, at Park House, on the present site of the Public Service Terminal. In the adjoining dwelling Marian Harland wrote *At Last and True as Steel*; and across the park, on West Park Street, several other novels.

Page 296. **A MOTHER'S PICTURE.** In 1841, when Stedman was only eight years old, his mother married William B. Kinney, whose ministry to Turin resulted in a long residence in Italy. (See Kinney in Biographical Index.)

Page 297. THE BROWN-EYED GIRLS OF JERSEY. Published in the author's *New Jersey Standard*, Matawan, 1852.

Page 298. DIES IRAE—"Day of Wrath." A translation of one of the most famous of Latin hymns. On Market Street in Newark, directly opposite the office of the *Evening News*, says Dr. Wolfe in his *Literary Rambles*, Dr. Coles made most of his thirteen translations of *Dies Irae*, "some of which are matchless in spirit and manner, and preserve the sonorous quality of the original Latin in a degree unequalled by the version of any other translator; here, too, he made his beautiful translations of the *Stabat Mater*."

Page 300. OUR SOLDIERS. From *Abraham Lincoln*, the *New York Herald's* \$1,000 prize poem, 1895.

Page 301. BOY BRITTAN. Samuel Brittan, 17-year-old son of Stephen P. Brittan, and aide to Capt. W. D. Porter, was killed by the explosion of a shell on the gunboat *Essex* at Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, Feb. 6, 1862. To his mother, Elizabeth Lyon Brittan, sister of Dr. S. S. Lyon, of Newark, Boy Brittan wrote in his last letter: "If with my small strength I can do anything worthy of such a cause, I am determined. Hereafter I may feel more a man if I shall have assisted in putting down this vile Rebellion."

Cf. Dr. Francis O. Ticknor's *Little Giffen*, in *Stedman's American Anthology*.

Page 305. 1862. From the *Home Journal*, June 6, 1894.

Page 306. HEART'S TREASURE. From a poem entitled *'Tis But a Little Faded Flower* in *The Wind Harp and Other Poems*, 1864. Written in Camden, near Walt Whitman's Mickle Street home (see note to *The New Jersey Monument*, page 397).

Page 306. KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES. In the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., also called Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, the Confederates were at the point of victory when Gen. Philip Kearny rallied the Union forces and swept the army from the field. The conclusion of the third stanza preserves one of Kearny's most characteristic remarks: "Go in anywhere, Colonel," he replied to an officer who had asked him where to fight; "you'll find lovely fighting anywhere!"

The Kearny memorial tablet at the Newark Normal School reads as follows: "Major-General Philip Kearny spent much

of his youth in the Kearny homestead which stood on this spot. He entered the army in 1837 as second lieutenant in the first dragoons. Was sent to France in 1839 by the U. S. government to examine the French cavalry service and report. Served in the French army in Algiers 1839-40, winning the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Took part in the Mexican War, where he lost his arm and was brevetted for bravery. Commanded an expedition against the Indians on the Columbia River. Fought with the French at Solferino in 1859, and for bravery was a second time decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers at the outbreak of the Civil War and was given command of the First New Jersey brigade. Distinguished himself in the Peninsula campaign. Became major-general in 1862. Was killed at Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862. "The bravest man I ever saw and the most perfect soldier."—Gen. Scott."

Kearny was born in New York City in 1815. The newly created township of Kearny was named after him in 1867. His uncle, Stephen Watts Kearny (1794-1848), a native of Newark, fought through the War of 1812, established a civil government in California in 1847, and was later governor of Vera Cruz and Mexico City, returning to the United States with the rank of major-general. One of Phil Kearny's aides in the Peninsula campaign was Gen. George A. Custer, who was killed in the Sioux uprising of 1876.

Page 308. **DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.** Written in memory of Gen. Philip Kearny. Kearny was killed while reconnoitering after the battle of Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862, when he rode so far in advance of the federal forces that he penetrated the confederate lines and was shot when he clapped spurs to his horse and tried to escape. Kearny is buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

Page 309. **PHILIP KEARNY.** Written at the poet's old State Street house in Newark, Sept. 1, 1862.

Roland: the Italian Orlando; celebrated hero of chivalry, supposed to have been a nephew of Charlemagne; hero of *The Song of Roland*; killed at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, 778.

Cid: the most celebrated Spanish national hero.

Qualities: Not the least of Phil Kearny's qualities was his sense of humor. In the Mexican War Kearny had lost his left

arm; and it is related that at the battle of Fair Oaks in the Civil War he said to Gen. O. O. Howard, as that general was being assisted from the field after losing his right arm, "General, we'll have to buy gloves together."

Page 311. **NEWARK AND PHIL KEARNY.** Memorial square. The Kearny statue in Newark, presented by Italians, is situated in Military Park, the old training ground.

Bayard: Pierre du Terrail (1476-1524), the French knight who was without a rival in chivalric virtue, feared and honored by Italians, Spaniards, and Englishmen.

Algerian: Kearny served in the French army against the Mohammedans (Islam) in Algeria, 1839-40.

Cherubusco: The Mexican town where on August 20, 1847, Kearny made his famous charge—"as worthy of the genius of Tennyson as the Charge of the Light Brigade," says his biographer, De Peyster. Kearny lost his left arm, but "rose, radiant with valor."

Roland: See note above.

Page 314. **DIVIDENT HILL.** Written at the suggestion of William A. Whitehead, historian, of Newark, and read by the author, May, 1866, at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Newark.

Divident Hill, which is now in the northern part of Weequahic Park, Newark, was the dividing line between Newark and Elizabethtown from 1668 to 1834. The agreement of 1668 was made with great solemnity, Robert Treat, of Newark, praying that "there might be good agreement between them," and John Ogden, of Elizabethtown, giving "thanks for their loving agreement." A fitting monument now surmounts the hill.

Page 315. **THE BALLAD OF SETH BOYDEN'S GIFT.** This poem won a prize in the Newark Anniversary Poetry Competition, 1916.

Seth Boyden (1735-1870), "father of Newark's industries," was born in Massachusetts, but lived in Newark from 1815 until his death. In his foundry he produced the finest machines and tools, invented a method of making malleable cast iron (1826) and Russian sheet iron, and was the first to make patent leather. In agriculture he evolved the large cultivated strawberry from the small wild one. "He acquired a knowledge of optics, of chemistry, of mineralogy, of astronomy, of

electricity, of geology, of botany, and of natural philosophy without the aid of schools."—Theodore Runyon.

Inventor: The Boyden statue in Washington Park, near the Newark Public Library, contains, besides the word "Inventor":

"A son of toil so true
That from his brain and never-tiring hands
Labor was crowned with dignity anew."

Page 319. AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHT OF SCHOOL. Written at the Stevens street home of the poet's brother, Col. George Whitman, whose wounds at Fredericksburg had called the poet to the battlefield and transformed his philosophy of life. To this home, No. 431, the poet was brought from Washington in 1873 "a hopeless paralytic," as he supposed; but here he lived for ten years, receiving Longfellow, Burroughs, Lord Houghton, and other distinguished visitors, as well as messages of appreciation from Emerson, Tennyson, Ruskin, Swinburne, Rossetti, and many others. In an earlier Stevens street home of Col. Whitman the poet had witnessed the death of his mother, in whose memory many years later he wrote *As at Thy Portals also, Death*. When Col. Whitman moved from Camden to Burlington in 1883, the poet came into possession of a house nearby in Mickle street, where he continued to live, a "battered, wrecked old man," as he wrote of Columbus, yet in serene cheerfulness, and where he wrote *November Boughs* (1888) and *Good-Bye My Fancy* (1891). See Dr. Theodore Wolfe's *Literary Rambles*, pages 86-95; and Whitman's *Specimen Days* (1883) for superb prose descriptions of Delaware river scenes. In most essential respects Whitman's famous poem, *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, is true also of his Camden ferry.

Near the Mickle street house was the humble tenement where Mrs. Clementine Howarth wrote *Heart's Treasure*, and not far away the brick dwelling where the naturalist John J. Audubon lived while conducting his researches in South Jersey.

George Fox: founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers.

"The first school of which we have authentic record was opened in the village of Bergen [Jersey City] in 1662."—Ellis and Snyder's *History of New Jersey*, p. 58.

Page 319. THE SOBBING OF THE BELLS. President James A. Garfield died at Elberon, near Long Branch, Sept. 19, 1881.

Page 320. DAREST THOU NOW O SOUL. "Not even Shelley has more of lyric abandon and pure joy than Whitman in such songs," says Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee, in *American Literature Since 1870*, page 271. Cf. Whitman's *Last Invocation*—

With the key of softness unlock the lock—with a whisper
Set ope the doors, O soul—

and his swan-song, *Death's Valley*, in which he lovingly greets death as

Holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at
last of all,
Rich, florid loosener of the stricture-knot called life.

Also read *The Prayer of Columbus*, written in 1874, soon after his paralytic stroke.

Page 322. WALT WHITMAN. From *From Dawn to Sunset*, 1890.

Page 323. TO WALT WHITMAN. From *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1887. For Whitman, see notes above and Biographical Index.

Page 324. W. W. "Lines sent to his funeral with an ivy wreath, March 30, 1892."—Author's note.

Page 325. ON THE FERRY: WHITMAN. From *The Craftsman*, May, 1914.

Page 326. I TRACK UPSTREAM THE SPIRIT'S CALL. This poem contains much of the spirit and the manner of Whitman himself, for whom Traubel had done so much.

Page 326. JAMES McCOSH. Dr. McCosh (1811-1894), eminent Scotch divine, became the eleventh president of Princeton in 1868. To the prosperity of Princeton his name and influence gave a new impulse. During his administration the number of both professors and students more than doubled. He resigned the presidency in 1888, but retained the chair of philosophy. He published many volumes on psychology, philosophy, and metaphysics. He died at Princeton in 1894.

Page 327. THE GRAVE OF STEPHEN CRANE. Crane was born at 14 Mulberry Place, Newark; his grave is in Ever-

green cemetery. The memorial tablet at the Newark Public Library reads in part: "He attained international fame as a writer of fiction. His novel, *The Red Badge of Courage*, set a model for succeeding writers on the emotions of men in battle. His verse and his delightful stories of boyhood anticipated strong later tendencies in American literature. The power of his work won for him the admiration of a wide circle of readers and critics."

Page 327. BEFORE THE GRAVE OF THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. From the Newark *Sunday Call*. The poet's grave is in Fairmount cemetery, Newark. See *Ben Bolt* and notes, pages 291 and 406.

Page 328. TO E. C. S. The dedicatory poem of Whittier's small volume, *At Sundown*, 1890.

Page 329. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Read by Dr. van Dyke at Stedman's funeral, Jan. 21, 1908.

Page 331. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. From *Vagrom Verses*, 1916. "Shadow-Land" is the title of a small section of poems by Stedman. "Dear hearts, endure" is an allusion to the closing line of the first poem in this section, *The Undiscovered Country*, which, set to music by Dudley Buck, was sung at the poet's funeral.

Page 331. STARS AND THE SOUL. Prof. Charles A. Young (1834-1908), to whom the poem is inscribed, was a distinguished astronomer at his alma mater, Dartmouth, from 1866 to 1877, and at Princeton from that date till 1905. In 1869 he made the first observation of the spectrum of the solar corona, and was also the discoverer of the reversing layer in the solar atmosphere. Prof. Young's grave is in his native village, Hanover, N. H.

Wise man: Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), the great German metaphysician.

Page 333. CLEVELAND. Grover Cleveland, who was twice President of the United States, was born at Caldwell in 1837. The son of a Presbyterian minister, he soon moved to Fayetteville, N. Y., and was educated there and at Clinton. He studied law in Buffalo, was elected mayor of Buffalo in 1881, governor of New York in 1882, and President in 1884 and 1892, meanwhile being defeated by Harrison in 1888. His first term in Washington was characterized by a bold advocacy of a reduction of tariff duties. In his second term he main-

tained the gold reserve by successive issues of government bonds, settled the great Chicago railroad strike by aggressive military action, and exalted the Monroe Doctrine by insisting on the arbitration of the boundary dispute between England and Venezuela. After his retirement from the White House he lived at Princeton, and lectured at the university. He died at "Westland," his Princeton home, June 24, 1908. See Gilder's poems, *The Birds of Westland* and *Failure and Success*.

Cleveland's death brought forth remarkable eulogies from all political parties. Gilder had called him "the honestest man" he had ever known, and Lowell, during his first term in the White House, had styled him "the most typical American since Lincoln." He had "aggressive honesty," said the *New York Times* on the anniversary of Cleveland's birth in 1922; "it went out to meet dishonesty and did not await attack." Courage and fidelity also marked his city, state, and national service. The Cleveland Tower in Princeton, erected in 1912, bears the inscription: "Public office is a public trust."

See Cleveland's *Presidential Problems* (1904) and Hensel and Parker's *Life and Public Service of Grover Cleveland*, 1906. The Cleveland birthplace in Caldwell is carefully preserved, and is open to the public.

Page 333. GROVER CLEVELAND. Written at Poughkeepsie and published in the *Independent*.

Page 334. RICHARD WATSON GILDER. For Gilder, see Biographical Index.

Page 335. TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER. The closing lines of the dedicatory poem in *Soldiers of Light*, 1910.

Page 335. MY CREED. Written soon after the death of the author's brother, Richard Watson Gilder, and so far as known the only poem she ever wrote.

Page 336. TO HENRY VAN DYKE. Cf. Dr. van Dyke's *Music and Other Poems* (1904). For Van Dyke, see Biographical Index.

Page 337. IN MEMORIAM. Dr. Bowne, philosopher and educator of international reputation, was born in Leonardville in 1847, graduated from New York University, studied at Halle, Paris, and Gottingen, and was professor of philosophy and dean of the graduate school of arts and sciences of Boston University from 1876 until his death in 1910. He was

the author of many volumes on philosophy, religion, metaphysics, and ethics, and received an honorary degree of LL. D. from New York University.

Page 337. THE FOUNDERS. Read by the author at the dedication of the Robert Treat memorial tablet in Newark, Nov. 4, 1912. See note to Robert Treat, page 385.

Page 340. THE BUILDERS. This poem won a prize in the Newark Anniversary Prize Competition, 1916.

Page 341. EDISON. "Edison as an inventor stands unique among those men of the nineteenth century who have applied scientific discoveries to the ordinary uses of man. His boldness in overcoming experimental difficulties, and his successful achievement of what might be termed all but impossible, secured for him the name of Wizard. In considering his life and work, however, the distinction must be made between the pure scientist, with mathematical and philosophical knowledge, and the ingenious inventor who can apply a scientific truth to a practical end. Of this latter class Edison stands at the head."—*International Encyclopedia*. Probably Edison's crowning achievements have been his invention of the phonograph in 1878 and the incandescent light in 1879, and more recently the perfection of the moving picture machine. Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847. His mammoth laboratories in West Orange, which date from 1886, now employ 6,000 hands.

The story of Jersey inventions has many interesting chapters. First comes the steamboat. In March, 1786, the New Jersey legislature gave to John Fitch, a silversmith at Trenton, the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the state by steamboat. Fitch built four boats: one was tried successfully in 1787, and another, a packet-boat, ran two thousand miles in 1790—seventeen years before Fulton's *Clermont* on the Hudson. "A committee appointed by the New York legislature to inquire into Fulton's claims found that he had had access to Fitch's drawings, and that his steamboat was substantially the same as Fitch's."—Ellis and Snyder's *History of New Jersey*, page 144. Fitch was a native of Connecticut, and had been with Washington at Valley Forge.

The first steam ferryboat to ply between Hoboken and New York was designed by John Stevens, of Hoboken. Mr. Stevens also, with the assistance of his son, Robert, built in 1808 the *Phoenix*, the first steamboat to navigate the ocean.

At the Speedwell Iron Works, just north of Morristown, Stephen Vail made the boiler and the shaft for the *Savannah*, the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic, 1818. He also manufactured the tires, axles, and cranks of pioneer locomotives and the first cast-iron plow.

Speedwell is also important in the development of the telegraph. In September, 1837, Alfred Vail, son of Stephen, entered into partnership with Samuel F. B. Morse and actually constructed at Speedwell the machinery covered by Morse's patents, completing it Jan. 11, 1838, and exhibiting it at the University of New York January 23. In 1843 Vail became assistant superintendent of the experimental line between Baltimore and Washington. "He suggested so many improvements to Morse's original machine, as did also Joseph Henry [a native of Albany, N. Y., and a professor at Princeton], that the instrument used to-day is the product of the latter two men rather than of its original inventor."—*International Encyclopedia*. Many years later Professor Morse acknowledged Vail's contribution of ideas, money, material, and labor in these words: "It is especially to the attention and skill and faith in the full success of the enterprise maintained by Alfred Vail that is due the success of my endeavors to bring the telegraph at that time creditably before the public." The first message sent by Vail in 1838 was, "A patient waiter is no loser"; Morse's first message in 1844, "What hath God wrought?" See Pope's *The American Inventors of the Telegraph* in *The Century*, Vol. XXXV; *The Story of the Telegraph and Steamboat* in Stockton's *Stories of New Jersey*, and Vail's *The American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph*. Vail was born in Morristown, and graduated from the University of New York in 1836.

The celluloid film for cameras was invented by Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, of Newark.

See also the following poem and notes and the notes concerning Seth Boyden, page 409.

Page 343. THE ENGINEER. From *The Rocking-Horse*, 1919. "Tom Hartzell, a New Jersey Central engineer, who used to take the 5.12 express every afternoon from Jersey City to Philadelphia."—Author. Cf. Walt Whitman's *To a Locomotive in Winter*, written in Camden, 1876.

In 1756 passage from New York to Philadelphia was made

by water to Perth Amboy, thence by stage coach to Trenton, thence again by water. Although the stage took three days for its part of the trip, it was commonly called—and not ironically—the “flying machine.”

In 1831, two years after the successful trial of an English locomotive between Honesdale and Prompton, Pa., another English locomotive, “John Bull,” was run on New Jersey’s first railroad at Bordentown, where a segment of the Camden and Perth Amboy railroad had been constructed. In 1893 this engine went to the World’s Fair in Chicago by its own power, and it is now in the United States National Museum in Washington. The Camden and Perth Amboy railroad was completed in 1834, and another line between Bordentown and Jersey City in 1840.

Page 344. OLD NASSAU. Published in the *Nassau Literary Monthly*, March, 1859. First sung to the tune *Auld Lang Syne*, it was soon set to music by Karl A. Langlotz, professor of music at Princeton the same year.

Heart: harp in the original version.

Princeton was the fourth college to be founded in this country, following Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale. Its forerunner was “Log College,” built in 1726 by Rev. William Tennent, a Presbyterian minister, who had emigrated from Ireland in 1718, and by his two sons (Rev. Gilbert Tennent, later a pastor at New Brunswick, N. J., and Philadelphia; and Rev. William Tennent, later pastor of the old Tennent church, near Freehold—see note, page 394) from the trees on the banks of the stream emptying into the Delaware at Bristol, Pa. Princeton was first chartered in 1746 and opened at Elizabethtown as the College of New Jersey, meeting in the old academy which was burned in the Revolution. Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, the first president, died in six months, and was succeeded by Rev. Aaron Burr, pastor of the Old First Presbyterian church in Newark, in which city the first commencement was held in 1848 and where the college remained until 1756. In that year the college was removed to Princeton, where the cornerstone for Nassau Hall had been laid in 1754. Burr died in 1757 and was succeeded by Jonathan Edwards.

Three presidents of Princeton are subjects of poems in this collection—John Witherspoon, James McCosh, and Woodrow Wilson.

Nassau: in memory of King William III, of the house of Nassau, "champion of British liberties."

Page 345. RUTGERS COLLEGE HYMN. Sung at the inauguration of President William H. S. Demarest, June 20, 1906. The last line of each stanza is a translation of the Rutgers motto, "Sol Justitiae et Occidentem Illustra."

Rutgers was chartered by George III in 1766 as Queen's College. It was opened in 1771.

The popular Rutgers song, *On the Banks of the Old Raritan*, dates from 1873.

Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken was established in 1870 and named in honor of Edwin A. Stevens (son of John Stevens—see note, page 414), who bequeathed \$650,000 for the purpose.

Page 347. THE LEADER. Woodrow Wilson's War Message, April 2, 1917, was recognized as "probably the most momentous message ever spoken by an American executive." "The world must be made safe for democracy," declared the President. . . . "We desire no conquest, no dominion. . . . We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when these rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them. . . . To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other." The resolution declaring war passed the Senate April 4 and the House April 6.

Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Va., in 1856, graduated from Princeton and Johns Hopkins, taught history and political science at Bryn Mawr and Wesleyan from 1885 to 1890 and jurisprudence and politics at Princeton from 1890 to 1902, was president of Princeton from 1902 to 1910, governor of New Jersey from 1911 to 1913, and was elected President in 1912, and again in 1916. He is the author of *A History of the American People*, five volumes, 1902; *Constitutional Government in the United States*, 1908; *The New Freedom*, 1913, and many other works.

Page 348. THE ROAD TO FRANCE. From *Life's Minstrel*, 1919. This poem won the National Arts Club's prize for the best poem on America's participation in the war. Joyce Kilmer was one of the judges, and the poems submitted numbered four thousand.

Gurkhas: Indian soldiers allied with England in the World War.

Anzac: Australian.

Lost Legion: a part of the 77th division, cut off for five days with no food in the Argonne forest, October, 1918. Out of 679 who entered the ravine, 252 were finally saved. (See John B. McMaster's *The United States in the World War*, Vol. II, p. 132.)

Lafayette: see notes, page 402.

Rochambeau: commander of 6,000 French regulars cooperating with Washington in the Revolution.

Page 350. TO MY MOTHER. Cf. *To My Boy Who Lies in France* and other selections in Annie Kilburne Kilmer's *Memories of My Son, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer*, 1920.

Page 351. A POET ENLISTS. Read Kilmer's *Roofs*, written "for Amelia J. Burr."

Page 352. JOYCE KILMER. From *Life's Minstrel*, 1919. Cf. Amelia J. Burr's *To Joyce Kilmer*, in *The Outlook*, Sept. 4, 1918.

Page 353. TO OUR GIRLS. From *The Silver Trumpet*, 1918.

Page 353. OUR FLAG. From *Hearts Awake*, 1919.

Page 355. THE CLASSROOM REOPENS. Dr. Francis B. Gummere (1855-1919) was born in Burlington, N. J., and was educated at Haverford college and Harvard and Freiburg universities. He was professor of English literature at Haverford from 1887 to 1919, and was a recognized authority on early English literature, especially the ballad.

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach": from Chaucer's description of the Clerk of Oxford in the *Prologue*.

Page 356. SPIRIT OF THE EVERLASTING BOY. The third stanza of the *Lawrenceville Ode*, read by the author at the one hundredth anniversary of the Lawrenceville School, June 11, 1910.

Page 357. WORK. Cf. Dr. van Dyke's *Footpath to Peace*, beginning "To be glad of life because it gives you the chance

to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars."

Page 359. **BEAUTY.** From the author's magazine of poetry, *The Country Bard*.

Page 359. **MY BROTHER.** From *The Rescue of Desdemona and Other Poems*, 1908.

Coeur de Leon: Richard I, the "lion-hearted," who went on the third crusade.

Page 361. **ONLY ONE.** Chosen as typical of George Cooper's songs.

Page 361. **THE MOTHER.** Written in Paterson, 1905.

Page 362. **A TRINITY OF MOTHERHOOD.** From *The Life Melodious*, 1909.

Page 363. **RESURRECTION.** This poem won the first prize offered by the State Federation of Women's Clubs in 1922.

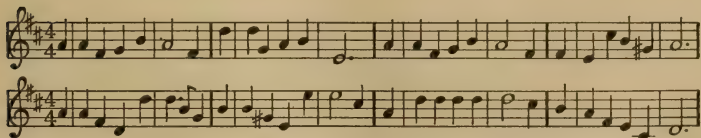
Page 363. **INDEMNITY.** This poem won the second prize offered by the State Federation of Women's Clubs in 1921.

Page 365. **SLEEP SWEET.** This famous poem was written in Orange in 1895.

Page 365. **THE GOOD CAUSE.** This and several other poems in *The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems* (1912) refer to the author's childhood in Plainfield and vicinity.

Page 366. **TO THE VICTOR.** From *The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems*.

Page 366. **MARCH ON, MARCH ON FOR JERSEY.** To be sung to the tune *Lancashire*, "Lead on, O King Eternal," by Henry Smart (1813-1879), London organist:



Page 369. **OVER THE HILLS OF JERSEY.** "Written at Westfield, New Jersey, after an automobile drive through the surrounding country."—Author. Originally printed in the *American Lumberman*, Chicago, 1918.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

AND FIRST LINES

ADAMS, W. I. LINCOLN—born in New York City, 1865; *In the Dawn and Other Verse*, 1905, and many pamphlets on nature and photography; lives in Montclair and in Littleton, N. H.

Dearest floweret of the meadow, 39

ALLEN LYMAN WHITNEY—born in St. Louis, 1854; Washington University, St. Louis, 1878; Princeton Theological Seminary, 1880; D. D., University of Wooster, 1897; pastor of South Park Presbyterian Church, Newark, 1889-1916; *Abraham Lincoln*, the New York *Herald's* \$1000 prize poem, 1895; *Parable of the Rose and Other Poems*, 1908; *Triumph of Love*, 1910; official ode for Newark's 250th anniversary, 1916; official poem for the dedication of the Barnard Lincoln Statue, Cincinnati, 1917; *Lincoln's Pew*, tableted on the historic pew in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington; lives in Newark.

Great city of our love and pride, 192

O Soldiers, who stood for the Flag of our Nation! 300

Reposeful spot horizoned by the stress 220

ALLING, KENNETH SLADE—born at Derby, Conn., 1887; studied at Yale and lived in India three years; aviator in the World War; lives in Montclair.

I never knew how words were vain 39

ANONYMOUS

Where the river seeks the cover 29

ARNOLD, GEORGE—born in New York city, 1834; journalist; lived at Atlantic Highlands many years; "McArone Papers," 1860-65; *Drift: a Seashore Idyl and Other Poems* and *Poems Grave and Gay* were edited and published by William Winter in 1866; died near Red Bank, 1865.

All moveless stand the ancient cedar trees, 61
Sweet is the voice that calls, 61

BALDWIN, FRED CLARE—born at Towaco, 1860; Drew Theological Seminary, 1885; D. D., Dickinson College, 1898; pastor of St. Luke's and Centenary M. E. churches, Newark; pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, East Orange, nineteen years; now superintendent of the Newark district; lecturer; *The Life Melodious*, poems, 1909; *The Homing Instinct*, essays, 1920; lives in East Orange.

A mother's love—its meaning who can measure, 362
My native State, to thee I sing; 1

BARLOW, GEORGE—born in London, 1847; Oxford University, 1869; has published ten volumes of lyrics, two dramas, and an epic, *The Pageant of Life*, in 1888; wrote the English version of the libretto of Gounod's *Ave Maria* at the request of the composer.

Thy soul hath revelled in the forests green, 322

BEERS, ETHELINDA ELIOT—"Ethel Lynn Beers"—born at Goshen, N. Y., 1827; descended from John Eliot; *All Quiet along the Potomac and Other Poems*, 1879, the title poem of which had appeared as *The Picket Guard* in *Harper's Weekly*, Sept. 30, 1861; died in Orange, 1879.

From the bud of a cloud-calyxed midnight, 104
Sunset, athwart the winter sea, 114

BENTON, JOEL—born at Armenia, N. Y., 1832; author of several volumes of essays, including *Emerson as Poet*, 1883; *The Truth about Protection*, 1892, and *In the Poe Circle*, 1899; died, 1911.

Bring cypress, rosemary and rue, 333

BERKOWITZ, ADRIAN—born in Orange, 1906; graduated from the Orange high school at the head of his class, June, 1922, winning the Orange High Alumni Scholarship prize of \$50; now a Freshman at Yale; the poem in this collection received honorable mention in the *Poems of New Jersey* pupil-poetry contest, 1922.

Apollo, homeward bound, 41

BEVIER, LOUIS, JR.,—born at Marbletown, N. Y., 1857; Rutgers, 1878; Johns Hopkins, 1882; also studied in Italy, Greece, and France; L. H. D., Rutgers, 1908; professor of both ancient and modern languages at Rutgers from 1885 to 1912; dean since then; *French Grammar*, 1896; *Brief Greek Syntax*, 1904; Rutgers College lecturer on literature and educational subjects since 1912.

A college is a group of halls, 346

They have long life who do the will of God, 353

We pray the founders' prayer—that here may rise, 345

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY—born in Philadelphia, 1823; Princeton, 1855; United States minister to Turkey, 1871-75, and to Russia, 1875-79; *The Lesson of Life and Other Poems*, 1847; *Calaynos*, a blank verse tragedy, 1848, produced in London the following year; *Francesca da Ramini*, his best tragedy, appeared in *Plays and Poems*, 1856; *Poems of the War*, containing several widely popular lyrics, 1864; other volumes of poetry, 1869, 1882, and 1886; died in Philadelphia, 1890.

Close his eyes; his work is done! 308

BRALEY, BERTON—born in Madison, Wis., 1882; University of Wisconsin, 1905; journalist; editor of *Puck*, 1910; since then has been a prolific writer of poems and short stories, many of which grew out of his work as war correspondent in Europe, 1915-19; lives in New York City.

Never a jungle is penetrated, 340

BRIDGES, ROBERT—born at Shippensburg, Pa., 1858; Princeton, 1879; Litt. D., 1919; assistant editor of the New York *Evening Post* and of *Scribner's Magazine*, 1881-1914; editor of the latter, since 1914; literary critic of *Life*, 1883-1900; *Overheard in Arcady*, 1894; *Suppressed Chapters*, 1895; *Bramble Brae*, 1902; editor of *The Roosevelt Book*, 1904; lives in New York City.

There they are! above the green trees shining— 257
Young to the end through sympathy with youth, 326

BRISTOL, AUGUSTA COOPER—born at Croydon, N. H., 1835; educator and lecturer; married, 1866, Louis Bristol of New Haven, Conn., and moved to Vineland, N. J., 1872; state lecturer, Patrons of Husbandry, 1881-84; teacher of French; *Poems*, 1868; *The Philosophy of Life*, 1880; *The Present Phase of Woman's Advancement*, 1880; *Science as the Basis of Morality*, 1880; *The Web of Life and Other Poems*, 1895; *A Spray of Cosmos*, poems, 1904; died at Vineland, 1910.

Sweet child of April, I have found thy place, 72

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN—born at Cummington, Mass., 1794; studied at Williams College, 1810-11; admitted to the bar, 1815; *Thanatopsis*, written in his eighteenth year, appeared in the *North American Review*, 1817; *The Ages*, Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, 1821; went to New York City in 1825 and abandoned law for literature; editor of the New York *Evening Post*, 1828-78; many volumes of poetry and speeches, 1832-64; translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into blank verse, 1870-72; died in New York, 1878; "often called 'the first citizen of the community'."—Stedman.

Cool shades and dews are round my way, 22

BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER—born at Oswego, N. Y., 1855; editor of *Puck* for many years; *A Woman of Honor*, 1883; *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*, 1884; *The Midge*, 1886; *The Story of a New York House*, 1887; *Zadoc Pine and Other Stories*, 1891; *Rowen*, 1892; *Jersey Street and Jersey*

Lane, 1896; his complete poems were edited by Brander Matthews, 1896; lived many years in Nutley, and died there, 1896.

What does he plant who plants a tree? 74

BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE—born in New York City, 1878; Hunter College, 1898; poems, *The Roadside Fire*, 1912; *In Deep Places*, 1914; *Life and Living*, 1916; *The Silver Trumpet*, 1918; *Hearts Awake*, 1919; novels, *A Dealer in Empire*, 1915; *The Three Fires*, 1922; lives in Englewood, the wife of Rev. Carl H. Elmore, Presbyterian minister.

And all the songs that I might sing— 351

Of old it was our heritage, the red and white and blue, 353

Our country gives the sons that she has treasured, 353

BURT, STRUTHERS—born in Philadelphia, 1882; Princeton, 1904; studied at Oxford; instructor of English at Princeton; ranchman in Wyoming since 1908; *In the High Hills*, 1914; *John O'May and Other Stories*, 1918; *Songs and Portraits*, 1920; lives in Wyoming and Princeton.

The days that I went fishing, 53

Three things would I bring to you, 200

BURTON, RICHARD EUGENE—born in Hartford, Conn., 1859; Trinity, 1883; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins, 1887; literary editor of the *Hartford Courant*, 1890-97; professor of literature at the University of Minnesota since 1898, head of the department since 1906; *Dumb in June*, poems, 1895; *Memorial Day and Other Poems*, 1897; *Lyrics of Brotherhood*, 1900; essays, *Forces in Fiction*, 1902; *Message and Melody*, poems, 1903; *Rahab*, a poetic drama, 1906; *Three of a Kind*, fiction, 1908; and several other volumes of dramatic and literary criticisms; president of the Drama League of America, 1914-15; extensive lecturer.

The skies that loom o'er Jersey, 5

CADMUS, EMILIE JOSEPHINE FECHTER—born in Newark, 1844, and educated there; wife of Van Cortlandt Cadmus; died in Newark, 1915.

So many years in his dreamless sleep! 305

CARLETON, WILL—born at Hudson, Mich., 1845; Hillsdale College, 1867; journalist in Chicago and Brooklyn; *Poems*, 1871; six volumes of farm and city ballads, legends, and festivals, 1873-92; *Rhymes of Our Planet*, 1896; official poem at the 125th anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, at Freehold, 1903; lecturer and reader of his own ballads; died in Brooklyn, 1912.

The winter night is cold and drear, 133

CARRYL, GUY WETMORE—born in New York City, 1873; studied at Columbia; Paris representative of Harper and Brothers; *Fables for the Frivolous*, 1898; died in New York City, 1904.

To eastward ringing, to westward ringing, o'er mapless miles
of sea, 179

CATLIN, GEORGE LYNDE—born in Staten Island, 1840; Yale, 1860; lieutenant in Civil War; in United States consular service in France, Germany, and Switzerland, seventeen years; died in New York City, 1896.

Oh fair Passaic! softly winding, 27

CHANCELLOR, LOUISE BEECHER—born in New York City, 1871; great granddaughter of Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe; wife of Prof. William E. Chancellor, superintendent of schools in Bloomfield, 1897-1904, in Paterson, 1904-6, and in Washington, D. C., 1906-8, and since then head of the department of economics at Wooster College, Ohio; died in Washington, 1908.

I am the faith of little lives, 361

CHITTENDEN, WILLIAM LAWRENCE—"Larry Chittenden, poet-ranchman"—born in Montclair, 1862; in 1887 he started the Chittenden cattle ranch, Anson, Texas, now comprising 10,000 acres; recently founded a unique autograph library, called "The Sea-Birds' Nest," at Christmas Cove, South Bristol, Me.; has also lived at Bermuda; *Ranch Verses*, 1893,

with recent Montclair edition; *Bermuda Verses*, 1909; lives in Texas, Maine, and Bermuda.

Dear lovely mountain town, farewell, 212
Hark to the wild nor'easter! 86
High o'er the bowsprit flies the brine, 82
Onward rolls the Shrewsbury river, 93
Twilight blushing o'er the hillside, 91

CLOUD, VIRGINIA WOODWARD—born and educated in Baltimore; literary editor of the *Baltimore News*, 1906-14; represented by portrait and poems in Bibliotheque Nationale of France; *Down Durley Lane and Other Ballads*, 1898; *A Reed by the River*, 1902; stories, novelettes, and songs; lives in Baltimore.

A sombre pine is stirred, 73

COATES, FLORENCE EARLE—born in Philadelphia, 1850; studied in Paris and Brussels; president of the Browning Society of Philadelphia ten years; unanimously elected poet laureate of Pennsylvania by State Federation of Women's Clubs; *Poems*, 1898; *Mine and Thine*, 1904; *Lyrics of Life*, 1909; *The Unconquered Air and Other Poems*, 1916; *Poems*, complete in two volumes, 1916; *Pro Patria*, 1917; lives in Philadelphia.

Life laid upon his forehead a caress, 329

COLES, ABRAHAM—born at Scotch Plains, N. J., 1813; Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1835; published the famous Latin hymn, *Dies Irae*, in thirteen translations, 1859; *Old Gems in New Settings*, 1866; *The Microcosm*, 1866; *Latin Hymns*, 1868; *The Evangel in Verse*, 1874; *The Light of the World*, 1884; lived in Newark many years; LL. D., Princeton, 1871; "eminent as a poet, scholar, philanthropist, physician, surgeon."—John Whitehead. Died at Monterey, Cal., 1891.

Day of wrath, that day of burning, 298

COLLINS, WILLIAM—unfound; his *Ballads, Songs and Poems*, chiefly on Irish themes, were published in New York City in 1875.

On the bloody field of Monmouth, 156

CONE, HELEN GRAY—born in New York City, 1859; graduated from Normal College, New York; assisted Jeannette L. Gilder in editing *Pen Portraits of Literary Women; Oberon and Puck*, poems, 1885; *The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems*, 1891; *Soldiers of the Light*, 1910; *A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems*, 1915, and other volumes; since 1899 has been professor of English literature at Normal College, now Hunter College.

Now to his name I give this book, 329

COOPER, GEORGE—born in New York City, 1840; song writer and contributor of verse to magazines; lived in West Hoboken many years; died there, 1905.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky; 361

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE—born at Burlington, 1789; in his second year he moved to Otsego Lake in New York, where his father soon built the finest mansion in the neighborhood; studied at Yale; was midshipman in the United States navy, 1808-11; his many novels include *Precaution*, 1820; *The Spy*, 1821-22; *The Pioneers*, 1823; *The Pilot*, 1824; *The Last of the Mohicans*, 1826; *The Prairie*, 1827; *Red Rover*, 1828; *The Water Witch*, with New Jersey setting, 1830; *The Pathfinder*, 1840, and *The Deerslayer*, 1841; he also wrote a *History of the United States Navy*, 1839; died at Cooperstown, 1851; see poems on Cooper in this collection, pages 289 and 291, and the accompanying notes.

My brigantine! 91

COOPER, WALTER—born at Newton, 1840; soldier in the Civil War; journalist in Sussex County, New York City, and Brooklyn; died in Brooklyn, 1903.

Well I remember still, 6

COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND—born at Mendham, 1818; University of New York, 1839; General Theological Seminary, 1842; rector in Hartford, New York City, and Baltimore; second Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, 1865-96; *Christian Ballads*, 1840; *Athanasion and Other Poems*, 1842; *Saul, a Mystery, and Other Poems*, 1845; *Hallowe'en, a Romaunt, with Lays Meditative and Devotional*, 1869; *The Ladye Chace*, 1878; *Institutes of Christian History*, 1887; famous hymn, beginning, "Oh where are kings and empires now?" Died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., 1896.

I know—I know, 49

CRANE, OLIVER—born in Montclair, 1822; Yale, 1845; taught in Bordentown; studied theology at Andover and Union; missionary to Syria; pastor at Carbondale, Pa.; translated Virgil's *Æneid* into hexameters; *Minto and Other Poems*, 1888; D. D., LL. D.; died 1896.

Hail! thou prince of noble rivers, 16
Rock where the many come, 25

CRANE, STEPHEN—born in Newark, 1870; Lafayette College and Syracuse University; correspondent for New York *Journal* in Greco-Turkish war, 1897, and in Cuba, 1898; *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, 1891; *The Black Riders and Other Lines*, 1895; *The Red Badge of Courage*, a famous novel of the Civil War, 1896; *George's Mother*, 1896; *The Little Regiment*, 1897; *War Is Kind*, lyrics, 1899; died in London, 1900; see note, page 411.

In the night, 19

CREESE, JAMES—born 1896; Princeton, 1918; now editor of the *Scandinavian Review*, New York.

Awake! awake! from out the night mount higher, 58

DAVIS, JOHN—an English traveller who visited a friend at Raritan, near Somerville, in 1805, and whose *Ode to the Raritan* was written there and published the following year in the *London Review*.

Lost in a pleasing wild surprise, 43

DAWSON, WILLIAM JAMES—born at Towchester, Northamptonshire, England, 1854; educated at Didsbury College, Manchester; held pastorates in London and elsewhere many years; pastor of the Old First Presbyterian Church, Newark, since 1905; D. D., Oberlin, 1905; his twenty-five or more volumes of various types include *The Vision of Souls*, 1884; *Quest and Vision*, 1886; *The Makers of English Poetry*, 1890; *Poems and Lyrics*, 1893; *Makers of Modern Prose*, 1899; *Savonarola*, a drama, 1900; *The Life of Christ*, 1901; *Makers of English Fiction*, 1905; *The Empire of Love*, 1907; *America and Other Poems*, 1912; *Robert Shenstone*, a novel, 1917; *The Father of a Soldier*, 1917; *Chalmers Comes Back*, a novel, 1919; and *The Borrowdale Tragedy*, 1920; edited (with his son, Coningsby Dawson) *The Readers' Library*, 1909.

I find within the whispering wood, 36

DAY, THOMAS FLEMING—born at Somerset, England, 1861; son of Edward H. Day, professor in Normal College, New York; came to America in 1868; editor of *Rudder*, a yachting monthly, New York City, since 1895; *Songs of Sea and Sail*, 1899.

I love to see them laden deep, 88
We found him here upon the drying sand, 122

DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON—born in Trenton, 1799; Union College, 1818; studied at the General Theological Seminary; assistant rector of Trinity Church, New York City, 1823-26; assistant minister and rector of Trinity Church, Boston, 1826-32; became Episcopal bishop of New Jersey, 1832; author of many hymns, including those beginning "Softly now the light of day," 1824, and "Fling out the banner," 1848; established St. Mary's Hall for Girls at Burlington, and later a school in the same town for boys; *Songs by the Way*, 1832; died at Burlington, 1859; his *Life and Writings* were edited by his son (see below).

Softly now the light of day, 289
Sweet Robin, I have heard them say, 67

DOANE, WILLIAM CROSWELL—son of the preceding—born in Boston, 1832; educated at the Burlington, N. J., college; entered the ministry in 1853, and became the first Episcopal bishop of Albany, N. Y., in 1869; organized the Cathedral of All Saints in Albany and founded Saint Agnes' School for Girls; became chancellor of the regents of the University of New York, 1902; *Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays of the Year*, 1881, and other theological works; hymn, *Ancient of Days*, 1886; *Rhymes from Time to Time*, 1901; he also edited the *Life and Writings of Bishop George W. Doane*, his father; LL. D., Union and Cambridge, England; D. D., Columbia, Oxford, and Dublin.

Lay thy long arms upon the cold gray sand, 97

DODGE, MARY ELIZABETH MAPES—born in New York City, 1838; daughter of Prof. James J. Mapes; spent her girlhood and young womanhood in Newark; in 1873 she became editor of *St. Nicholas*, which, under her long editorship, attained an undisputed position; her novel, *Hans Brinker*, written in Newark in 1865, was crowned by the French Academy and translated into five languages; *Along the Way*, poems written chiefly in Newark, 1879, and many other volumes, chiefly prose; died in 1905.

There's a wedding in the orchard, dear, 35

DODGE, HENRY NEHEMIAH—born in New York City, 1843; Philadelphia Dental College, 1869; has practiced his profession in Morristown since 1870; Litt. D., Tufts, 1902; *Christus Victor*, poems, 1901; *The Mystery of the West*, 1905; and *John Murray's Landfall*, a long New Jersey poem in hexameters; frequent contributor to magazines.

Lone watcher for the light, sleep well! 281
The aged ocean is my nurse, 97
These halls, so venerable grown, 254

DRUMMOND, SARAH KING WILEY—born in East Orange, 1871; *Poems, Lyric and Dramatic*, 1900; *Alcestis and Other Poems*, 1905; *The Coming of Philibert*, 1907; *Dante*

and *Beatrice*, 1909; *The Patriots*, a comedy, 1902; died in East Orange, 1909.

In the grasses the cobwebs were lying, 153

DUFFIELD, SAMUEL A. W.—born in Brooklyn, 1843; Yale, 1863; a Presbyterian minister with a long pastorate in Bloomfield; *Warp and Woof*, poems, 1870; *English Hymns, Their Authors and History*, 1886; *Latin Hymn Writers and Their Hymns*, completed by Robert C. Thompson, 1889; died in Bloomfield, 1887.

The dragon-fly and I together, 38

DUREN, GEORGE BANCROFT—born in Evanston, Ill., 1897; left Columbia to enlist in the navy; now editor of special departments, Newark *Evening News*; *Written in Sand*, poems, 1921.

Where but so short a while before had stood, 247

EARLE, FREDERICK A.—born in Newark, 1885; Institute of Musical Art, New York; church organist and teacher of music in Newark.

I stood before the poet's grave, 327

EATON, WALTER PRICHARD—born in Malden, Mass., 1878; Harvard, 1900; dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune* and *Sun*, 1902-8; author of many volumes, including boy scout stories, dramatic criticism, *Echoes and Realities*, verse, 1918, and *In Berkshire Fields*, 1919; lives at Sheffield, Mass.

ELLETT, ELIZABETH LUMMIS FRIES—born at Sodus Bay, N. Y., 1818; daughter of Dr. William N. Lummis, of Jersey City, and wife of Dr. Ellett, professor of chemistry in South Carolina College; *The Character of Schiller*, 1882;

Women of the American Revolution, 1851; *Court Circles of the Republic*, 1869; *Poems*, 1878; died 1879.

Our western land can boast no lovelier spot, 14

ELY, SMITH—born in Hanover, 1825; graduated from the law department of the University of New York, but never practiced; merchant; state senator and county supervisor; member of Congress, 1871-76; mayor of New York City, 1877-78; died 1911.

Above the plain upon the mountain crest, 9

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN—born in Philadelphia, 1819; University of Pennsylvania Medical School, 1839; admitted to the Philadelphia bar, 1842; *Ben Bolt*, in *New York Mirror*, 1843; journalist in New York City, establishing *The Aristidean*, 1845; lived at Fort Lee, but practiced his profession in Newark most of the time after 1859; served two terms in the New Jersey legislature and two terms in Congress, 1891-95; *Poems*, 1855; *American Ballads*, 1882; *Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics*, original ballads, 1885; *Jacob Schuyler's Millions*, a novel, 1886; *Select Poems*, edited by his daughter, Alice English, 1894; *Fairy Stories and Wonder Tales*, 1897; died in Newark, 1902; associated with Poe and Willis.

Four and eighty years are o'er me; 144

Glorious the day when in arms at Assunpink, 134

Here from the brow of the hill I look, 241

My mother, the cloud, cast me down from the ground, 18

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, 291

Though they summon forth the people, 309

EVANS, NATHANIEL—born in England, 1742; missionary to Protestant Episcopal churches in Gloucester County; died 1767 at Haddonfield; a memorial edition of his poems was printed soon after his death; see note, page 374.

Sequestered from the city's noise, 70

FAWCETT, EDGAR—born in New York City, 1847; Columbia, 1867; lived in New York and London; ten volumes of poetry, plays, novels and essays; died in London, 1904.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly, 23

FISCHER, WILLIAM H.—born in Bass River township, 1867; has lived at Toms River since early boyhood; has edited the *New Jersey Courier* since 1896, and contributed many historical and biographical articles to magazines and encyclopedias.

The wind blows east on Barnegat, 108

FOLSOM, JOSEPH FULFORD—born in Bloomfield; clergyman, local historian, and miscellaneous writer; pastor in Kearny several years; since 1904 pastor of the Clinton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Newark; recording secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society; has served two terms as chaplain general of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America; edited and wrote three chapters of *Bloomfield, Old and New*, 1912; conducts *The Lorist*, a column of historical matters in the *Newark Sunday Call*.

On Monmouth sands the full tides rise and fall, 95
Still stand, as when our fathers tilled the soil, 52
The crowd was gone, and to the side, 242
The Delaware, with stately sweep, 128
The flag that ripples on the breeze, 354
What does it matter now? November's sere, 327

FORESTER, FRANK—See HERBERT, HENRY WILLIAM.

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS—born at Randolph, Mass., 1862; author of many realistic stories and other works dealing chiefly with New England life, including *A Humble Romance*, 1887; *A New England Nun*, 1891; *Young Lucretia*, 1892; *Giles Corey*, a drama, 1893; *Pembroke*, a novel, 1894; *Silence and Other Tales*, 1898, and *By the Light of the Soul*, 1907; married Dr. Charles F. Freeman, of Metuchen, in 1902.

Now is the cherry in blossom, 42

FRENEAU, PHILIP—"Poet of the Revolution"—born in New York City, 1752; roomed with James Madison at Princeton, and with Hugh Breckenridge wrote a metrical dialogue entitled, *The Rising Glory of America*, for their commencement, 1771; wrote many burlesque and satirical poems against the Tories during the Revolution, many of them appearing in *The Freeman's Journal*, with which he was connected; his seven weeks' imprisonment in prison hulks in New York harbor prompted a long poem in four cantos, written at Mount Pleasant, 1780; *Eutaw Springs* is undoubtedly his best war poem; captain of merchant vessels, 1780-90, and again after 1798; editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, New York, 1790, and of the *National Gazette*, Philadelphia, 1791; translating clerk to Thomas Jefferson, Washington's secretary of state; lived in New Jersey continuously, 1812-32; *Poems*, 1786; *Poems*, 1795, printed on his own press at Monmouth; *Poems*, 1809; died in a blizzard, 1832, while trying to find his way from Freehold to his home in Mount Pleasant, since named Freneau; enjoyed the friendship of Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and was in constant correspondence with the three last. "The first poet in America to display a notable though irregular lyrical gift."—Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee, editor of Freneau's poems in three volumes, 1902-4.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow, 60
In spite of all the learned have said, 225
These hills, the pride of all the coast, 83

GARRISON, THEODOSIA—born in Newark and educated there; now lives at Short Hills; wife of Frederic J. Faulks; *The Joy of Life and Other Poems*, 1909; *Earth Cry and Other Poems*, 1910; *The Dreamers*, 1917.

How like the city is unto the sea: 234
Not in a night it rose—no careless labor, 213
Oh, my Heart, 118
Outside here in the city the burning pavements lie, 235
Something tapped at my window-pane, 41
The little dreams of Maidenhood— 364

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD—born at Newburyport, Mass., 1805; founded *The Liberator* in Boston, 1831, and con-

tinued it until 1855; founder of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its president from 1843 to 1865; in Boston and in Maryland he was imprisoned, and in Georgia a price was set upon his head; but after his death a statue was erected to his memory in Boston; *Sonnets and Poems*, 1843; died in New York, 1879.

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned, 288

GATES, ELLEN M. HUNTINGTON—born at Torrington, Conn.; author of *The Home of the Soul* and other favorite hymns and of two volumes of poetry, *Treasures of Kurium*, 1897, and *To the Unborn Peoples*, 1910; lived in Orange several years; died, 1920.

Sleep sweet within this quiet room, 365

GILDER, JEANNETTE LEONARD—born at Flushing, N. Y., 1849; daughter of Rev. Wm. H. Gilder and sister of Richard Watson Gilder; began newspaper work on the Newark *Morning Register*, conducted by her brother, and as Newark correspondent of the New York *Tribune*; literary editor and later dramatic and musical critic, New York *Herald*; with her brother, Joseph B. Gilder, founded *The Critic*, 1881, and edited it until 1896; correspondent of the London Academy, and correspondent and literary critic of the Chicago *Tribune*; *Taken by Siege*; *Pen Portraits of Literary Women* (with Helen G. Cone); *Essays from the Critic* (with Joseph B. Gilder); *Representative Poems of Living Poets*, 1886; *Authors at Home*, 1889; *The Autobiography of a Tomboy*, 1900; *The Tomboy at Work*, 1904; died in New York City, 1916.

I do not fear to tread the path that those I love have long since trod, 335

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON—born at Bordentown, 1844; his mother was a granddaughter of Joseph Rodman Drake; he studied at Bellevue Seminary, which was founded in Bordentown by his father, Rev. Wm. H. Gilder; soldier in the Civil War; on the staff of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, 1864; established and edited, with Newton Crane, the Newark

Morning Register, 1868; associate editor of *Scribner's Monthly* (afterwards *The Century*) from 1870 and succeeded J. G. Holland as editor in 1881, continuing in that position until his death; *The New Day*, poems, 1875; *Lyrics and Other Poems*, 1885; *Two Worlds and Other Poems*, 1891; *The Great Remembrance and Other Poems*, 1893; *Five Books of Song*, complete to date, 1894; *For the Country*, 1897; *In Palestine and Other Poems*, 1898; *Poems and Inscriptions*, 1901; *In the Heights*, 1905; at his home in New York City the Authors' Club was founded; L. H. D., Princeton and Yale; LL. D., Wesleyan; died, 1909; "a sincere humanitarian, . . . prominent in social and political reform. . . . His poetry is of a pure cast, finished in the extreme, and often notably lyrical."—*Stedman's American Anthology*, page 794. See also *Stedman's Poets of America*, page 442, and poems in memory of Gilder in this collection, pages 334 and 335.

Here stays the house, here stay the self-same places, 261
 How curves the little river through Glen Gilder, O Glen
 Gilder; 65
 Since ancient Time began, 263

GINSBURG, LOUIS—born in Newark, 1895; Rutgers College, 1918; *The Attic of the Past*, poems, 1920; teacher of English, Paterson high school.

A haven in a stormy sea, 210
 Beside dim wharves, the battered ships are dreaming,— 178
 It stumbles, numb and prostrate, 210
 So beautiful it is, this April dusk, 38
 The gray old houses are brooding women peering, 241
 The night was hushed and the street was dark; 209

GREEN, HARRINGTON—born, 1891; Princeton, 1912; died in Cincinnati, 1914.

Lazily floating between the green hills, 219

HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER—born at Princeton, 1848; grandson of Samuel Miller, co-founder of the Princeton Theological Seminary; Princeton, 1870; editor of *The Princeton Poets*, 1879.

Sea birds, wild sea birds! 120

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE—born at Guilford, Conn., 1790; descendant of John Eliot; banker in New York, 1811-49; with Joseph Rodman Drake, wrote the satirical "Croaker" papers, published anonymously in the New York *Evening Post*, 1819; *Fanny*, a satiric poem, 1819; elegy, *On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake*, 1820; *Marco Bozzaris*, printed in Bryant's *New York Review*, 1825; *Alnwick Castle and Other Poems*, 1827; died at Guilford, Conn., 1867.

Weehawken! in thy mountain scenery set, 185

HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE—born at Tunkhannock, Pa., 1882; studied at Bucknell University; magazine contributor; *A Lark Went Singing*, poems, 1916; lives in Paterson; wife of John W. Harding, lawyer.

God made for beauty myriad souls and streams, 28
When came I first to Paterson, 188

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET—born at Albany, N. Y., 1839; editor of *The Californian*, 1864-68; editor of *The Overland Monthly*, San Francisco, 1868-71, in which magazine appeared *The Luck of Roaring Camp*; returned east in 1871; lived in Morristown, 1873-76; *Thankful Blossom*, with Morristown setting, 1876; author of many volumes of prose and some poetry; United States consul to Crefeld, Germany, and to Glasgow, Scotland; died at Camberley, near London, 1902.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above, on the height, 166

HENDERSON, DANIEL—born in Baltimore, Md., 1880; formerly assistant editor of *McClure's Magazine*; now promotion manager of New York *Evening Post* and *Literary Review*; *The Road to France* won the National Arts Club's prize for the best poem on America's participation in the World War; *Great Heart: the Life Story of Theodore Roosevelt*, 1919; *Jungle Roads and Other Trails of Roosevelt*, 1919; *Boone of the Wilderness*, 1920; *Life's Minstrel*, poems, 1921; lives in East Orange.

Into the city on this April day— 183

Strength without stint we gave to Liberty, 352
Thank God our liberating lance, 348
The early winter dusk comes down, 211

HERBERT, HENRY WILLIAM ("FRANK FORESTER")—born in London, 1807; son of Rev. Wm. Herbert, Dean of Manchester; emigrated to America in 1831; taught the classics in Newark; edited the *American Monthly*, 1833-36; became an authority on outdoor life and field sports; spent the last twelve years of his life at "The Cedars," Newark; his hundred volumes include *Cromwell*, 1838; *My Shooting Box*, 1846; *The Field Sports of the United States*, 1849; *The Deer Stalkers*, 1849, and *Poems*, edited in 1888 by Margaret Herbert Mather; died in Newark, 1858; "a poet of vivid imagination, a successful novelist, and an able and accomplished critic," said Prof. C. C. Felton.

Forth to thy bright existence of an hour, 30

HERZBERG, MAX J.—born in New York City, 1886; Columbia, 1906; represented in *The Lyric Year*, 1913; *Style-Book of Business English* (with H. W. Hammond), 1914; *Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 1916; edition of Scott's *Quentin Durward*, 1917, and of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, 1922; on the staff of the Newark *Evening News*; frequent magazine articles; head of English department, Central high school, Newark; lives in South Orange.

He passed amid the noisy throngs, 325
I cried to my God, 181

HILL, THOMAS—born in New Brunswick, N. J., 1818; Harvard, 1843; Harvard Divinity School, 1845; pastor of Waltham, Mass., Unitarian church fourteen years; in 1859 succeeded Horace Mann as president of Antioch College; president of Harvard University, 1862-68; accompanied Louis Agassiz to South America, 1871; pastor in Portland, Me.; *Poems on Slavery*, 1843; *Geometry and Facts*, 1849; *Curvature*, 1850; *Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature and Other Sermons*, 1870; *The Natural Sources of Theology*, 1877; *In the Woods and Elsewhere*, 1888; died at Waltham, Mass., 1891; "one of the foremost natural scientists of the time and an accomplished classical scholar as well as mathematician."—*International Encyclopedia*.

Bobolink! that in the meadow, 47

HOPKINSON, FRANCIS—born in Philadelphia, 1737; the first student enrolled in the College of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania, 1755, graduating 1759; settled at Bordentown, 1774, and married Anne Borden; published many humorous essays which fomented the spirit of freedom; represented New Jersey in the Continental Congress of 1776 and signed the Declaration of Independence; wrote *The Battle of the Kegs*, 1778; judge of the admiralty for Pennsylvania, 1779-89, and district judge there, 1790-91; died, 1791; a versatile man—"poet, musician, painter, scientist, humorist, political pamphleteer, and judge." His son, Joseph Hopkinson, wrote *Hail Columbia* in 1798; his grandson, Oliver Hopkinson, was a leading Philadelphia lawyer, and his great-grandson, F. Hopkinson Smith, was a successful novelist.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend, 141

HOPKINSON, JOSEPH—son of the preceding—born in Philadelphia, 1770; University of Pennsylvania, 1786; lawyer in Philadelphia; on the death of his father he came into possession of the Hopkinson mansion in Bordentown, but also retained his Philadelphia residence; wrote *Hail Columbia*, 1798 (see note, page 403); representatives in Congress, 1815-19; district judge, 1828-42; vice-president of Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and of American Philosophical Society; died, 1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land! 284

HOUGHTON, GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT—born in Cambridge, Mass., 1850; *Songs from over the Sea*, 1874; *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*, 1880; *Niagara and Other Poems*, 1882; died in Yonkers, N. Y., 1891.

White sand and cedars; cedars, sand; 81

HOWARTH, ELLEN CLEMENTINE DORAN—born at Cooperstown, N. Y., 1827; at the age of seven she worked in a factory; married Joseph Howarth and lived in Trenton and Camden (see note, pp. 397, 407); *The Wind Harp and Other Poems*, 1864; *Poems*, 1867; died in Trenton, 1899.

Build high the monument, we will remember, 262
'Tis but a little faded flower, 306

HOWELL, RICHARD—born at Newark, Del., 1754; moved to Cumberland county, New Jersey; was employed by Washington in the secret service; after the war he practiced law in Trenton and became clerk of the Supreme Court; governor of New Jersey, 1792-1801; died in Trenton, 1803; Mrs. Jefferson Davis was his granddaughter.

To arms once more our hero cries, 283
Welcome, mighty Chief! once more, 283

HOWELLS, WILLIAM HOOPER—born in Bristol, England, 1844; came to America in 1848 and settled in Ohio; educated at Perth Amboy; soldier in the Civil War; journalist in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Newark; advertising manager of the Newark *Evening News*, 1885-1905; *The Rescue of Desdemona and Other Poems*, 1908; died at Plainfield, 1908; a first cousin of William Dean Howells.

Dear brother, hast thou kept the faith with me? 359
Thrice blest is he whom God hath made so sweet, 360

IRVING, WASHINGTON—born in New York City, 1783; *Salmagundi Papers*, with Newark background (see note, page 386), 1807; *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, 1809; *The Sketch-Book*, 1819-20; *Tales of a Traveller*, 1824; *Life of Columbus*, 1828; *Conquest of Granada*, 1829; *The Alhambra*, 1832; *Life of Goldsmith*, 1849; *Life of Washington*, 1855-59; Unites States minister to Spain, 1843-46; died at "Sunnyside," Irvington, N. Y., 1859; "the father of American prose, whose crowning achievements were simplicity and humor."

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green, 23

JANVIER, FRANCIS DE HAES—author of *Patriotic Poems*, 1866; father of Thomas Allibone Janvier (1849-1913), of Philadelphia, journalist and author.

The old Stone Church, time-worn and gray, 263

JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD—born in Washington, D. C., 1853; on the staff of the *Century* many years; *Bat-*

tles and Leaders of the Civil War (with C. C. Buel), 1887-88; for his work in behalf of international copyright he was decorated by France in 1891 and by Italy in 1895; with John Muir, he did much toward the creation and preservation of national parks; secretary of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, 1903-9; poems, 1891, 1897, 1902, and 1919; ambassador to Italy.

This is the man they deemed of languid blood, 347

JONES, EDWARD C.—a Philadelphia clergyman, whose original poems, *Lyrics of the Revolution*, were published in Philadelphia in 1899.

The lowly huts of Middlebrook, 161

KENNEDY, CHARLES WILLIAM—born at Port Richmond, N. Y., 1882; Princeton, 1903; associate professor of English at Princeton since 1910; served in France, 1918.

He dropped his book; he left his task, 350

KILMER, JOYCE—born in New Brunswick, N. J., 1886; studied two years at Rutgers; Columbia, 1908; taught Latin in the Morristown high school, 1808-9; editorial assistant, *Standard Dictionary*, 1909-12; literary editor of *The Churchman*, 1912-13; editor of the *New York Times Magazine and Review of Books*, 1913-17; lived at Mahwah; *Summer of Love*, poems, 1911; *Trees and Other Poems*, 1915; edited *Dreams and Images*, a Catholic anthology, 1917; at the outbreak of the World War he joined the 165th Infantry of New York City; killed in action, Aug. 1, 1918; *Poems, Letters and Essays*, edited with a memoir by Robert C. Holliday, 1918.

I like to look at the blossomy track of the moon upon the sea, 218

I think that I shall never see, 75

There fell a flood of devastating flame, 350

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track, 239

Within the Jersey City shed, 175

KINNEY, ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE DODGE—born in New York City, 1810; sister of William E. Dodge, philan-

thropist; married Edmund Burke Stedman, of Hartford, Conn., 1833; mother of Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic; after her husband's death in 1836 she lived in Plainfield, N. J., married, second, in 1841, William Burnet Kinney, founder of the *Newark Advertiser*; wrote for *Knickerbocker's* and *Blackwood's* magazines; lived, 1851-1865, in Italy, where Mr. Kinney was minister to Turin; at Florence, Tuscany, she associated with Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; *Felicita*, a romance, published in Italy, 1855; returned to America, 1865, and lived in Newark, Morristown, and Summit; *Poems*, 1867; *Bianca Capello*, a tragedy, 1872; died at Summit, 1889. (The reader will be interested to turn to Stedman's *American Anthology* and note the son's choice from the mother's work, a more representative choice than this anthology permits.)

No, not in the halls of the noble and proud, 293
 Pause here, O muse, that Fancy's eye, 314
 Thou happiest thing alive, 294

KNOWLES, FREDERIC LAWRENCE—born in Lawrence, Mass., 1869; Wesleyan, 1894; editor of *Cap and Gown*, *Golden Treasury of American Lyrics*, *Poems of American Patriotism*, *A Year Book of Famous Lyrics*, and *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry*; author of *A Kipling Primer*, reprinted in England, and two books of original poetry, *On Life's Stairway*, 1900, and *Love Triumphant*, 1904; died, 1905; nephew of the next named.

Come down with me to the moon-led sea, 79

KNOWLES, MRS. JOSEPH H.—born, Ellin J. Toy, in Camden, 1835; graduated from the Newark Wesleyan Institute, 1851; married, 1856, Rev. Joseph H. Knowles, Methodist minister and presiding elder (died 1898); was a member of the original committee called to organize the W. C. T. U. in America; president of Newark Female Charitable Society; officer on the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church forty years; teacher of the New York Y. W. C. A. Bible class, enrolling 1,500 women, 1890-1913; *Christmas Chimes*, 1880; *Spirit and Life*, 1899; *Heart Talks on Bible*

Themes, 1910; also author of countless articles in church journals, still continuing; lives in East Orange.

Bloom, Easter lilies fair! 360

LEONARD, WILLIAM ELLERY—born in Plainfield, 1876; Boston University, 1898; A. M., Harvard, 1899; studied at Gottingen and Bonn; Ph. D., Columbia, 1904; associate editor *Lippincott's English Dictionary*, 1904-6; instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin, 1906-9; since 1909, professor; *Byron and Byronism in America*, 1905; *Sonnets and Poems*, 1906; *The Poet of Galilee*, 1909; *The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems*, 1912; *The Lynching Bee and Other Poems*, 1920; has also edited Parkman's *Oregon Trail*, *Beowulf*, and other classics, and translated several volumes of Greek and Latin.

Man's mind is larger than his brow of tears: 366

Round the old house where lilacs bloomed and died, 365

The gates of time swing to: our wisest head, 337

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH—born in Portland, Me., 1807; a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne at Bowdoin, 1825; studied modern languages in Europe, 1826-29; professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, 1829-35, and at Harvard, 1836-54; his many books include *Evangeline*, 1847, *Hiawatha*, 1855, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, 1858, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, 1863, and a translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, 1867-70; died in Cambridge, 1882; "poet of the American hearth and home."

"Ah, how short are the days. How soon the night overtakes us!" 271

On sunny slope and beechen swell, 269

These words the poet heard in Paradise, 320

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL—born in Cambridge, Mass., 1819; Harvard, 1838; *Biglow Papers*, 1846-8; *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *A Fable for Critics*, 1848; succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, 1855, holding the position until 1877; editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1857-62, and joint editor of the *North American Review*,

1863-72; second series of *Biglow Papers*, 1862-66; essays, *Among My Books*, 1870, second series, 1876, and *My Study Windows*, 1870; United States minister to Spain, 1877-80, and to England, 1880-85; *Democracy and Other Addresses*, published in 1877, had been delivered in England; died in Cambridge, 1891.

Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show, 289

MACDONALD, FRANCIS CHARLES—Princeton, 1896; assistant professor of English at Princeton; *Devices and Desires*, poems, 1922.

Now to this quiet place the living come, 258

MACKAYE, PERCY—born in New York City, 1875; Harvard, 1897; dramatist and dramatic critic; lectured at many universities, 1906-13; director of his own community masques; author of many plays, including *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, 1903, presented by the Coburn Players, and *Jean d'Arc*, produced by Sothorn and Marlowe in London, 1906; author of the St. Louis Civic Masque, with 7,500 actors, 1914; *Poems and Plays*, two volumes, 1916; lives at Cornish, N. H.

A thousand leagues on the Arctic seas, 341

MACLURE, DAVID—born in Scotland, 1850; studied at the University of New York and Syracuse University; teacher in the Newark public schools, 1881-1913; *Thoughts on Life*, 1882; *David Ladd*, a romance, 1890; *Kennedy of Glenhaugh*, a novel, 1899; lives in Fulton, N. Y.

Here where a giant city's pulses throb, 337

MALLOCH, DOUGLAS—born at Muskegon, Mich., 1877; has been president of the Press Club of Chicago and of American Press Humorists; *In Forest Land*, 1906; *The Woods*, 1914; *Tote-Road and Trail*, 1916; author of *To-day*, a widely quoted poem; author of syndicated daily poem in American newspapers; lives in Chicago.

Over the hills of Jersey, 369

McLELLAN, ISAAC—born in Portland, Me., 1806; lawyer and sportsman; several volumes of poems; his best known poem is *New England's Dead*, a favorite school-reader classic; died at Greenport, Long Island, 1899.

Gaze forth where Herbert loved to gaze, 8

McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREYS—born at Clyde, N. Y., 1829; Hamilton College, 1850; judge in Steuben county for twenty years; author of a *History of Steuben County*; died at Bath, N. Y., 1887.

In their ragged regimentals, 169

MEZQUIDA, ANNA BLAKE—born and educated in San Francisco; won first prize in the San Francisco *Call Post's* Exposition Poetry contest, 1915, and second prize in the Newark Anniversary Poetry Competition, 1916; lives in San Francisco.

Down where the swift Passaic, 203

MIEROW, HERBERT EDWARD—born in Brooklyn, 1891; Princeton, 1914; now instructor in classical languages, Colorado College; frequent contributor to magazines.

Changed with the passing years, though still the same, 224

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HINER—"JOAQUIN"—born at Wabash District, Ind., 1841; moved to Oregon, 1854; in Europe, 1870; *Songs of the Sierras*, published in London, 1871, made him a "lion" there; journalism in Washington, D. C.; moved to Oakland, Cal., 1887; *Songs of the Sunlands*, 1873; *Songs of the Desert*, 1875, and many other volumes of poems, dramas, and stories; his popular poem *Columbus* was written in 1892; died, 1913.

The snow was red with patriot blood, 131

MORFORD, HENRY—born at New Monmouth, 1823; founder and long editor of the *New Jersey Standard*, Matawan,

in which many of his poems appeared; *Rhymes of Twenty Years*, 1859; *Rhymes of an Editor*, 1873; also author of several novels and books of travel; died at New Monmouth, 1881.

Before my bark the waves have curled, 297
One night mid swarthy forms I lay, 109
The ocean sands are round her keel; 92
'Twas a little brass half-circlet, 150

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER—born at Haverford, Pa., 1890; Haverford College, 1910; Rhodes scholar at Oxford; formerly on the staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and Philadelphia *Public Ledger*; now on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*; several volumes of poetry and prose, including *Par-nassus on Wheels*, 1917; *The Rocking-Horse*, 1919, and *Travels in Philadelphia*, 1920; lives at Roslyn Heights, Long Island.

Across the fields the scent of autumn days, 355
The seven steel-ribbed coaches, 343

MORRIS, HARRISON SMITH—born in Philadelphia, 1856, and educated there; in 1893 became managing director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; in 1899 became editor of the new *Lippincott's Magazine*; *Tales from Ten Poets*, 1893; *Tales from Shakespeare*, continuing the work of Charles and Mary Lamb, 1893; *Madonna and Other Poems*, 1894.

He was in love with truth and knew her near— 324

MORTON, DAVID—born at Elkton, Ky., 1886; Vanderbilt University, 1909; *Ships in Harbour*, poems, 1921; teacher of English in the Morristown high school.

A thoughtful quiet lies upon the street, 214
Here would I leave some subtle part of me, 217
I think those townsmen sleeping on the hill, 215
Men loved not Athens in her maiden days, 214
Men who have loved the ships they took to sea, 119
These morning streets, the lawns of windy grass, 216

The Spring comes to this street with spinning tops, 358
The way of Spring with little steepled towns, 215

MUMFORD, CHARLES—born in Brooklyn, 1840; served in hospitals in the Civil War; manager of American Literary Bureau, the first lecture and musical bureau in the United States; lives in Newark.

This mask of bronze cannot conceal his heart; 244

MURRAY, THOMAS J.—born in Philadelphia, 1883; cost accountant; contributor to magazines; lives in Philadelphia.

I sing of Haddonfield, West Jersey's town, 233

MUSGROVE, EUGENE RICHARD—born at Bristol, N. H., 1879; Dartmouth, 1905; A. M., Brown University, 1912; instructor in English at Dartmouth College, 1905-8; teacher of English at Worcester Academy and Horace Mann School, 1908-14, and at East Side High School, Newark, since 1914; head of the department since 1917; editor of *The White Hills in Poetry*, an anthology of the White Mountains, 1912, and of school editions of Burke's *Conciliation* and of Scott's *Rob Roy*; author of *Composition and Literature*, a text for high schools, 1917; lives in East Orange.

March on, march on for Jersey, 366

NICHOLS, REBECCA S. REED—born at Greenwich, 1815; married Wm. Nichols of Cincinnati; contributed poetry to *The Guest*, a journal edited by herself; author of *Bernice, or the Curse of Minerva*, poems, 1844, and *Songs of the Heart and the Hearthstone*, 1852; died in Cincinnati, 1900.

Down deep in the hollow, so damp and so cold, 71

NORTH, JAMES—born in Waterville, Me., 1855; Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1880; Philadelphia Dental College, 1883; dentist at Atlantic City; *Poems of Shakespeare*, 1904; *Atlantic City in Picture and Poem*, 1906; *The Miracle*

Love Hath Done, poems, 1908; *Cameo Shell*, poems, 1911; lives in Atlantic City.

All hail to Atlantic! This festival wakens, 232

NOYES, ALFRED--visiting professor of English Literature at Princeton--born in Staffordshire, England, 1880; educated at Exeter College, Oxford; *The Loom of Years*, 1902; *The Flower of Old Japan*, 1903; *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, 1905; *Drake*, an English epic, 1908; *William Morris* in the English Men of Letters series, 1908; *Collected Poems*, 1910; *Robin Hood*, 1912; *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, 1912; *The Sea in English Poetry*, a course of lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute, Boston, 1913; *A Belgian Christmas Eve*, 1915; *A Salute from the Fleet*, 1915; *The Elfín Artist*, new poems, 1920; "One of the best writers of patriotic, heroic, occasional, and rhetorical verse of his generation."—*International Encyclopedia*.

Here Freedom stood, by slaughtered friend and foe, 222
Its quiet graves were made for peace till Gabriel blows his
horn, 258

PECK, HARLAN PAGE—clergyman; Princeton, 1862; class poet; author of *Old Nassau*; deceased.

Tune every heart and every voice! 344

PENNYPACKER, ISAAC R.—born at Phoenixville, Pa., 1852; Litt. D., Gettysburg College; *Gettysburg and Other Poems*, 1890; *General Meade*, a biography, 1901; *Bridle Paths*, 1911; *The Snow Shoe Trail*, 1913; lives at Ardmore, Pa.

Brave as the battle roll of drum, 127

PENNYPACKER, JAMES L.—brother of the preceding—born in Philadelphia, 1855; Harvard, 1880; publisher; local historian; lives at Haddonfield.

Down by the marsh the twigs of the maples are flaming, 69

PHILLIPS, FRANK HILL—born in Springfield, Ohio, 1866; Ohio Wesleyan, 1886; admitted to Ohio bar, 1889; magazine contributor; author of Phoebe Snow verses for the Lackawanna railroad; lives in Newark.

Upon a castled crag a pine tree clings, 15

PLATT, CHARLES DAVIS—born in Elizabeth, 1856; Williams College, 1877; teacher in Pingry School, Elizabeth, 1878-83; teacher in Morris Academy, Morristown, 1883-99; teacher and principal, Dover high school, since 1903; *Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution*, original verse, 1896; *Lyrics*, 1901; *Dover History*, 1914; *Pocahontas, and the Dawn of Our Nation*, a pageant, 1921; *Dover Dates, 1722-1922*, official history of Dover, 1922.

A corn of wheat abides alone, 50

Here Mercer fell, with bayonet-pierced breast, 140

O Harry Lee it was who did, 163

See the Red-coats in the distance! 167

What mean these cannon standing here, 251

POOLE, HAZEL B.—born in New Brunswick, N. J., 1889; Vassar, 1909; contributor to magazines; teacher of English at the Cliffside Park High School, Grantwood; lives in Orange.

I know not whether—watching you, 363

RANKIN, EDWARD STEVENS—born in Newark, 1861; Princeton, 1882; civil engineer in employment of the city of Newark; has been president of the American Society for Municipal Improvements and a member of several technical and historical associations; has contributed much prose and verse to technical magazines.

In his office in the meadows, 190

RICE, WALLACE—born in Hamilton, Canada, of American parentage, 1859; Harvard, 1880; admitted to the bar in Chicago, 1883; author of many books of poems and pageants and editor of several anthologies, including *Ballads of Valor and Victory* (with Clinton Scollard), 1903; lives in Chicago.

Through the clangor of the cannon, 286

RICHARDS, LAURA ELIZABETH HOWE—born in Boston, 1850; daughter of Julia Ward Howe; married Henry Richards, Gardiner, Me., 1871; author of forty volumes of juvenile literature, both prose and verse.

All day the great guns barked and roared; 160

RICHARDSON, JAMES E.—born in Philadelphia, 1875; studied at the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; formerly an editor of *Contemporary Verse*; *The Forest Altar*, 1918; *The Summer Garden*, 1920; *The Three Waters*, in preparation; lives in Philadelphia.

Far out upon the great green sedge it stands, 264

The sand-path dies in marshlands, vast and gray; 107

The white, strong sun, the stinging water-smells; 106

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB—born at Greenfield, Ind., 1853; *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, and *'Leven More Poems*; *Afterwhiles*, 1888; *Rhymes of Childhood*, 1890; *Neighborly Poems*, 1891; *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*, 1891; *Poems Here at Home*, 1893; *Songs o' Cheer*, 1905, and other volumes; biographical edition of his complete works, 1913; died, 1916.

Music! yea, and the airs you play— 336

ROBBINS, LEONARD H.—born in Lincoln, Neb., 1877; studied at the University of Nebraska and Princeton; conducted *In the Air* column, *Newark Evening News*, 1901-1917; *Jersey Jingles*, 1908; now independent literary work; lives in Newark.

At morn she rises early, as a busy city should, 206

The lights are out; the rainbow pictures fade; 246

The winds blow soft across the hill, 6

ROCK, WILLIAM WOODFORD—born at Woodford, Victoria, Australia, 1884; studied at Canfield College, Melbourne; Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y., 1919; studied at Oxford, 1920; now associate minister of the Central Presbyterian Church, Montclair.

O'er the meadows and far away, 265

ROUSE, ALICE MEADE—a native and resident of Richmond, Va.

High in the Square his statue stands, 315

SANDS, ROBERT CHARLES—born in Flushing, N. Y., 1799; Columbia, 1815; associated with Bryant on the *New York Review* and *Talisman*, 1825-30; *Life of Paul Jones*, 1831; *Yamoyden, a Tale of King Philip's War*; lived several years in Hoboken, and died there, 1832.

Eve o'er our path is stealing fast, 186

SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN—born in Austria, 1879, under the American flag; poet, sculptor, and musician; *Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems*, 1912; fought in France; *The White Comrade and Other Poems*, 1920; several anthologies; lives in New York City.

Unto the blooms of the mystical garden of solace, 68

SCOLLARD, CLINTON—born in Clinton, N. Y., 1860; Hamilton College, 1881; studied at Harvard and at Cambridge, England; professor of English Literature at Hamilton, 1888-96, and since 1911; author of thirty or more volumes, chiefly poetry, including *With Reed and Lyre*, 1886; *The Hills of Song*, 1895; *The Lutes of Morn*, 1901; *Lyrics of the Dawn*, 1902; *Voices and Visions*, 1908; and *Poems Selected*, 1914; editor of several anthologies.

As on the summer Sabbath that saw the roll, 256

City that sits where calm Passaic's tide, 311

Dusk, like a moth of violet wing, descends, 102

If thou wouldst win the rhythmic heart of things, 101

Morn and noon of day and even, human ebb and flow; 287

SHARP, CLARENCE A.—born at Bellevue, Ohio, 1871; Oberlin College, 1896; mason contractor; taught school for ten years; many of his poems have appeared in his poetry magazine, *The Country Bard*, which he established at Madison in 1918 and has since edited.

O beauty that I can not spell! 359

SHEFFIELD, RENA CARY—born at Uniontown, Pa.; *The Golden Hollow*, a novel, 1913; *On the Romany Road*, 1915, largely written at Short Hills; many of her poems have been set to music; lives at Catskill, N. Y.

Oh! the sand dunes are warm, 120

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER—born in Peekskill, N. Y., 1860; Columbia, 1883; professor of architecture at Columbia, 1887-1904, and of graphics, 1904-16; author of several volumes of lyrics, including *Madrigals and Catches*, 1887; *Lyrics for a Lute*, 1890, and *Lyrics of Joy*, 1904; died, 1916.

This is brave Harro's story, 102

SHERWOOD, KATHARINE MARGARET BROWNLEE—born at Poland, Ohio, 1841; national organizer of the Woman's Relief Corps and its second national president; has written and edited several volumes of poetry.

'Twas hurry and scurry at Monmouth town, 159

SICKLES, DAVID BANKS—born in New York, 1837; war correspondent in the Civil War; United States Minister to Siam, 1876-81; several books of prose and verse, including *Leaves of the Lotus*, 1896, and *The Land of the Lotus*, 1889; lived in Paterson many years, and died there, 1918.

Grandly through all the changing years, 333

SIMPSON, MABEL WILES—born in Newark, 1903; contributor to magazines.

Oh Wind who kisses the trees to sleep, 33

SMITH, GWENDOLYN—born in New York City, 1907; now a sophomore in the Westfield high school; has won prizes in declamation and poetry; the poem in this collection received second prize in the *Poems of New Jersey* pupil-poetry contest, 1922.

When the measured dance of hours, 42

SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY—born in Philadelphia; *Dr. Marks*, a novel, 1897; *The Electric Spirit and Other Poems*, 1906; *The Road of Life and Other Poems*, 1909; *The Final Star*, poems, 1917; lives in East Orange and New York.

A river of silver and azure, 184

Lo, on the bare and pathless sky is cast, 184

Struck like a blur of gold across the night, 230

STAFFORD, WENDELL PHILLIPS—born at Barre, Vt., 1861; Boston University Law School, 1883; lawyer in St. Johnsbury, Vt.; judge of the supreme court, Vermont, 1900-4; since 1904 associate justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia; four volumes of poetry and one of speeches.

He sits there on the rude, low, backless bench, 243

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE—born in Hartford, Conn., 1833; son of Elizabeth Clementine Kinney (see above); studied at Yale; A. M., Yale, 1871; war correspondent of the *New York World*, 1861-3; member of the New York Stock Exchange, 1869-1900; at intervals in the sixties he lived in Elizabeth, Irvington, and Newark; at Stratford Place, Newark, he wrote a part of *Victorian Poets* and entertained Abraham Coles, Mary Mapes Dodge, the Gilders, Taylor, Stoddard, and other distinguished writers; *Poems Lyric and Idyllic*, 1860; *Alice of Monmouth*, 1863; *The Blameless Prince*, 1869; *Hawthorne and Other Poems*, 1877; *Lyrics and Idylls*, 1879; *Victorian Poets*, 1875; *Poets of America*, 1885; *Nature and Elements of Poetry*, 1892; *Complete Poems*, 1908; edited a *Library of American Literature* (with Ellen M. Hutchinson), eleven volumes, 1888-89; a *Victorian Anthology* in 1895, and *American Anthology* in 1900; LL. D., Yale, 1894; see also poems in this collection on Stedman, pages 329 and 331.

Good-bye, Walt! 324

Ladies, in silks and laces, 227

One by one they died, 248

She seemed an angel to our infant eyes! 296

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,— 306

When April rains and the great spring-tide, 81

STODDARD, WILLIAM OSBORN—born at Homer, N. Y., 1835; University of Rochester, A. M., 1858; secretary to President Lincoln; author of many volumes, including several boys' books and *Lives of the Presidents*, in ten volumes, 1888-89; lives in Madison.

So bright the day, so clear the sky, 20

STOKES, ELWOOD H.—born near Medford, 1815; Methodist minister; for many years presiding elder of the New Brunswick and Camden districts; charter member of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, and its first president from 1869 until his death in 1897.

God of the Grove, where leaves of green, 229

STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—born in Philadelphia, 1881; Haverford, 1902; Harvard, A. M., 1903; University of Pennsylvania, Ph. D., 1905; studied at Munich, 1907-8; professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, 1903-16; *Day Dreams of Greece*, poems, 1908; *The Queen of Orplede*, verse, 1916; *Sea and Bay*, narrative poem, 1916; decorated by the King of Sweden for services to Swedish literature; editor of *Contemporary Verse*.

Scent of the wide, wet marshes, 118

STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS—born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1811; New York state librarian, 33 years; *The Burning of Schenectady and Other Poems*, 1842; *Frontenac*, a metrical romance, 1849; *Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks*, and several other volumes; died in Albany, 1881.

March hath unlocked stern winter's chain; 10

TATNALL, FRANCES DORR SWIFT—born in Newark, 1874; educated at Bryn Mawr; wife of Henry L. Tatnall, of Wilmington, Del.

Art thou the same, thou sobbing winter wind? 34

TEALL, EDWARD NELSON—born in Brooklyn, 1880; Princeton, 1902, A. M., 1905; *Glories of Old Nassau*, a rhymed history of the College of New Jersey, 1915; *Vagrom Verses*, 1919; *Books and Folks*, 1921; formerly on the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*; now chief editorial writer, *Worcester Evening Gazette*.

I have scaled the steeps of Sussex, 63
Oh, the marshlands of New Jersey, 80
Upyearning yet earth anchored as the hills, 331

TEASDALE, SARA—born in St. Louis, 1884; travelled extensively in Greece, the Holy Land, and Egypt; *Rivers to the Sea*, 1915; *Love Songs*, 1917, won the \$500 prize offered by Columbia University for the best book of poems by an American during that year; *Flame and Shadow*, 1920; editor of *The Answering Voice*, love lyrics by women, 1917, and *Rainbow Gold*, poems for children, 1922.

I know a bright world of snowy hills at Boonton, 217

THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA—born at Chatham, Ohio, 1854; author of fifteen volumes of poems and nature sketches, including *Lyrics and Sonnets*, 1887; *The Inverted Torch*, 1890; *A Winter Swallow and Other Poems*, 1896, and *The Dancers*, 1903; has lived in New York City since 1888.

Who says that Eagle Rock was not well named, 40

TRAUBEL, HORACE LOGO—born in Camden, 1858; editorially connected with the *Boston Commonwealth* and the *Chicago Unity*, 1882-88; established in 1888 and edited for many years *The Conservator* in Camden; editor of *Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman*, 1889; *Good-bye and Hail, Walt Whitman*, 1892; and (with T. M. Harned and R. M. Bucke) *In Re Walt Whitman*, 1893; *Chants Communal*, 1905; *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, a diary in three volumes, 1905, 1908, 1914; *Optimos*, poems, 1910; *Collects*, 1914; died in Camden, 1919.

I track upstream the spirit's call, 326

TREDWAY, ANNE—born at Culpeper, Va.; Hollins College, Virginia, 1895; lives at Little Falls, wife of Page Tredway; won second prize in the State Federation of Women's Clubs poetry contest, 1921.

I prayed for fame; it seemed my very heart, 363

TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND—born at Chazy, N. Y., 1888; Worcester, Mass., Normal School, 1910; Harvard, 1913; instructor of romance languages, University of Pennsylvania, since 1913; *The Springtime of Love*, 1914; *Love's Creed*, 1914; *Songs of Daddyhood*, 1916; won third prize in the Newark Anniversary Poetry Competition, 1916; several volumes of criticism; lives in Austin, Tex.

'Tis not in numbers that a city's great: 236

TUCKLEY, JAMES H.—born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1876; son of Rev. Henry Tuckley, Methodist minister; winner of the Taylor prize for the best original poetry, also class poet, at Wesleyan, where he graduated in 1901; won a prize in the Newark Anniversary Poetry Competition, 1916; teacher of English, East Side high school, Newark, many years; lives in Irvington.

City of throbbing wheels and marts, 244

Come, launch my longboat, comrades three, 274

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS—born in New York City, 1885; jewelry manufacturer and lecturer; author of several volumes of poetry, including *The Younger Quire*, 1910; *First Love*, 1911; *Challenge*, 1914, and *These Times*, 1917; edited *Poems of Heine*, 1917; *Modern American Verse*, 1919, enlarged, 1921, and *Modern British Poetry*, 1920; lives in New York City.

All day with anxious heart and wondering ear, 175

VAN DYKE, HENRY—born in Germantown, Pa., 1852; Princeton, 1873; Princeton Theological Seminary, 1877; Berlin University, 1879; pastor in Newport, R. I., 1879-82; pastor of Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, 1882-99; professor

of English Literature at Princeton since 1899; his thirty volumes of poetry, literary criticism, essays, sermons, and short stories include *The Reality of Religion*, 1884; *The Story of the Psalms*, 1887; *The Poetry of Tennyson*, 1890; *Straight Sermons to Young Men*, 1893; *Little Rivers*, 1893; *The Other Wise Man*, 1896; *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, 1896; *The Builders and Other Poems*, 1897 (the title poem having been the memorial ode for the 150th anniversary of Princeton the preceding year); *The Gospel for a World of Sin*, 1899; *The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems*, 1899; *Fisherman's Luck and Other Uncertain Things*, 1899; *The Ruling Passion*, 1901; *Music and Other Poems*, 1904; *Essays in Application*, 1905; *Out of Doors in the Holy Land*, 1908; *Collected Poems*, 1911; *The Grand Canyon and Other Poems*, 1914; editor of the Gateway English texts, the poetry of Tennyson, and other volumes; D. D., Princeton, Harvard, and Yale; LL. D., Geneva, Switzerland; D. C. L., Oxford; United States Minister to the Netherlands, 1913-17; "an interesting, optimistic philosopher and lover of nature, whose works deserve the widest reading."—Halleck's *American Literature*; see also the poem on Dr. Van Dyke in this collection, page 336.

Along Assunpink's woody bank we left our campfires
bright, 138

A silken curtain veils the skies, 57

Bear with us then a moment if we turn, 281

Four things a man must learn to do, 367

Furl your sail, my little boatie; 123

Let me but do my work from day to day, 357

Many a tree is found in the wood, 56

Oh, quick to feel the lightest touch, 329

O spirit of the everlasting boy, 356

Soul of a soldier in a poet's frame, 334

There is a bird I know so well, 55

"Two things," the wise man said, "fill me with awe!" 331

VAN DYKE, JOHN CHARLES—born in New Brunswick, N. J., 1856; educated at Columbia; admitted to the New York bar, 1877; L. H. D., Rutgers, 1889; professor of art at Rutgers since 1889; his many volumes of criticism and exposition of art and books include *Principles of Art*, 1887; *How to Judge*

a Picture, 1888; *Art for Art's Sake*, 1893; *A History of Painting*, 1894; *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters*, 1895; *Modern French Masters*, 1896; *Nature for Its Own Sake*, 1898; *Studies in Pictures*, 1907; *The Money God*, 1908; *The New New York*, 1909; *What Is Art?* 1910; *New Guides to Old Masters*, 1910; *The Raritan*, 1916; *American Art and Its Traditions*, 1919; *Grand Canyon of the Colorado*, 1920; also text books on art.

Through the warm rain, 45

VAN DYKE, TERTIUS—son of Dr. Henry van Dyke, born in New York City, 1886; Princeton, 1908; Oxford, 1910; secretary to his father at The Hague; pastor of Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, since 1918; *Songs of Seeking and Finding*, 1920.

A silken curtain veils the skies, 57

WALKER, LAURA MARQUAND—born in Brookline, Mass., 1857; lived at Lakewood, N. J., 22 years; now lives at Belmont, Mass.; wife of Henry O. Walker; has published two small volumes of poetry.

Straightway from out its brown pine needle bed, 65

WATTERS, AUGUSTUS—born in New York City, 1835; spent most of his life in Newark and vicinity; *The Vale of Ramapo, a New Jersey Idyll*, 1886; *Newark Knight*, a romance, 1889; *Poems*, 1892; *The Puritans*, a Newark historical romance, 1894; *The Universe, or The Gist of Modern Science*, 1895; *Arcadia and Other Poems*, 1897; also a one-act comedy, *The Visionary*, and a treatise, *The New Age of Reason*; elocutionist; died in Newark, 1919.

Oh, dainty baby foresters, 31

On sad Passaic's murky breast, 32

When lilacs bloom in urban bowers, 208

WAXMAN, FRANK R.—born in Newark, 1904; president of the graduating class of January, 1923, and of the general organization, South Side High School, and was also editor-

in-chief of *The Optimist*; the poem printed in this collection won first prize in the *Poems of New Jersey* pupil-poetry contest, 1922.

We bid you joyous welcome, 37

WHIPPLE, THOMAS KING—born in Kansas City, Mo., 1890; Princeton, 1913; assistant professor of English, University of California.

Next May the cherry-blossoms bright, 59

WHITMAN, WALT—born at West Hill, Long Island, 1819; lived in Brooklyn, 1823-61; *Leaves of Grass*, 1855; nurse in the army, 1862-5; clerk in the treasury department at Washington, 1865-73; stricken with paralysis in 1873, he moved to Camden, living with his brother, Col. George Whitman, until 1883, and thereafter in Mickle street; *Drum Taps*, containing his war poems and the Lincoln memorial poems, 1865; enlarged editions of *Leaves of Grass*, 1867, 1871, and 1872, and definitive edition, 1882; *Specimen Days and Collect*, 1883; *November Boughs*, 1888; *Good-Bye, My Fancy*, 1891; the two last-named being included in the final edition of *Leaves of Grass*, 1892; died in Camden, 1892; buried in Harleigh cemetery, Camden, in a tomb which had been built by himself (see Fred Lewis Pattee's *American Literature since 1870*, 1915, chap. ix, and Traubel, *Horace*, in this Index; also the poems in praise of Whitman, in this collection, pages 322 ff).

A noiseless patient spider, 68

Darest thou now O soul, 320

Good-bye my Fancy! 321

Had I the choice to tally greatest bards, 85

Only a lot of boys and girls? 319

Proudly the flood comes in, shouting, foaming, advancing, 85

The sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news every-
where, 319

Wild, wild the storm, and the seas high running, 117

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF—born at East Haverhill, Mass., 1807; editor in Boston, Haverhill, and Hartford;

became secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 1836; editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, Philadelphia, 1837-40; lived thereafter in Amesbury and Danvers, Mass.; contributed often to Garrison's *Liberator*, to the *Washington National Era*, in which Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared, and to the *Atlantic Monthly*; his many volumes of poetry include *Voices of Freedom*, 1873; *Songs of Labor*, 1850; *Snow-Bound*, 1866; and *Among the Hills*, 1868; he also edited Woolman's *Journal*, 1873, and, with Lucy Larcom, *Songs of Three Centuries*, 1873; died at Hampton Falls, N. H., 1892.

Only in the gathered silence, 279

Poet and friend of poets, if thy glass, 328

WILLIAMS, FRANCIS HOWARD—born in Philadelphia, 1844; banker; *Princess Elizabeth*, a drama, 1880; *Pennsylvania Poets of the Provençal Period*, essays, 1893; *The Flute Player and Other Poems*, 1894; and several other volumes of prose criticism and short stories; died in Philadelphia, 1922.

Bold innovator in the realm of thought; 323

Darkness and death? Nay, Pioneer, for thee, 323

WILSON, EDMUND, JR.—born at Red Bank, 1895; Princeton, 1916; *The Undertaker's Garland* (with John Peale Bishop), 1922.

She sleeps like some old town with guarded gate, 221

WILLSON, FORCEYTHE—born at Genesee, N. Y., 1837; studied at Harvard; on the staff of the *Louisville Courier*; *The Old Sergeant and Other Poems*, 1867; died at Alfred, N. Y., 1867.

Boy Brittan—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen, 301

WOOD, CLEMENT—born at Tuscaloosa, Ala., 1888; University of Alabama, 1909; Yale Law School, 1911; practiced law in Alabama, 1911-13; teacher at the Pingry school, Elizabeth, 1914-15; now principal of the Barnard School for Boys, New York City; has conducted columns in the *New York Call*

and the *Evening Mail*; *Glad of Earth*, poems, 1916; his poem *The Smithy of God* won first prize in the Newark Anniversary Competition, 1916, and his poem *Jehovah* won one of the three \$500 prizes offered by *The Lyric*, New York, in 1919.

I am Newark, forger of men, 199

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE—born at Claremont, N. H., 1840; grand-niece of James Fenimore Cooper; educated in Cleveland and New York; lived in Florida, 1873-9, and in Italy many years; eight volumes, chiefly fiction; died in Venice, 1894.

O haunted lake, from out whose silver fountains, 291

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